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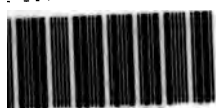
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THE
D E A T H - F L A G.

BY MISS CRUMPE,

AUTHOR OF "GERALDINE OF DESMOND ;

OR,

IRELAND IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH,"

&c.

&c.

&c.

"Has Godlike Charles (such matchless glories past)
Conquer'd so oft, to be subdued at last?"
ODE BY A SCOTCH OFFICER IN 1746.

"A race of rugged Mariners are these ;
Unpolish'd men, and bolst'rous as their seas ;
The native Islander alone their care,
And hateful *he* that breathes a foreign air."—POPE.

"I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear."—SHAKESPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD MONTEAGLE,
&c. &c. &c.

MY DEAR LORD,

THE memories of by-gone days which justify past and present esteem, induce me to dedicate the following pages to your Lordship.

In a *public* point of view, I feel they are inscribed with peculiar propriety to one who doubtless is familiar with the Historical events they record, some of which being connected with Ireland may possess an especial interest for her Political Advocate, who, in your Lordship's person, combines the highest attainments of Literature, with the patriotism of an enlightened Statesman.

I have the honour to remain,

My dear Lord Monteagle,

Your Lordship's

Faithful and Affectionate Friend,

THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

THE object of the work now presented to the public is to connect with the interest of Romance a measure of the instruction and utility of History.

The truth of *fact* and the truthfulness of *fiction*, when drawn with psychological and moral correctness from the phenomena of Man's nature and the course of human action, differ only in one respect; essentially, and to a great extent effectively, they are the same.

As the artist brings together from many individuals those physical developments in each which carry most of beauty, strength, or expression, in order to unite them in a single countenance or form designed to represent ideal perfection in the human face or figure; so does the elaborator of a work of fiction endeavour to weave into a uniform web of incident and character the moral picture *he* designs to draw of the general workings of men's minds and hearts, of their sentiments and passions—tastes and judgments—virtues and vices—deeds and struggles—contests and rivalries—sorrows and enjoyments, amid the endlessly-diversified exhibitions on the great stage of human life, adapting those select views which appear to approach nearest to the *model of ideal perfection, or to its reverse.*

How far that purpose has been attained in the following pages, a discriminating public must determine.

I shall only add, that, having submitted the successive portions of my work to the perusal and criticism of several of the most gifted minds among the literary characters of the day—two of whom, alas! have since paid the debt of nature*—I was counselled to commit “THE DEATH-FLAG” to the tide of public opinion by expressed judgments so decided and gratifying, that to transcribe them here would savour of self-laudation.

I am, however, free to avow that my wish and aim have gone beyond a mere ministration to the amusement of an idle hour in a portraiture confined to the frivolities of life. In the conduct of my narrative, as well as in the machinery—so to speak—which I have employed, my guiding principles have been “to point a moral and adorn a tale,” by depicting in broad lights the retributive justice attendant, even in this world, on colossal crimes, which, appalling though they be, have their moral use as portentous warnings when faithfully portrayed, not as the favourite, but as the darker bearings incidental to the subject of the historic pencil.

* Professor Macvey Napier, the late Editor of the “Edinburgh Review” and of the “Encyclopædia Britannica,” and Horace Smith, Esq.

The crimes related in the following pages occurred about the middle of the last century. There has been neither exaggeration nor mitigation as to their extent, nor have I materially departed from literal fact in their details.

The curious social position of the Criminals, illustrating as it does the anomalous state of Irish manners about the year 1748, incredible as it may seem, is equally true; nor have the courage, audacity, successes, attainments, and intelligence, of the daring spirits of my narrative, as exhibited in the subtlest political intrigues of the period, both at home and abroad, been over-rated.

The analysis of such characters, depressing as it is to the student of human nature, is yet full of absorbing though gloomy interest. I acknowledge, however, that one result of their delineation I found occasionally adverse to my feelings as well as to my taste. I allude to the indispensableness of preserving their *vraisemblance* by making them act and *speak in character*. Yet surely an Author cannot with justice be condemned, far less held responsible, for the strong language or the free and false opinions which a consistent and vigorous portraiture of the reckless and reprehensible personages of his or her work necessitates. Were this principle once admitted into the Canons of Criticism, the 'Satan' of Milton, the 'Faust' of Goethe, and many other *splendid creations of Genius*, which are unani-

mously admitted to be *chefs-d'œuvres* in Literature, would fall under the ban of public censure.

When the subject is fairly and philosophically considered, it must, moreover, be allowed that the History of Mankind has ever been a deep, prolonged Tragedy upon the World's Theatre. From age to age the same crimes have been perpetrated, though under different modifications of garb and circumstance, and it would be inconsistent to the last degree to paint the actors in such scenes *en couleur de rose*, or, as if their ordinary discourse was under the happy influences of the fine morality of Truth, to which the whole scope of their deeds and thoughts stands out in awful contrast.

As to the preponderance of Virtues or Vices exhibited *en masse* by the millions of human beings who have trod the arena of life and vanished, it is left for even-handed Justice to strike her balance on that point, while pronouncing her award.

The grandest Poets of Antiquity have derived a pungent interest from drawing the portraiture of the great passions, however evinced in shapes of enormous guilt. Shakspeare, and many of the noblest dramatists of more modern times, have exhibited the same predilection, and, in doing so, have not only found their proper sphere, but have fulfilled their duty as instructors to Mankind.

If this be granted, why should not the Historic

Novelist follow their example? It is freely admitted that this must be done with comparatively inferior talent; yet still it may be with equal benefit to the cause of morality, if the evil of Sin, and the retribution that sooner or later it is sure to receive from the just Governor of the Universe, be fairly represented. The Spirit of the Past might thus be made to minister to the Wisdom of the Present, especially in our own day, when the genius of Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, James, and other writers has raised the Historic Novel almost to a level with the Epic, and this to such an extent as to throw the Drama into a partial eclipse.

What in point of fact was the Epopee of the Ancients but a sustained, continuous narration of grand and stirring events preserved in the Unities of time and place?

The Historic Romance of the Moderns should be regulated under the same laws, and *ought* to occupy to a certain extent the same position, and this with even greater advantage to the Public, because its modifications admit of more various forms, inasmuch as the shapes of Society at the present era are more manifold, while the advance of knowledge, and the consequent requirements of Mankind, are infinitely more diverse than those of the Epopœists.

But to return to the more immediate staple of my narrative.

The whole range of imaginative and real history can scarcely serve as a parallel for the incongruous composition, the wild and restless elements, which, at an epoch not so very distant from our own, pervaded every phase of society in the Sister Isle, affording the most striking incidents, powerfully characteristic of its national idiosyncrasy, and abounding with materials for the humorous, the picturesque, and the pathetic.

The abduction of Miss Mullane (the Edith O'Moore of these volumes) is a verification of the adage that "Truth is often stranger than Fiction." The fact is mentioned in "Derrick's Letters,"—a rare and curious book, which depicts the period of 1748 in a manner equally amusing and instructive. The public trial for the Abduction perpetrated by the younger O'Sullivan took place in the Court-house of Cork, under the presidency of Judges Caufurd and French; and the tragic fate and punishment of his notorious Uncle, for the murder of Mr. Puxley, are also matters of History.

I confess, however, that amid the vast and heterogeneous mass of materials for the construction of my work, which equally fascinated my interest and tasked my research, the eventful life of Charles Edward Stuart, especially *after* his defeat at Culloden, I found the most arresting and attractive. The victories and sufferings of the ill-

fated Prince previously to that memorable Battle are familiar to all my readers as "household words," but his subsequent adventures in various parts of Europe are comparatively unknown.

I have found few, even among the most cultivated persons, who were fully acquainted with them, or aware of the audacious and successful system of piracy on the high seas practised by the natives of the south of Ireland at the period of my narrative; still fewer have I met cognisant of the fact that a strong, though secret, party existed there in 1748 to effect the restoration of the exiled Stuart to the Throne of his ancestors.

In treating this portion of my work, various incidental opportunities for carrying it out historically came to my aid during my long residence at Rome, where I had permission to consult authorities in the Vatican upon the subject of the Royal Stuarts which are rarely accessible. Mr. Lockhart, in his admirable *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, gives many interesting anecdotes which go far to prove that his celebrated father-in-law, during his sojourn in Italy, was as anxious to obtain information on the subject of his "favourite hero," Prince Charles Edward, as on any other; and, to a great extent, I felt the same.

In my analysis of the mixed and singular character of the Victor of Preston, after disappointed aspirations for human greatness and the consequent re-action of bitterness had dimmed

its original lustre, it is possible, through involuntary sympathy with his redeemable points and human sufferings, I may have fallen too much into what are called Jacobite principles; but if this indeed be so (and the question is doubtful), let it be remembered that their public influence has long since passed away.

In contemplating the series of events which created those feelings, and the ordinations of the supreme Disposer of the fate of Empires, be it also never forgotten, and acknowledged with gratitude to Divine Wisdom, that the Throne to which Charles Edward Stuart aspired is now filled by an illustrious Queen, in whose veins HIS regal blood flows, but whose character exhibits none of the defects, though adorned with most of the virtues, of her ill-fated progenitor.

Under the gentle yet powerful sway of VICTORIA OF ENGLAND may national greatness and private virtue continue to flourish, thus making a moral to the Governments of the Earth, on too large a portion of which the structures of Royalty have been so deeply fractured by the fiery career of Revolution!

21, *Princes Street,*
Hanover Square,
London,
November, 1851.

THE DEATH-FLAG.

CHAPTER I.

"Were honour to be scann'd by long descent,
From ancestors illustrious he could vaunt
A lineage of the greatest ; and recount
Among his fathers, Names of ancient story,
Himself an undeserver."—*Rowe.*

THE Barony of Bear and Bantry forms the extreme south-west point of the county of Cork. The Rev. Horatio Townsend, in his truly valuable Statistical Survey of the district, observes "that a striking and remarkable contrast is exhibited here as well as in Great Britain between the east and west sides of the island, the latter of which contains an infinitely greater proportion of high, rocky, and mountainous surface."

In proceeding from Imakilly westward,

continues Mr. Townsend, "the country gradually increases in altitude and ruggedness, until it attains the *ne plus ultra* of both in the Barony of Bear and Bantry. The singular and excessive wildness of this district is however occasionally relieved by the fertility of some spots, and the grandeur and beauty of others. The bay of Bantry, from almost any point of view, exhibits one of the noblest prospects on a scale of romantic magnitude that imagination can well conceive. The extent of the great body of water, from the eastern extremity to the ocean, is about twenty-five miles—the breadth, including the islands, from six to eight. It contains, besides some small, two very large islands, differing extremely from each other in quality and appearance, but perfectly suited to the respective purposes of their different situations. Bear Island is very high, rocky, and coarse, standing a little within the mouth of the bay, braves the fury of the western waves, and forms, by the shelter of its body, a most secure and spacious haven."

It is unnecessary to follow Mr. Townsend

in his account of Whiddy, the other island mentioned by him, which is situated near the head of the bay, as the scene of our story lies chiefly at Beare-haven, and among the wild mountains in its immediate neighbourhood.

The whole population of this district bore the name of Sullivan, for the use of the antecedent vowel was strictly confined to the head of the Clan.* In the present degenerate days, this distinction is completely lost. The O' is no longer the mark of high birth, but it was once a designation of lofty bearing and proud import, even so late as the middle of the last century, the time of which we are about to write.

If by chance a Carty, a Leary, or a Driscoll from the adjacent districts became a resident in The O'Sullivan's country, he soon dropped his "*foreign*" patronymic, and assumed that of the Clan among whom he had become a settler. Thus every one in the district was

* Oliol Ollum is stated by Irish Antiquaries to have been Sovereign of Munster in the second century: his successors were Kings of Bear and Bantry, of which regal race *The O'Sullivan-Beare* was a lineal descendant.

a Sullivan; and, as the stock of favourite Christian names is not very extensive, it happened that, speaking in round numbers, a tract of ten miles could boast of no less than fifty Johns, forty Williams, and thirty Murty Sullivans. This state of affairs rendered some mode of distinguishing a particular John, William, and Murty necessary: they were therefore called, after the name of their residences, as *Shane Cooleagh**—after the colour of their complexion, as William *duvet*†—from some peculiarity of character, as Murty *Tongue arrigud*.‡ Again, if a William Sullivan happened to have been in Spain, he was called William *Spaunaugh*;§ or, if a Murty had killed his man—a circumstance of not uncommon occurrence—he at once was distinguished by the badge of baronetcy, and known as Murty *Lauve Darrig*, or “Murty of the Red Hand.” Some of their *sobriquets* were, indeed as they still remain, it may be said *are*, whimsical enough, which the instances

* John of Cooleagh.

† Black William.

‡ Murty the Persuasive, literally the Silver-tongued.

§ Spanish William.

related by the Rev. Cæsar Otway, in his amusing work "Sketches in Ireland," will serve to illustrate. That gentleman, when crossing the mountains which divide the counties of Cork and Kerry, met a poor man with whom he entered into conversation respecting the land held by him and the landlord to whom he paid his rent. "Who is your landlord?" asked Mr. Otway. "Mr. Lieutenant" was the reply. "That's an odd name: is he a new settler here?" "Oh no, bless your honour; he's of the raal ould stock—the right O'Sullivan-Beare." "Why then call him Mr. Lieutenant?" "Why, is he not afther serving his Majesty in the militia?" On another excursion, it was Mr. Otway's fortune to meet a personage whose singular appearance, which he so well describes, led him to inquire who that was? "That's O'Sullivan Dismal."—"Dismal enough, without question; but is he thus called from his appearance?" "Oh no! he's a worthy, good-humoured gentleman; but he's called from his place out there yonder, the house on the bleak promontory—that's Mount Dismal."


This discussion on names, the English reader will probably find of service in the progress of the following pages, as it will save the introduction of many explanations, which always, however necessary, injure the interest of a narrative. But, as the remedy is sometimes said to be worse than the disease, we shall no longer delay the commencement of our history by offering illustrations of certain portions of it.

About the middle of the last century, therefore, in the wild district of Beare-haven (which we have described in the words of a distinguished statistical writer), stood an old mansion called Ross Mac Owen. After what has been said, it may be almost unnecessary to inform the reader that "the Court," as it was styled, of Ross Mac Owen belonged to an O'Sullivan. Whether the name of "Court" was given to this mansion from the inclosed space in which it stood, or from the regal establishment which its Lord supported, we freely leave, for conjecture and discussion, to all curious persons who may feel an interest in the investigation of doubtful

matters. If behind "The Court" towered the rugged and inhospitable "Mountain of Hungry Hill," the "Court" itself, notwithstanding an accordance in outward appearance, presented within abundant proof that its huge kitchen merited a far different name. The "*Manus Sullivanis*" was the boast of every member of the family, and more doorways than one at Ross Mac Owen were decorated with a rudely-sculptured hand and the vaunting, yet really characteristic, legend, of

"Nulla manus,
Tam liberalis,
Atque generalis,
Atque universalis,
Quam Sullivanis."

The possessor of Ross Mac Owen had been christened, we believe, simply Murty Sullivan after his father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and a host of cousins too numerous for particular mention. During his father's lifetime, he was distinguished as Murty *Oge*, which in English signifies Murty *the younger*, and which appellation he continued, like our late witty licenser of



the drama, long after the decease of his worthy parent.

Here, however, the similitude between our hero and Mr. Colman terminates, for few Old Bailey criminals had more *aliases* after his name than Murty Oge O'Sullivan-Beare, as he proudly but improperly wrote himself, always taking particular care to flourish the *O* of six times greater size than the other letters, which his relative and namesake, Murty *Tongue Arrigud*, the schoolmaster at Kenmare, remarked, "made Murty Oge's signature look, for all the world, like a turkey's egg in a wren's nest!"

Murty, a name correctly written *Muir-cheartach*, or *Murcheardach*, signifies, in that venerable and harmonious language, the Ibero Celtic, "*expert at Sea*;" but, as English ears were ignorant of its original meaning, and as English lips, moreover, found difficulty in giving it the correct emphasis, Murty Oge, when in England or in English society, exchanged his proper name for the more romantic, yet familiar sounding one of *Mortimer*. Having made frequent

excursions to the Continent, he was, on his returns, spoken of among his clansmen as "Murty the Rover," and "*Murty Spaunaugh*" (the Spaniard); while on the coasts of France and Spain he was not merely known, but celebrated in song as "The Bold Captain Sullivan," and at the courts of those countries he assumed the style and dignity of the Earl of Bearhaven, and had been actually received as such.

We beg therefore to introduce the reader to Murty Oge,—*alias* Mr. Mortimer O'Sullivan,—*alias* Murty the Rover,—*alias* Murty Spaunaugh,—*alias* the Bold Captain Sullivan,—*alias* the Earl of Bearhaven of Ross Mac Owen—a square-built little gentleman with a well-curled periwig and a three-cocked hat edged round with gold lace. In age, his Lordship of Bearhaven appeared to be about fifty, having a red, jolly, weather-beaten face, seamed by three or four severe scars, which could not be said to disfigure, as they tended to give a marked expression to it. That expression, when assumed, spoke determination of purpose, and was preceded by the

fixedness of a remarkably large light blue eye (for Murty Oge had but *one*) and the energetic compression of the lips. But this was far from being the ordinary expression of The O'Sullivan—so we shall in future generally call him : on the contrary, there was a wandering, drunken leer in his look, and a good-humoured grin displayed a mouthful of formidable tusks, rather than teeth.

To the establishment supported by The O'Sullivan at Ross Mac Owen, we have already applied the term regal, and perhaps not incorrectly, as it was little dissimilar to that of Erin's monarch in the days of old—

“ Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold
That he won from the proud invader.”

The O'Sullivan-Beare maintained a body-guard of twelve stout followers, each of whom was provided with cutlass and pistols, and in appearance they resembled the sailors at present employed in what is termed the Coast Blockade service of Kent and Sussex. From a crowd of clansmen and retainers, to the amount of about forty, who were daily

to be found in the spacious kitchen of Ross Mac Owen, we shall particularize Philip Sullivan, or "Piping Phil," as he was more commonly called, whose social qualities, united to some skill on the bagpipes, rendered him an universal favourite.

He had been blind from an early age, but so little did the loss of sight affect his animal spirits, that "Piping Phil" was notoriously the merriest fellow in the Barony. No wedding could take place within twenty, ay, we may say within forty miles of Ross Mac Owen without the aid of Phil's harmony. In short, mirth and music were with blind Philip Sullivan wherever he went.

CHAPTER II.

———"Thus Ambition grasps
The empire of the soul."

AKENSIDE.

"Lisons, et voyons sa pensée."

RACINE.

It is time to proceed more decisively with our history, as we perceive that all we have as yet told of it amounts to the scene—the wild district of Beare-haven—the period—about the middle of the last century—and the names of the principal actors—the O'Sullivans. We therefore, without further preface, introduce the reader to The O'Sullivan-Beare—with all his astounding list of *aliases*!—comfortably seated at his breakfast-table on the 23rd day of October, A.D. 1748, at about five minutes before nine, A.M. Were it not that the hour sa-

tisfactorily proves the meal to be intended for breakfast, appearances would rather indicate the more substantial repast of dinner. Here is no tea, no coffee, no eggs, no toast, no muffins, even bread is wanting; but in place thereof stands a huge, untempting-looking ham, of murky and bristly exterior—a pile of oysters of monstrous size—slices of delicious salmon broiled upon arbutus skewers which send forth a savoury odour—and a wooden bowl filled with smoking potatoes. A black quart bottle “half full and half empty,” as the Irish phrase is, with a horn goblet, were deposited beside the plate of the Chieftain, and on the floor near him was a large earthen pitcher of spring water.

“This salmon is excellent,” muttered The O’Sullivan; “excellent indeed!” he repeated, after the disappearance of several slices; “from the richness of the curd it cannot have been above ten minutes out of the water. Holla!” he exclaimed, rising and going to the window, before which stood four or five of his followers: “Holla, boys! where did you catch the little salmon this morning?”

"It was I that cotched him, plase your honour," said Daniel Connell,—or, as he was now called, Daniel *Sullivan*,—stepping up to the window with a smile and a kind of a bow; "'twas I surely that cotched the thief of the world clare an' clane out of the wather, as snug as the gowlden salmon that's up on the top of Shandon steeple in Cork all the ways, an' 'tis often myse'f has looked up at that same."

"Where did you catch him, Dan?" said The O'Sullivan.

"Is it where I cotched the fellow? Och! thin if ever a salmon was foolish, 'tis that crather that your honour's afther ating was the fool entirely to come where he did! Why thin did you ever hear, Sir, what the pinkeen said to the salmon? Your honour knows what a pinkeen is,—a little bit of a fish not half the size of one's thumb—Oh, not half the size! Well, a salmon was once upon a time pinned in a nit, and there was a little pinkeen in along wid him; to be sure that has often happened before, an' will often happen agin widout any kind of doubt;

but this salmon, you see, Sir, had been ever an' always talking at the poor little pinkeen, for his being so small entirely, an' he was always boasting of his own grand size. Well, whin the pinkeen saw the nit was round about 'em both complately, he turns to the salmon, who niver saw a bit o' what was going on, nor was draaming of sich a thing—an' says he, 'Is it proud you are of your size this mornin', Mr. Salmon?' 'Surely I am,' says the salmon, 'an' 'tis a quare quistion, an' a mighty quare one too, for sich a little bit of a crather as yourself to axe me.' '*Bathershin*!'^{*} says the pinkeen. That was the very word, an' not another did he say, but out wid him through the nit, laving the salmon *in quod*. Well, plase your honour, whin I cotched the salmon a while ago 'twas the very same word I said; *Bathershin* says I."

"But *where* did you catch him, Dan?" said The O'Sullivan, asking the question for the third time. This, however, was nothing extraordinary, for Dan—the masther's own *Valley de Cham* as he styled himself—never,

* May be so.

if he could possibly avoid it, gave a direct answer to any question whatsoever.

"I cotched him in a mighty proper place, to be shure, Sir," said Dan; "an' isn't it a wondher now that he wouldn't have known betther than to come there?"

"Where *was* it, Dan?" said The O'Sullivan at last, with some impatience of manner.

"Why, in the kitchen to be shure, your Honour," returned Dan, "where else? quite convanient to one's hand, an' jist in proper time to broil for your Honour's breakfast."

Singular as this account may appear of the capture of the salmon by Daniel Connell—whom we will so call henceforward, for the sake of distinction, instead of by his assumed name of Sullivan—it was nevertheless perfectly correct. Through the kitchen of Murty Oge's house at Ross Mac Owen ran a considerable stream of water, which was guarded at one end by a strong iron grating; and thus a desirable convenience was afforded for the important Irish culinary operations of washing fish and potatoes. This grating, when, by chance, a stray trout

or salmon made its appearance in the stream, rendered the further progress of the fish impossible; and, on the passage by which, according to Dan's notions, they so foolishly entered, being closed, their capture was certain. Hence "salmon and sea-trout were frequently taken as well as dressed in O'Sullivan's kitchen."*

The Chieftain, who had proceeded to the breakfast-table, now returned to the window with the horn goblet in his hand,—like the bottle before described, "half full and half empty" of whiskey. "Here, Dan," said he, after putting it to his own lips, "that salmon deserves a drink this morning."

"Och thin, long life to your honour! an' long may you reign over us, an' good luck attind you wherever you go, night an' day; an' here's luck to us all, an' more luck too, an luck's mother for that matther!" returned Dan, and then, with voracious swallow, this "whiskey-devouring Irishman," as the song has it, tossed off at a breath the contents of the goblet: "'Tis the right stuff, the raal

* See Smith's History of Kerry.

nat'ral kind," said he, "that jist tickles one's throat like a dhrop of oil on a feather; may luck attind your honour," he added, placing the goblet on the window-sill, "I niver tasted the aqual of it; betther can't be."

"In faith, Dan," said The O'Sullivan with a smile, "I stand somewhat in need of your wishes for luck; here is the 23rd of October, and no cutter is in the bay! Here is the 23rd of October, and no news, good nor bad, from William Sullivan, not a word even of his embarkation at Cork! Come in, Connell, I want to speak to you in private," added The O'Sullivan, shutting down the window.

"Why thin," inquired Dan in the tone of surprise as he entered the parlour, and cautiously closed the door, "have you niver hard from Masther William since he left Ross Mac Owen; 'tis as good as fourteen days or betther may be?"

"Not one word from him, nor *of* him," said The O'Sullivan with emphasis, "which astonishes me still more: here is," he continued, "the 23rd day of October, and no letters from France. Some screw is loose,

Dan, something is wrong ; and here has been that prying scoundrel, Puxley, down about this quarter no less than twice within the last week. I can't make him out. You must look after him the next time he makes his appearance. I asked him to dine with me on Sunday when I overtook him coming across the red bog."

"I'll be bail your honour did that same," said Dan ; "if 'twas your worst innemy, the Divil himself, you were afther meeting coming across the red bog, let alone Puxley the schaming thief an' decaiver ! Why thin, Sir, 'tis my notion that 'tis afther the coming in of the cutther he's looking out so keenly ; for that very same day whin your honour met him in the red bog, 'twas my luck to meet him likewise, an' says he to me 'Honest man,' says he ; Iss, indeed, calling *me* honest man !" said Dan with a smile which was half a grin.—" 'Do you know,' says he, 'whin the cutther is expected at Beare-haven ?' 'What cutther, Sir ?' says I, purtending not to know what he was axing about. 'Why, Misther Sullivan's ; an' ye know he has many a cutther,

let alone his great brigantine,' says he. 'I'm Misther Sullivan myse'f,' says I, 'but the niver a cutther or hooker* nor as much as a fishing-boat have I—the niver a one, Sir.' 'Oh,' says he—'honest man' agin!—'tis Mr. Murty Oge's cutther, Misther O'Sullivan's cutther, I was inquiring afther; she has been gone a long time from Beare-haven.† 'I think your honour seems to know all about her,' says I, an' so I said no more."

"Why did not you tell me this before, Dan?" said The O'Sullivan with impatience. "By heavens! 'tis an infamous scheme of Puxley and his gang; I am certain they are sworn to destroy me."

"My curse light on' em, the thieves o' the world, to be meddling an' making wid what doesn't consarn 'em the laste in life! I'll

* The Hooker is a vessel peculiar to the south-west coast of Ireland. It is rigged with a single mast placed very forward, which carries a large main sail with peak and boom, and also a small foresail. It goes near the wind, and with uncommon velocity over the sea, even when navigated only by a few hands.

† "Beare-haven was formerly defended by a strong castle, and was a place of no small importance in the 15th and 16th centuries, when the Irish chieftains maintained a frequent intercourse with Spain."—*Weld*.

ingage it's long till the dirty spalpeens would be afther mindin' their own affairs, as cutely as they bother about our's. Why thin, if I may be so bould as to axe the quistion, isn't it a crying shame to be letting thim *informers* have the upper hand of us in this sort of a way? Shure an' 'tis the boys an' the counthry could show 'em the differ, if once our blood was up for a ruction. Oh murder in Irish, how we'd lick every mother's son of 'em!—that is, wid your honour's lave, sir."

"I do not doubt your fighting propensities, Dan," quickly responded The O'Sullivan, "and perhaps the time is nigh at hand when I will let you prove them; but just now we must be prudent, and conceal our plans until it is fit to bring them into action; I have much upon my mind, Dan!"

The trusty *Valley de Cham* fixed an anxious eye upon his master, but respectfully forbore to break the short pause that followed, as Murty Oge leisurely drew forth his snuff-box, tapped the lid, then raised it, and, having taken an ample pinch, offered the same to Dan, who, with a low bow, and an—"I

thank ye kindly, Sir,"—titillated his nasal organs so effectively, that frequent loud and hearty sneezes followed.

Heedless of the reverberations which issued awfully from his obsequious confidant's olfactory region, The Chief returned the box to his waistcoat pocket, while he emphatically repeated, "I tell you I *have* much upon my mind, Dan! My nephew, William Sullivan, has disappointed me most grievously of late; he is become so self-willed and self-opinionated, that all my sound advice to him goes to the winds!"

"Thru for you, fait!"

"Zounds! 'tis enough to set one mad!" cried the irritated Murty; "why, Dan, only remember how my nephew failed in that deep-laid scheme of ours, which, like an idiot, I entrusted to his management at the Court of France. To my certain knowledge when Will Sullivan was, by appointment, to have met Lally, and other of Charles Edward's friends, to concert some most important measures, the thoughtless fool was found gallanting a French opera-dancer!"

"Och, thim women they'd bother the Danes!" vehemently cried Dan Connell, stamping his right foot, and snapping his fingers with a swing of the head as emphatic as old Burleigh's nod. "To be shure," he continued, "Masther Will is a fine, slashing, off-handed fellow, wid big shouldhers, broad breast, big whiskers, an' all that; but to my mind, as well spoken a jintleman as he is, there's one would bate him fairly wid the girls if he'd only do his endaavours to compass that same."

"What are you at now, Dan?"

"Is it what am I at? Why thin, Masther honey, couldn't ye guess?" said Dan in a tone and with an air of wheedling fondness.

"Not I, and as usual I suppose I might vainly try to make you speak out plainly. Dan, for once in your life will you come to the point?"

"May be I will, and may be I won't," returned Connell with a knowing wink, and a shake of the head, that were irresistibly comic.

"Well, follow your own vagary," replied

The O'Sullivan, aware that an attempt to drive his valet *from* a subject, was the surest way to bring him *to* it. "But without any more of your nonsense just say—that is if you *can* answer a straightforward question—have you told all that passed between you and Puxley?"

"Why thin, sir, not quite entirely, in respect of my havin' been all the ways to the *Fodeen** o' Puxley Hall, an' a nate, snug, tasty, little place it is, anyhow, for the likes o' that thieving chap to be livin' in!"

"You, Dan! *you* at Puxley Hall! that is indeed extraordinary."

"Remarkable extrornary, shure enough, your honour! an' a dhroll thing in airnest! But you see it was my luck to meet that thraitor of a Puxley *forenent* me, jist as I was comin' acress the strame convanient to his own gate; an' says he to me, 'Honest man,' says he—"

"Confound your rigmaroles! you told me all he said about 'The Rose,'" interrupted Murty Oge, impatiently.

* Anglicè, small estate.

“ Ah thin bless you now, Masther dear ! an’ don’t be so contrairy, but lave off that quare way o’ bothering a person whin he’s telling a story, an’ thin shure you’ll have mine in a jiffy !—Well, why—afther his talk about the cutther—our own darlint ‘ Rose ’—what did Puxley do, but axe me in at his grate gate, an’ shure in dacent manners I couldn’t refuse, in particlar as I was wantin’ to see how the land lay ; so in I went, an’ walked up the aveney, cheek by jowl wid the rapscallion, till we comed to the parlour windy ; an’ there widin was a sight o’ middlemen an’ reveny offichers, an’ proctors, an’ *residents*, an’ sich scum o’ the earth ! all ating an’ dhrinking for the bare life !—An’ so says Puxley, ‘ Come, Masther Sullivan,’ says he, ‘ I’ll give you something to dhrink to our further acquaintance ;’ an’ wid that, in he goes to the house, an’ throwin’ up the windy, he hands me a glass of stiff grog, an’ says he, quite free an’ asy, ‘ Now, Masther Sullivan, plaze to give us a toast.’ ”

“ And what did you give ? ” said Murty Oge, eagerly.

“ The health o’ the King an’ the Prince to be shure—what else ? which, your honour knows, might mane aither King James an’ his son Charles Edward (the sowl !) or the Hanover rat an’ the Prince of Wales ! ”

“ Well done ! i’faith—well done ! ” cried The O’Sullivan, exultingly. “ And what said Puxley to such a poser as that ? ”

“ Faix, he looked for sartin, as mad as a March hare, an’ as wise as a Michaelmas goose ! but he’s a wonderful ‘cute lad for all that ; an’ so, quite funny like, an’ tipping a wink to the company to hide his vexation, what does he do, but being too genteel for the raal Innishowen, he fills up a bumper o’ Port, an’ whisking it up to his mouth, he says, ‘ Well, Misther Sullivan, I’ll give you a toast in return ;—Honour and honesty, man !—Honour and honesty ! ’ ” says he.

“ Thank ye kindly, Sir, for dhrinkin’ the health o’ your *absint frinds* ! * ” says I, poking

* To avoid the charge of plagiarism, the author deems it necessary to give the following extract from a letter she received from a lamented friend and celebrated Novelist, who had read her manuscript, viz. :—

“ I have stolen *from you*, for a forthcoming work of mine,

in my head at the windy, an' grinnin' an' bowing all round to the company; an' wid that I putt down my empty glass on the windy-sill, an' cutting my stick, marched down the aveney, as slow an' as grand as an Irish Brigade's man! for I wouldn't demane myse'f or the pride o' the family by snakin' or runnin' away from the likes of 'em, but I'll engage out o' the whole boiling, the sorra one follyed me—the clodpoles!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Murty Oge with a chuckle of delight, "*egad*, you settled them bravely!" and, rubbing his weather-beaten hands together, The O'Sullivan strode hastily up and down the room, while Dan Connell, with a shrewd glance of glee, looked out at the corners of his eyes upon his master, and watched his motions, with a compound look of savage felicity, obsequiousness, and humour, as with arms a-kimbo he leaned against the wall in the easy position of a privileged favourite, playing his foot up and down in the delectable movement, fami-

the toast of 'Honour and Honesty,' with its witty rejoinder. When 'The Death-Flag' is published, perhaps you will be accused of stealing *from me*!"

liarly denominated in Ireland, "the Devil's-tattoo."

Murty Oge's thoughts were frequently as rapid as his actions, and changed their tone in the passing of a moment, when a new idea crossed his mind. Some such transition of feeling now seemed to seize it, for his habitually-wandering eye suddenly settled into a fixed stare, and his whole countenance changed, as he turned abruptly round, and with startling energy exclaimed, "I'll sail for France!"

"By the powers, that bates cockfighting!" cried Connell, darting forwards with such velocity as to upset a large wicker-basket or *kish* of turf and bog-wood that stood in the chimney corner; "may I niver die in sin! but that bates cockfighting!"

"*What?*" said The O'Sullivan, peevishly.

"Why to see how my draam o' last night comes out this blessed mornin'! Och! divil a word o' lie I'm spaakin' now, but the raal truth, whin I tell how I draamed that your Honour's Honour was saated on the throne of France (instead o' that milk-sop

Louis) wid a big crown o' raal gowld on your purty head, an' a collar o' the same, jist for all the world like the ones that your grand-faders wore in the ould times, Sir, whin they ruled the land from this to Cork, an' a dale further for that matther; an' shure (here Dan lowered his voice to a mysterious whisper) upon my conscience, Sir, I believe *the good people** were playing their pranks in my noddle, an' mocked me fairly last night; for, as I'm a sinner, I draamed o' *her* too, Sir!"

"Of who?" said Murty Oge with an abstracted air that seemed as if, absorbed in other thoughts, he asked the question almost unconsciously.

"Musha! thin o' the beautiful darlint that out of her cradle your honour an' mysef spirited over the saas wid my shisther Nora many summers ago! who else?" replied Dan, drawing up as if rather offended at his master's inattention.

"Oh, Eva——"

"Whisht — *a'ragal*! — Whisht!" cried

* The fairies.

Dan Connell, looking about with alarm in every feature.—“ Oh! vo vo! Isn't it enough to draw the sowl out of a Christin to hear ye like a poor *gomal** spaakin' names in that kind of a way, whin the walls have ears, an' tongues too for that matther? Masther, jewel! it's a dale more *gumshat*† I gave ye credit for!” added Connell with an air of self-respect and reproachful affection.

“ Well! well! I believe you are right, and I will be more cautious in future; but now we are on the subject, Dan, tell me what sort of a creature she was when you saw her four years ago—the time I sent you to France with the last remittance; but I remember you said she was pretty.”

“ What, purty!—why she's exthramely beautiful!—wid eyes as blue as the sky of a summer's night, an' as bright as the stars that shine in it; wid skin as white as milk, an' cheeks like blush roses, an' lips like twin-cherries, an' hair as soft as the curling mists upon Hungry Hill!—purty, *inagh*!”—replied Dan, indignant at the puerile epithet

* Idiot.

† Sense.

his master had applied to the fair object of discussion.

"Whew-e-w!" whistled the O'Sullivan. "Why, Dan," he added, bursting into what is vulgarly styled a horse-laugh, "you describe like a poet."

"A poet! faix'en, 'tis little I'm obligated to your Honour for being afther comparing me to one o' thim cracked-brained jinty, that do be always livin' up in the moon, wid their own figgaries, an' niver spake a word o' truth from one end o' the year to the oder—the niver a word!" said Dan Connell, colouring with indignation.

"Come, Dan! don't be so huffy! I thought as a true Irishman you respected a bard."

"Oh thin, to be shure, if your Honour manes the raal Bards an' Seanachies o' the ould times, who wrote like the Psalter o' Cashel, an' played on the harp like Brian Boro 'tis myself that would go to the end o' the world to seek an' to sarve'em!—An' faix for the Keeners too, I've a great veneration; but as for thim musheroons o' poets! that lives in our days, as poor as *bucchaughs*,* Sir!

* *Lame beggar-men.*

an' who, not contint wid being big fools themselves, make oders the same; the jingling jackeens wid rhyme an' *no* raason, I would'nt give that for em!" cried Dan Connell, suiting the action to the word, by snapping, or as he would have expressed it, cracking his fingers, and cutting a caper, the agility of which a Cerito might envy.

"He! he! he!" grinned Murty Oge, "I fear, Dan, you will never have a proper respect for the riders of Pegasus."

"*Big asses* they are in airnest! but not o' the Balaam breed; for sorra a word heaven ever putt in *their* mouths at all, at all! the dickens a one!" cried Connell, roaring at his own fancied wit, in which barbarian exercise he was joined by his master, with a zeal which would have sent any disciple of the laughter-hating Chesterfield to the shades forthwith.

"But it does my heart good to see your Honour jokin' so bravely this mornin'!" cried Connell, as soon as he could command his risibility sufficiently to speak; "like an illigant rollicking rake as you are, every inch o' you! an' as I was saying, 'tis yourse'f that

could bate Masther Will wid the girls a thousand times over, if ye'd only do your endaavours to compass that same!"

"Oh then, *I* was the person you meant, as likely to prove my nephew's successful rival with the fair sex," rejoined The O'Sullivan, with a grin of exquisite self complacency.

"To be sure thin! who else? for, as thrue as I'm standing here, egg or bird, y're more than a match for him; an' if ye'd but marry some darlint, wid oceans* o' money to reign over us here in Ross Mac Owen, I warrant ye'd throw a bone to Masther Will, that, cute as he is, he wouldn't pick in a hurry!"

"Marry; *I* marry! Oh Dan, I'm too old for that!" chuckled Murty Oge, with an air that evidently implied a desire to have the assertion disproved.

"Too ould! the divil a bit! bettther late than niver; shure, an't I your Honour's own fosther-brother? an' wasn't I only fifty-two last Patrick's-day? an' may be Judy Malone wouldn't jump to say 'Iss,'—if I gave her but 'casion!—What, ould! faix'en, barring the

* Abundance.

want o' your Honour's two front teeth, y'reas fine a moral* of a man as ye'd see on a month o' Sundays; for as to the scars on your cheeks, shure they only bespaakeyour courage; an' as to the loss o' your Honour's lift eye, isn't t'other worth two? an' *Dioul!* show me the boy in all Ireland could get at the blind side o' you, let him putt on as bould a face as he could, Sir! an' as to a nate-turned ankle, fellow me the likes o' your Honour's, to dance cover the buckle all over the counthry!"

To this recapitulation of his physical perfections Murty Oge listened with delighted attention, and the climax of Connell's picturesque description was received with a burst of laughter, which displayed to the greatest advantage The O'Sullivan's mouthful of tusks, as green as his favourite element, at the same time revealing the wide space, which Dan, having never heard of Dame Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum, considered but a trifling defect.

"None are all evil," says Byron; "none are all ugly," say we of the graver tribe of

* Model.

veracious biographers; for certain it is Murty Oge *did* possess the "nate-turned ankle" Dan mentioned, and of which his master was notoriously vain. Stretching out his handsome limb in a position which seemed a practical illustration of "putting the best foot foremost," The O'Sullivan eyed it with delicious self-complacency, as, with a leer like that of drunken wisdom, he exclaimed, "By Heavens, Dan! I believe you have given a hint I ought not to despise. My nephew, fancying himself secure of succeeding to my fortune, uses it as if it were his own, and laughs at my authority. But, as you say, my Cæsar's Cæsar! I would turn over a new leaf, and teach him better manners, if I married, and cut him out from the inheritance of Ross Mac Owen! Dan, what say you to my taking Mrs. Dorothy Sarsdale for a wife?"


"Why thin, is it out o' your sinses you are to be thinkin' o' takin' that piece of ould carrion, who, for all she dhrives her four glandered bastes, an' has plinty o' cash, is as cross as the cats, an' as tough as a

gad, an' as grey as a badger, let alone being a black an' blue Protestant! I warrant, Sir, there's more luck in store for us *nor* that, any how! Shure there's Mrs. Dorothy's niece, Miss O'Moore, jist come over from France, as young as a colt, an' as brisk as a bee, an' as fresh as a daisy, would be a dale betther; for I dare say, being come from a Catlic counthry, *she ain't a conformer*;^{*} but thin, who knows whether, afther all, the ould aunt will lave her her fortin, by raason o' which we won't think of her, Sir, at all, at all! Och, thin, I'll tell you what it is, there's as good fish in the saa as ever was caught; an' plase God, 'tis some fine rich young lady, at home or abroad, that you'll get one o' those days, wid a power o' money; for, to my notion, your Honour's entitled to the best of 'em any way. Shure, an't you the raal discindant o' the great O'Sullivan-Beare? an' didn't you carry the world afore you on saa an' on land? an' is there a man in the province would bate you for larning, picked up whin

* A Protestant.

you passed through Dublin College? Why thin, may I be fairly hanged, if a King's daughther, or the Queen o' Shaaba, would be the last taste in life too good for you! An' may be Madam Pompadour herself didn't think the same, when she threw a sheep's eye at your Honour, the time you went to the court o' Versailles, an' was rescued, by your right, as the Earl of Bearhaven! with your ruffles, an' tuckers, an' flowered silk waistcoat, an' The O'Sullivan-Bear's gowd-headed sword, to say nothin' o' your Honour's brand new wig, that I larded so nately with pomatum an' powder, an' the laced cocked hat perched above it, like a beautiful crow on the top of a hay-stack! Oh thunder an' ounds! it's as true as a ——"

The purposed asseveration was cut short by the nasal twang of Piping Phil's well-known bagpipes, which suddenly burst on the ears of the eloquent Dan, and struck up an air so invigorating as to set him instinctively jigging round the room, while with stentorian lungs he roared out the apposite



and poetical distich of

“ Will ye, will ye marry me, my dear Alley Croker?
Will ye, will ye marry *me*, my dear Alley Croker?”

Connell and his master entertained opinions directly opposed to those which the immortal Shakspeare has expressed respecting the harmony of the bagpipes: therefore, when the drone of that euphonical instrument acted on their auricular nerves, Dan, having first manifested his delight in the manner already described, next rushed to the window, the sash of which he dashed up, while, uttering a whoop of joy, he hallooed forth—“ Och! thin, how is every bit o’ you, Phil? an’ ’tis welcome ye are as the flowers in May to Ross Mac Owen!—Come along, you ould vagabone! see, here’s the Masther standin’ as plain as a pikestaff *forenent** your blind eyes, wid his fist in his pocket, jist waitin’ to chuck out a nate thirteen,—Oh don’t lose your luck, my boy!”

A loud squeak, like that of a dying swine, here abruptly terminated the execution of Alley Croker; while “the *Professor*” tightly grasping his pipes beneath his arm, and led by

* Before.

a shaggy black terrier, advanced rapidly along one of the well-trodden paths by which the grass-plot of Ross Mac Owen was intersected, and, approaching the window, with a low bow he accosted his Chief with the usual salutation of—"God save your Honour this blessed mornin'! an' long life an' a happy death to you, an' that's what I pray, wid all my veins!"

"Thank you—thank you, Phil—I'm glad to see you again;—Here, will you take a glass?" said The O'Sullivan, filling out a bumper of whiskey.

"Will a duck swim, agra?" asked the minstrel, and, tossing off the exhilarating beverage, he quaffed it, before, to use Dan's comment, "a body could say Jack Robinson!"

"Betther stuff niver wetted my whistle nor that!—But it riz up the cockles o' my heart!" cried the piper, while with one hand he deliberately wiped his reeking lips, and with the other laid down the empty goblet.—"An' now will I strike up a Planxty would make Hungry Hill stir his stumps, if he had 'em, Sir?" demanded Phil, running his right hand up the pipe of his instrument, and thrust-

ing forward a countenance on which one of those undefinable looks of quiet humour, that are so peculiarly characteristic of an Irish physiognomy, was visibly imprinted.

“By and bye, we’ll trouble you, Phil; but first, pray let me hear where you have been, and what has kept you so long away from Ross Mac Owen?” returned The O’Sullivan.

“Is it where I have been, Sir? Och! thin far enough, dear knows! Shure, wasn’t I at the fair o’ Ballinasloe, an’ afther that at the ‘sizes o’ Cork?—an’ didn’t I handle my pipes at tin pattherns,* let alone one at Blarney?—an’ wasn’t I in at Tim Mahony’s death; an’ a beautiful corpse he made! an’ dacently scroodged† we wor at his wake an’ berrin’. Och! by the piper that played before Moses! the dickens a thing could flog‡ ‘em, barrin’ the Christenin’ o’ the two thumpin’ twin childher the Lady o’ Lynch an’ Co. (forgive us our sins!) brought into the world last week, at the sign o’ “The Hogshead an’ Tun.” An’ though your Honour didn’t con-

* Irish peasant dances.

† Anglicè, squeezed.

‡ Surpass them.

discind t'accept his invite, shure I couldn't but do Murty Tongue Arrigud's biddin', whin, wid his palaverin' chat, he ax'd me to go all the ways to Kenmare to play at his weddin', and lashens* o' prog, an' plinty o' fun, we had at that same, whin the girls tucked up their petticoats and flung a *Moneen*,† till they kick'd up sich a *hullaboloo* in the school-masther's long tatch'd house, that the gable end (which the boys say is like big A, Sir!) shuck, as if in a fit o' the agy! An' thin, didn't coortin' Shane Flaherty depind on my honour, when he gim me an ounce o' green tay, an' filled my doodeen‡ wid tabaccy, purvided I'd carry his love-letther safe to Molly Mullone? Yarrow thin! that minds me of a bit of a paper I have for your Honour, from Masther Will, that he gim me at Cork, tin days ago; an' shure, if Ould Nick didn't charm it away to make ducks an' drakes of, I have it somewhere or oder, as safe as a thief in a mill!" cried the Hibernian Mercury, as he fumbled in, and dragged out of a long leather pouch, which formed a *pendant* to his

* Abundance.

† Irish jig.

‡ Small pipe.

bagpipes, a heterogeneous mass of nondescript articles, among which figured a broken *doodeen* stuffed with tobacco, Shane Flaherty's "ounce o' green tay," divers filthy rags of frieze, linen, leather, and flannel; some cold potatoes, a pair of new brogues, and grey worsted stockings, dried dillisk,* salted *crubeens*,† and a huge black bottle half filled with *potheen*.‡

While turning out these precious relics into what Wordsworth calls "the light of things," Phil cautiously *felt*, and the black terrier assiduously *nosed*, each savoury *morceau*; the latter actuated by his epicurean propensities, the former by an anxious desire to find "Masther Will's" important letter.

"Go to the devil!" exclaimed The O'Sullivan stamping with rage, as the smutty contents of Phil's leathern pouch passed in review without discovering the wished-for epistle—"go to the devil!"

"Wisha thin," 'tis a mortual long journey you're sendin' me, Sir! an' shure you wouldn't

* A particular kind of seaweed.

† Pigs' feet.

‡ Irish whiskey, illicitly distilled.

refuse to gim me somethin' to pay my thravellin' expinces?" cried the piper, stopping his search for the moment, and with a sort of triumphant laugh turning round a face so radiant with fun that even its sightless eyes seemed lit with the spirit of glee. The O'Sullivan's features blackened with passion, but before he could vent it in words, Dan Connell with the agility of a harlequin leaped through the open window, and twitching Phil's sleeve, anxiously whispered,—“Asy, asy, man!—mind your hits! shure you're as blind as a piper in airnest, an' as dull as a hog, or you'd see that the Masther's in one his *tanturararas*!”*

“Hurra! Hurra!—here it is! cut an' dhry for his Honour!—blessed Virgin be praised!” cried the delighted Phil, who at this auspicious moment found the object of his search jammed in between two of the salted *crubeens*, one of which the black terrier bore triumphantly off, while his master, disengaging the greasy epistle that still stuck to the other, rubbed it against his

* Passions.

knees, then raised it to his nostrils, and smelt it keenly; after which, Phil, with his wonted air of comic hardihood, exclaimed,—“Och! by my sowl 'tis as sweet as a curd an' as sound as a trout;—I'll gim my *Davy** o' that! so I needn't bestow any *cooram*† upon it.—Here, your Honour;—here's Masther Will's bit of a letther, as safe as if it comed in the Royal Diligence from Cork,” he added, extending the filthy paper towards the spot where The O'Sullivan stood.

“Why thin there's a *polthogue*,‡ an' 'tis well you deserve it!” cried Dan Connell, as he jestingly bestowed a hearty blow on the piper's shoulder, in the act of doing which he contrived to whisper in his ear,—“Hould your jaw, and be off to the kitchin, an' the Divil fly wid you, Phil!—don't you see, man, the Masther's as mad as blazes?”

“You good for nothing blind buzzard!” roared Murty Oge, “I'll——”

“Ah thin, Masther dear, shure you wouldn't mind what that maaly-mouthed fool of a piper does?” cried Dan, as, having

* Word, or Oath.

† Caro.

‡ A blow.

pushed off the repudiated musician to a distance of some yards, he leaped back to his former station, and, once more slamming down the window, delivered, as a peace-offering, the momentous letter, which thus at length reached its final destination.

The Chieftain tore the paper open, and rapidly glancing his eye over it he vociferated in a voice of thunder—

“The devil’s in the fellow! What do you think of this, Dan? My nephew, instead of going, as I ordered him, to France, has dared to sail for the Highlands of Scotland! The impudent rascal! the obstinate mule! if I don’t make him pay for his pranks may I be ——!” We spare our readers the asseveration with which the enraged O’Sullivan closed his sentence.

“Oh the schaaming gomal!—Why thin what in the world tuck him off to that beggarly Scotland?” asked Dan in a tone of mingled surprise and vexation.

“He pretends,” replied The O’Sullivan, with an evident effort endeavouring to bridle his anger, “that, on arriving at Cork, he

received private instructions from Prince Charles Edward to sail instantly for the North, there, in defiance of my prohibition, to negotiate with the Highland clans who, notwithstanding their recent defeats, are still attached to the interests of the Stuarts, and the fellow has the impudence to say that he considers his political schemes to be sounder than mine."

"Tache his granny to suck eggs!" rejoined Connell, indignantly;—"was ever the like hard of since Adam was a little boy?—By the hoky! thin, Sir, we'll larn Masther Will bettther manners in futher, or my name isn't Dan."

"And what do you think we ought to do?" asked Murty Oge, who began to regain a degree of composure.

"To my notion, Sir, we ought to be off for France, in the crack of a fan; an' thin, if I'm not out in my reck'nin', your Honour 'ill putt Masther Will in a mortual pucker, an' 'ill give him as good as he brought, an' 'ill play the mischief wid all his schaames an' make him shake in his shoes, whin you

see Colonel Lally, an' the rest o' King James's thrue pathriots in Paris, an' discoorse wid 'em all consarnin' the rights o' the counthry an' the Cat'lics, like a great pollytician, an' shure sorra betther could be found nor yourself from Cape Clear to the Causeway!" —cried Dan.

"Before this cursed letter came," said The O'Sullivan, crushing the paper he held, "you know I intended to sail for France, for I strongly suspect that our enemy, Lord Ogilvie, is at his old tricks again, and will avail himself of my nephew's absence to poison (even more than he has already done) the Jacobites against us—now then the voyage is more than ever necessary. Dan, I see but one great obstacle to our scheme," he added, thoughtfully.

"An' what is that, dear?" asked Connell in an earnestly sympathizing tone.

"Why I fear that scoundrel, Puxley, may give information of our movements to Government, and play the devil with our plans!"

"Oh tundher an' turf! if that be all, I'll ingage we'll throw dust in 'is eyes—"

an' in spite o' the parlimint carry our *pint*, an' small blame to us, widout, wid, or by your lave ;" vehemently answered Connell.

"That is easier said than done," returned The O'Sullivan, with some anxiety of manner.

"Not a bit of it!—nothing in life more asy ;—shure we've only to putt a bould face on the matther, an' make up a cock-an'-a-bull story, an' purtind we're goin' to keep our station, an' do our dewotions at the Holy Cross in the Skeligs, an' plaze God by that same we'll desaaave the *Sassenachs*, an' give 'em no pace till they're fairly bothered."

"By Jingo ! a capital thought, my prince of factotums !" cried Murty Oge, bestowing a practical proof of his approbation, in the form of a hearty thump, on the apex of Connell's Herculean shoulders ;—"Faith, sink or swim, we 'll act on it instantly. Go, Dan, go, and tell Father Syl that he must accompany us :—t will give a better colour to the whole affair ; besides, he is in our secret about you know *who*, and if we have any difficulty in forcing her to take the veil, a priest may be found convenient. Father

Syl, moreover, being the only person who knows *the* affair, may ——”

“Why thin, keep your tongue widin your teeth, an’ God bless you, Sir!” interrupted Dan, forcibly applying his hand against his master’s lips; “faix, you’ll play the *dunnus** wid us all if you don’t take care. An’ now, your Honour,” he added, withdrawing the brawny impediment by which he had attempted to restrain Murty Oge’s unruly member; “I’ll go, shure enough, widout cracking cry till I find Father Syl, an’ ’ill tell him to be ready to sail wid your honour at screech o’ day, in the hooker to-morrow, for shure it’s in it we must go, since Masther Will, bad luok to him! has the pride o’ the saas, our own darlint Brigantine, all to himse’f.”

“Do, do;—and Dan, don’t forget to set the sham story of our pilgrimage to the Skeligs afloat, so that it may reach Puxley’s ears immediately.”

“As shure as a gun I’ll do that same, an’ I’ll be bail I’m the lad that ’ill settle everything quite to your Honour’s satisfaction.”

• Mischief.

“ Very well—be off, then ; but Dan, take care to see that the hooker’s in proper trim, all right and tight for the trip, and manned with ten of my brave Buccaneers. And, do you hear ?” added The O’Sullivan in an authoritative voice, as Connell was in the act of departing to make the necessary preparations, “ let me have no nonsensical delay, like the one you remember occurred when we missed a capital wind for clearing the bay, by waiting for you, Sir, to finish your breakfast.”

“ Och, botheration ! that’s all i’ my eye. An’ now, Masther dear, lave off your *haggin*,* an’ I warrant I’ll guard agin sich another misfortin, for I’ll ate my breakfast to night, an’ thin I’ll have no delay in the mornin’, but ’ill be ready at cockcrow to folly your honour if you want to the Divil himse’f.”

With this magnanimous resolution, Dan Connell scampered off in search of Father Syl, leaving “the bold Captain Sullivan” to digest his future plans, and to ruminate on the probable success of his intended enterprise.

* Scolding.

CHAPTER III.

"He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in self-admission."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Merrily, Merrily on they go
As reckless of wisdom as of woe."

OLD SONG.

THE results that a series of public misrule produce on the state, moral and political, of a country, and the decisive effects which a course of divided government inflicts on its varied relations, present a subject of deep importance to the inquirer who notes the national and social peculiarities, suggested by a review of the history and progress of human civilization. A survey of the annals of Ireland, perhaps more than those of any other part of Europe, would prove the baneful influence which the practice of despotism can

spread over the condition of a people. But, as such an examination would be out of place in a work like the present, we must substitute delineations of Irish manners for disquisitions on Irish politics, and endeavour to illustrate our period, by sketching those singular images in Irish society which formerly exemplified, and, though decaying, still mark, the extraordinary way in which it has been modified, by the ascendancy of circumstance acting upon national propensities.

An unruly love of independence, mingled with romantic patriotism, reckless desperation, strong, though improvident, attachments, and an unquenchable spirit of wit, cunning, and frolic, seem to be the inseparable ingredients of Irish character, stamping that broad line of distinction between the natives of England and Ireland which decidedly marks the idiosyncrasy of each.

How far the relative differences between the children of the two countries might be traced to a political origin, we pause not to examine; but, viewing national qualities as they existed at the epoch of our narrative, we

shall proceed to depict one of the *dramatis personæ* who are destined to figure in its pages.

After the slight introduction which has already been given to Mr. Puxley, it is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that that gentleman held a situation in the revenue, and was employed by Government with a view to prevent a system of audacious piracy, which, about the middle of the last century, was carried on most extensively by the inhabitants of the southern coast of Ireland. It was equally desirable to suppress a local spirit of disaffection, which general suspicion attached to the Clan of The O'Sullivan-Beare, who, it was rumoured, had become an agent to the Courts of France and Spain, by enlisting Irishmen for their service, and that of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, or, as he was denominated by his opponents, "the Young Pretender." The reports of the day confidently asserted that the recruits thus secured by "the bold Captain Sullivan," had been privately transported in a vessel of his own to the Continent,

where, notwithstanding the signal defeats which the House of Stuart had recently sustained, it was well known that the cause of the ex-King James was still supported by a body of zealous partisans.

Under those circumstances, Mr. Puxley's office was no sinecure; and, as may be readily imagined, the discharge of his public duties rendered him peculiarly obnoxious to the daring class of men whose evil practices it was his object to detect, in order that the guilty might be punished. He was perfectly aware of the detestation in which he was held by the lower orders of the Irish, as well as by their formidable leaders; but, possessing great personal courage, Mr. Puxley defied the hatred of both, and, instead of endeavouring to conciliate, he returned their secret dislike with open contempt of manner, which increased the malignity of his enemies, without producing any abatement of these misdemeanors.

Notwithstanding this injudicious conduct, Mr. Puxley was neither a fool nor a villain. He was, in truth, a plain, well-educated, well-

meaning Englishman ; and, when the leaven of prejudice did not blind his natural sagacity, the kindest feelings of humanity found their way into his bosom. But the jealous watchfulness of all that passed around him, and the *espionage* occasioned by the state of the country and the people with whom he had to deal, deteriorated Mr. Puxley's best qualities, and imparted a forbidding tone to his manners, which at first rendered him rather repulsive than otherwise. The unfavourable prepossessions thus created however, generally diminished on a farther acquaintance, when the good dispositions which had been kept in abeyance frequently burst through the restraints which circumstances had imposed, proving, that however harsh and sarcastic his language might be, his actions were often the reverse. Many of the gentry who resided in the neighbourhood of Puxley Hall were staunch supporters of the Government. In their estimation, the proprietor of that mansion held a distinguished place, for the activity of his exertions obtained their applause, while the

dangers to which he was hourly exposed rendered him an object of interest and sympathy. Even those who were in some degree opposed to the existing administration, were on friendly terms with Mr. Puxley, whose hospitality "won golden opinions from all sorts of men," and purchased the consenting praises of a thousand tongues, which on any other subject than that of capital dinners and the copious flow of wine, might have evinced less cordial unanimity.

Though known as a lover of good cheer, Mr. Puxley bore some characteristics in his appearance, that were little indicative of a convivial temperament. He was unmarried, and seemed about forty years of age; his figure was tall, muscular, and not particularly corpulent. Dark, heavy brows, which closely met together, shaded his keen grey eyes, and gave an air of decision and thought to the upper part of his face, which was at variance with the expression of his thick lips, and fleshy chin; his nose and cheeks were unmarked by the rosy lines which Bacchus generally loves to trace with no unsparing

hand upon the countenances of his worshippers—still, the Epicurean cast predominated in Mr. Puxley's person ; for, notwithstanding that the ordinary glance of his eye bespoke severity, it *could* laugh over the jovial bowl, while simultaneously his voice assumed a tone of hilarity, which, though bordering upon that of arch contempt, seldom failed to win the favour of his associates. On the whole, however, the individual we are describing could not fairly be considered as a votary of the jolly god, for, though he deemed that the convivialities of the table gave zest to the business of life, yet his personal devotion to the bottle was usually restrained within the bounds of sobriety, and never was evinced with the stultified fidelity which frequently led his boon companions to indulge in free and deep potations.

At the period of which we write, the empire of *ton* had not extended its dominion to the southern parts of Ireland. The few who composed the world of Hibernian fashion, resided in or near the Capital ; while the remote regions of the country were

almost exclusively inhabited by persons who were *nobodies* in the estimation of the coterie of the Irish court, but who in "the bliss of ignorance" were "*somebodies*" in their own, as they never admitted a doubt of their individual self-consequence.

In the enjoyment of society which partook of the buoyant spirit of its members, the fair arbitresses of a system of general gaiety sanctioned every frolic which the fervour of fun excited, and held their merry reign independent of control from the oligarchy of fashion. Social festivity was unclouded by affectation, and the gloom of bigotry was seldom allowed to darken the charities of life. The demeanor of the Irish ladies though vivacious, was correct; for, as the restraints they obeyed were those of real principle rather than of conventional form, their conduct gave assurance for the virtue of their hearts, however it might fail to speak for the refinement of their manners.

Towards the middle of the last century the traits of Irish character were curiously displayed in the peculiar modes by which

the pleasures of social intercourse were often sought for, and enjoyed.

Amid the varying scenes wherein a painter of the national manners of the Emerald Isle in by-gone-days may find materials for his subject, certain public, but at the same time familiar meetings, once well-known in Ireland under the appellation of "*Drums*," deserve the particular mention, which we shall proceed to offer in the following chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

“ Beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy, this group
 Of bright ideas, flow’rs of Paradise
 As yet unforfeit ! in one blaze we bind,
 Kneel and present it to the skies : as all
 We guess of heaven, and these were all her own.”
 YOUNG.

—————“ The busy crowd,
 The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In Folly’s maze advance.”
 COTTON.

Don Pedro—“ O day untowardly turned !
Claudio—O mischief strangely thwarting !”
 SHAKESPEARE.

“ Desperate to the last—in ev’ry passion furious.”
 SMITH.

THE grandfathers and grandmothers of many of the present citizens of Cork,—for we speak of the year 1748,—were in the habit of frequenting the public meetings to which we have alluded at the close of the last chapter.

Those meetings took place weekly, and were independent of the balls, assemblies, and concerts held in the same rooms, but which on a Thursday evening were never allowed to interfere with the “ Drum nights.”

The charge for admission was only one shilling ; but "*the Drummers*" being numerous, it was sufficient to defray the expenses of a band, lights, and attendance.

Cards were then more in fashion than at present, and formed the principal amusement of the company. Many, however, went merely to see and to be seen ; the city Belles promenaded in search of admiration ; the officers of the garrison strutted in their red coats and military finery, bent on the destruction of female hearts. Spruce young merchants, ruffled in the pink of the mode, and dressed in velvet embroidered coats and satin vests, sauntered about the room following the same vocation. Their well-powdered fathers, each wearing the sword, cocked-hat, long hose, and buckled shoes of the period, ambled on, attired in snuff-coloured suits with noses to match. The comfortable rotundities and rosy cheeks of those worthy gentlemen attested the non-existence of any such character as that of Father Matthew in those "good old times ;" their vivacity indeed was so striking, that it seemed to afford

presumptive proof of their recent libations to the jolly god, for their voices rose high and shrill while busily engaged with some acquaintance in a discussion respecting a contract for provisions, or else waxed angrily in a political argument : wits, divines, lawyers, young and old maids, all, however, mingled in free and happy intercourse.

“ I was,” says the writer of a survey of the South of Ireland, “ at one of those Drums, and though there was no dancing, I found it very entertaining.”

“ It was not, I conclude, without good reason,” continues the same author, “ that Mr. Derrick says, in one of his letters, that he found a greater number of pretty women in Cork than ever he had seen together in any other town.” Without offering the philosophical observations which might be deduced from Mr. Derrick’s remark, we admit that the Belles of Cork were justly celebrated for their personal charms, and that an air of general hilarity pervaded the manners we describe, which is seldom met with in the more complex conditions of modern society.

"Murty the Rover" and his companions sailed for France the day before "a Drum night" was held, when more than the usual quantum of gaiety was expected in consequence of the extra amusement of dancing having been authorized by the most influential of "the Drummers," whose decrees were as omnipotent as those which in our days issue in pompous legislation from the aristocratic conclave of "Almacks."

With avowed delight, the younger portion of "the Drummers" hailed the tribute, thus publicly offered, to their favourite Terpsichore; and even the sluggish torpor of the elderly citizens of Cork seemed roused into unwonted activity, when they entered the large room, which, at the early hour of seven o'clock, was crowded to excess. The walls of the apartment, unencumbered by ornament, glared on the eye of the spectator in all the purity of an immaculate whitewash. Lights burning through exuding masses of unctuous tallow, dimly cast their beams on female eyes, to which the illumination of a thousand waxen tapers could scarcely have imparted

an increased degree of lustre. A band of excellent musicians filled the gallery that ran across one end of the chamber, and, ere the last chime of eight had sounded from a huge old-fashioned clock which stood beneath the orchestra, forty couples, with radiant countenances and lively gestures, were flying "down the middle and up again" to the popular tune of "The Fox Hunter's Jig." The "mutton lights" we have commemorated seemed to participate in the inspiration of the moment, as they reeled in their tin sconces in admirable unison with numerous feet that sprang over the bounding floor, in the animated measure which Irish phraseology has emphatically termed "dancing for the bare life."

While the juvenile "Drummers" were thus engaged, and while music lent her aid to feed the progress of incipient and matured flirtations, many of the elderly members of the assembly were seated at card-tables in an adjoining room, where sixpenny long-whist occupied the minds of the players as intently as guinea points, and a cool hundred on the

rubber, now excite the interests of fashionable gamblers at those haunts of modern *ton*, yclept by courtesy "St. James's Hells."

The merry country-dance already mentioned had just ended, when a buzz of delighted surprise, which burst from a party of beaux who lounged near the ball-room entrance, announced to the more distant groups that some magnet of superior attraction must have elicited such marked applause; all eyes involuntarily turned to the door, and were instantly riveted, either in admiration or envy, on a beautiful girl, who, with an elderly lady leaning on her arm, entered the room.

Imagination never pictured a form more exquisitely lovely than that of the fair being who thus attracted universal observation. The character of her beauty was decidedly foreign, the clear brown of her complexion, the swimming languor, we had almost said the sadness, of her large dark eyes, the regular arches of her brows, and the hair that clustered round them, combined to give an Italian expression to a countenance, in the

cast of which a little *hauteur*, seeming to bespeak a consciousness of the blood of Irish Sovereigns that flowed in her veins, was mingled with an air of dignified modesty. Her stature was tall, and the luxuriant proportions of her figure realized the ideas we are apt to conceive of the majesty of woman's form when modelled into commanding loveliness. The dress of the youthful stranger was as elegantly simple as an adherence to the French toilet would permit, and contrasted very strikingly with the voluminous habiliments, which, according to the plethoric taste of the times, enveloped in a scarlet velvet negligée and green tabby petticoat the shrunken limbs of the antiquated well-powdered personage, who, like the dragon-watch of the Hesperian tree, frequently cast a guardian eye upon her precious charge, as she minced into the room upon her high-heeled shoes, waving a large and costly fan.

“Who the devil is that lovely creature to whom Mrs. Dorothy Sarsdale acts as a foil to-night?” drawled a dashing officer of dragoons, as dropping the eye-glass he had hitherto

applied to his half-closed visual organs, he tapped the shoulder of one of the numerous beaux, who, with a principle of cohesion well deserving the consideration of a philosopher, were crowding round the two ladies as they walked towards the card-room.

“Don’t know, ’pon honour!” replied the person who had been so uncereemoniously interrogated.

“Don’t know! Ah! then, where in the world have you lived, my good fellow, not to have heard of Mrs. Dorothy Sarsdale’s niece, the beautiful Miss O’Moore, who has lately arrived from foreign parts, as heiress presumptive to the thumping estate of her aunt, that time-dried specimen of humanity who walks beside her?” demanded a spruce Cork merchant, gaily attired in a suit of light blue velvet laced with silver, and who, with an air of commercial importance, was swaggering on, to gain a closer view of the subject of his remarks.

“Eh! really an heiress!” exclaimed the dragoon, who, on receiving this unexpected intelligence, suddenly brightened into anima-

tion—"then, by Jove, I'll get an introduction to her."

"Well said, my man of wax! and upon my modesty I'll do the same out of hand," cried a good natured Irish fox-hunter, in a rich national accent, as undisguised as the intention he familiarly announced.

At this instant, the music for the dancers re-commenced, and amidst the bustle, the throng, the uproarious vivacity attendant on that signal, the remarks concerning the Belle of the room which issued from tribes of buckeens, squireens, military fops, privileged "dashers and slashers," old young ladies, and their manœuvering mammas, only fell upon the ear in broken snatches. In the meantime, the graceful object of so much attention seemed wonderfully passive, and was in fact so thoughtless of herself, that the eye of admiration and the glance of envy rested on her form almost without her knowing it. Intent upon observing the animation exhibited in the curious scene before her, Miss O'Moore, with an expression of suppressed archness lurking in her eye, and

playing round the corners of her mouth, stood in unconscious beauty beside Mrs. Dorothy Sarsdale, while that stately spinster, with "charmed attention," listened and endeavoured to reply to the extravagant flatteries which the crowd around were volubly offering in the usual style of Irish hyperbole. The endless introductions Miss O'Moore was now obliged to undergo, disturbed the amusement which the silent observation of manners that were entirely new to her, had previously conferred. In order to escape from the vociferous competitors for her acquaintance, who were soliciting it with a species of effrontery which, at the epoch here alluded to, was consistent with the perfection of Hibernian *bon ton*, the now blushing girl suffered herself to be led towards the dancers by Lord Ballyburn, a young Irish Peer, who, with a naturally free but thoroughly good-humoured air, triumphantly bore away his prize from a bevy of admiring swains. Guiding Miss O'Moore towards "the set," his Lordship secured "a

good place," and standing *vis-à-vis* to a beautiful partner, looked as self-complacently delighted as ever man did, in similar circumstances.

"So, Lord Ballyburn has secured that lovely girl's hand," said our old acquaintance, Mr. Puxley, addressing an elderly clergyman who, like himself, had been compelled by the pressure of the crowd to remain a few moments stationary near the dancers. Before the Divine could muster a reply, a tall Quixotic-looking personage, attired in all the glories of a claret-coloured velvet coat faced with gold, a full-bottomed red wig, a flowered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, with hose drawn over the knees, and a point lace cravat tied in a magnificent expenditure of "bows and ends," stalked up to Mr. Puxley, and darting a look of malice at Lord Ballyburn gave a prefatory *Eh-hem!*—as if to cough away his spleen ere he exclaimed—"Only for the first dance, Sir!—'tis only for the first dance. Those young coxcombs (the speaker was waxing towards the middle age) always contrive to

get on, and to give the go-by to their betters ; but I don't care a straw about it—none but a fool would !”

“ Then, of course, *you* are exempt from any anxiety on the subject,” said Mr. Puxley significantly, as he endeavoured to move away from the most infictive talker, and greatest gossip extant of the day—Sir Phelim O'Borer. That personage, however, was not easily distanced, for he was one of those delectable members of society who come under the designation of “ button-holders,” and who, having once fixed upon a victim, seldom allow him to escape without cruciating him for hours, which seem ages in duration.

Skilled in the art of his *clique*, Sir Phelim O'Borer resolutely seized Mr. Puxley by one of his Mechlin ruffles, and advancing his own foot, decked in red-heeled shoes with gold buckles, in such a way as to check the locomotive powers of his victim, he took advantage of the momentary pause to insinuate his arm within that of his ill-fated acquaintance, whose attention he determined to

monopolize, as with vulgar familiarity he whispered—"A word in your ear, Puxley:—Now first and foremost tell me, like an honest rogue as you are, will this Miss O'Moore raally inherit her aunt's estate?"

"Yes, Sir,"—returned Mr. Puxley with laconic coolness.

"Faith, then, nate little bits of bogs they are; better could'nt be found in Munster. Now I'm the last man upon earth to pry into family *sacrets*, but, just for curiosity's sake, I'd like to know exactly how much old Dorothy's dirty acres bring in per annum?"

"Once for all, Sir Phelim, Mrs. Dorothy Sarsdale has three thousand a year, the bequest of a cousin who died in India, and Miss O'Moore has been declared her heiress within the last week. Are you satisfied now?" demanded Puxley, trying to extricate his arm from the gripe of his unrelenting persecutor.

"Why No, not entirely; (three thousand a year, with a pretty girl into the bargain, would be no bad hit; it's hard if a little *flummery* wouldn't do the business;)" ejacu-

lated Sir Phelim, half audibly. Then, with an air of ineffable conceit, he suffered his voice to sink still lower, while clinging to Puxley by a grasp as tenacious as that of the boa-constrictor, he added with a shrewd and mysterious look,—“ I say, between ourselves, don’t you think if I touched up the old one cleverly about her protestant blood, and blarneyed her well concerning her niece’s perfections, I might finger the yellow boys,* pay off my mortgages, and get her in marriage?”

“ Get who?—Mrs. Dorothy Sarsdale?” asked Puxley with a malicious smile.

“ Mighty like a whale!—Do you mane to insult me, sir?”—fiercely demanded the touchy baronet, withdrawing his hand from Puxley’s arm, and laying it on his own elaborate sword-knot, while his gaunt figure stiffened into perpendicularity.

“ No! No!—I only mean to—escape!” replied Puxley, availing himself of the momentary release which O’Borer’s action afforded, and bolting through the crowd

* Anglicè, guineas.

with squared elbows, and an air of resolution as doughty and important as the veriest champion of Orange ascendancy could assume in our day, while bustling his protestant steps through the contamination of a papist mob.

“Whither so fast Puxley, whither so fast?” exclaimed a voice from the crowd. The well-known accents arrested Mr. Puxley, who, hastily turning round and twining his arm within that of the speaker, heaved a long-drawn inspiration, as, looking back with the glance of a hawk, he breathlessly exclaimed to his companion—“Colebrook, am I safe?—Have I actually escaped from —— ”

“Sir Phelim O’Borer, for a wager?” interrupted Admiral Colebrook, laughing heartily at his friend’s alarm; “Oh! yes, the motto of your tactics seems ‘*Sauve qui peut*,’ and in the present instance it has secured you the crown of victory, instead of that of martyrdom. But, to be serious, Puxley,” added the Admiral in an altered tone, and withdrawing his companion from the crowd, “I am glad to meet you here to-night, for I want to give you a piece of news, which I

just heard from Dr. De la Cour,* at the coffeehouse.—’Tis rumoured that a French privateer, full of men, has been seen by the help of glasses off Cape Clear, in company with some vessels, which it is supposed she captured. What do you think of this?”

“I think, as I have always done,” returned Puxley with much warmth, but speaking in an under tone, “our Government is too supine. The Chevalier de St. George,† notwithstanding his defeats, has many partisans among the Irish Catholics, who, blinded by their passions, overlook the imbecility that marked his rash invasion upon England, and the failure of Charles Edward’s recent enterprise, fancying that if the Pretender, or his ambitious son, could once more prosecute rebellion here, popery would be victorious, property restored, and Ireland emancipated from oppression.”

“You take an alarming view of the subject,” rejoined the Admiral; “but if, as you seem to think, a scheme is actually on foot to

* A celebrated political character of the period.

† The *incognito* title of the ex-king James.

restore the male line of the Stuarts, do you conceive that Louis of France would assist it?"

"Of that there is some doubt; you know, of course, that the French King receives one of the suspected leaders, The O'Sullivan, at his Court with apparent respect, and actually as the Earl of Bearhaven! but if, as is confidently whispered, the Ministry of France are now convinced that it would be impossible for them to make any future use of the Young Pretender in fomenting the divisions of England, they will certainly try to ruin him, and will use every means to turn their Royal master from his cause. Should success attend their efforts, a death-blow will be given to the fortunes of the Stuarts; but if, on the other hand, the influence of the Dauphin and a large proportion of the Parisians, who still adhere to Charles Edward, should decide the King of France to protect him, and to sanction another invasion upon England, the consequences (at least to this country) might be fearful. My dear Sir," (here Puxley, speaking almost in a whisper, withdrew his companion

to a remote corner of the room), "I have reason to believe that the House of Stuart has still a number of powerful adherents in Catholic Ireland. I suspect that the Young Chevalier and his creatures keep up a secret correspondence with the popish inhabitants of the coast of Munster ; and that the illicit traffic, which we know is practised on the seas by Irish pirates, is connected with an association formed by lawless men, whose object is to overthrow the present Government, and to restore James Stuart."

"Such conjectures are indeed alarming!" said Admiral Colebrook quickly ; "but," he added, after a short pause, "surely a systematic combination, like that of which you speak, must have an acknowledged head. I know the eye of Government is fixed in strong suspicion upon Murty Oge O'Sullivan, but do you think he has influence sufficient for the leader of a daring and most difficult enterprise?"

"Would to Heaven I could entertain a doubt upon that point!" returned Mr. Puxley, with solemn energy. "The political power

of the Chief of Ross Mac Owen is unbounded. Thousands of acres of mountain and bog in this county are peopled by a fine and hardy race, who are devoted to his interest, and who voluntarily yield him those feudal privileges which, though no longer recognised by the statute-book, are paid as scrupulously to Murty Oge O'Sullivan as they were to his ancestors, when, as absolute monarchs, they ruled this extensive district for centuries. Remarkable sagacity, cool courage, and an energy of action are united in the character of O'Sullivan, or THE O'Sullivan More* as he is sometimes called, which eminently qualify him for the idol of the disaffected Irish, among whose lowest classes an astonishing degree of military genius frequently breaks forth. I am almost certain that he is the uncontrolled director of the intrigues and corruptions to which I have alluded."

* *More*, signifies *great*—and was a title anciently attached to the head of the sept. The O'Sullivan *More*, or head of the eldest branch of the family, according to their genealogy, lately printed in London, is an English Baronet. The O' was dropped some time before the family settled in England. —See WELD's *Scenery of Killarney*.

“Has anything happened lately to increase your suspicions on that score?” demanded the Admiral with much anxiety.

“Yes; but this is not the time nor place to enter on the subject at full length. I may, however, tell you briefly—and I mean to report it to the proper authorities—that to my knowledge many vessels have been lately hired, or bought, in different ports, in the names of private individuals; but I am convinced that in reality they were intended to convey bodies of recruits and valuable freights to France and Spain, in aid of the political schemes of the Pretender. Murty Oge O’Sullivan sailed from Bantry Bay two days ago, in a well-rigged Cutter, attended by his faithful fosterer, Dan Connell—a clever witty rogue, who, to the raciness of Irish humour, unites the shrewdness of Irish sagacity—and Father Syl—a priest of great zeal when he is drunk, and little sense when he is sober. The avowed object of ‘the bold Captain’s’ trip is to perform his devotions at the Skeligs—that celebrated shrine of Catholic superstition—but, if I am not greatly mis-

taken, O'Sullivan is bent upon a very different course, and the whole story of his intended pilgrimage, under the guidance of his arch-confessor, is a screen to conceal some rebellious project, fraught with ruin to this country"

"Ruin to this country! Ah! what a horrible idea! Dear Sir, what *are* you talking about?" ejaculated a noted character of the day—the manœuvring Mrs. Chatterlie, as, starting from behind Mr. Puxley's back, she tenderly laid her hand upon his arm, and repeated the question in a most pathetic tone, and with her national accent, in patriotic preservation.

The speaker, attired in all the colours of the rainbow, and flirting an enormous fan, was a knowing widow of forty, squat, fat, and fair; who, with bright bold eyes, large white teeth, and a high colour, passed for handsome. This flashy-looking personage, in common with many managing mothers and candidate daughters, had speculated long and deeply on entrapping Puxley into the harness of matrimony. Ever intent on promoting

her darling scheme, she distanced all competitors in the boldness of her attacks, and was wont to follow the object of her chase with such constant assiduity as had gained her among Irish wags the respectable *sobriquet* of "*The Revenue Cruiser*!"

The ingenious method of courtship thus adopted by the buxom widow led her, on the present occasion, into the neighbourhood of Mr. Puxley just in time to hear his concluding words to Admiral Colebrook.

With pretty anxiety, and suppressing a sigh, which, however, she took care should be heard, Mrs. Chatterlie repeated the question to which Puxley had not vouchsafed an answer, adding in a voice of affectionate solicitude, "Come, no mysteries! say—say at least that *you* are not in danger."

"Madam, I am not. I bear 'a charmed life,' and have escaped unhurt even from the peril of *your* attractions," replied Mr. Puxley, bowing with an air of mock respect to the fair candidate for conjugality.

The intelligence she had just received seemed to convey anything but pleasure to

Mrs. Chatterlie, who stood for a moment silent, being struck with consternation at finding her plans discomfited by an unexpected movement in the attacked party. Quickly rallying herself, however, she giggled forth, with affected simplicity, and a look of sentimental ardour, "Ah! now don't speak of *my* attractions! *Heart* is the only one which I possess, and *that* makes me so unfortunately anxious about my friends! But I see," she added, perceiving the significant looks her auditors exchanged, "that you and the Admiral were only jesting with my sensitiveness, when you talked just now of ruin, and Heaven knows what! or perhaps," concluded Mrs. Chatterlie with a malignant sneer, "you were alluding to the danger which the comet of the room might cause to-night. Ay, there she goes! what a practised flirt that Miss O'Moore appears to be, which to be sure is not surprising, as from infancy she lived in France, the land of coquetry!"

"Has she indeed? But, by the bye, you, as the sworn ally of Mrs. Dorothy

Sarsdale, can tell us the history of her niece. Now I have heard a thousand different versions of it, so pray gratify Puxley's curiosity and mine, by giving us the true one. Come, come my little Cruiser! anchor here," said the Admiral placing himself on an empty bench, and motioning to the widow to sit near him. "Clear decks for action! renew your attack on the French colours, and prepare fresh broadsides to sink your victims in the whirlpool of love."

The familiarity of this address was by no means displeasing to Mrs. Chatterlie, who was well accustomed to similar liberties; she was indeed notoriously-styled a good-tempered creature; that is, she answered every license of speech from the men by a loud laugh which showed her brilliant teeth from ear to ear, and resented the slightest disrespect from the women, either by a tart reply, or by slandering their reputations. The widow, moreover, was one of those busy persons who delight in seeming *au fait* to their neighbours' concerns, imagining that nothing augments their own importance so

much as confidences, and whisperings, and inuendoes, delivered in a corner to a select committee of voracious listeners, with a proper proportion of falsehood, truth, and mystery.

On the present occasion, Mrs. Chatterlie felt particular pleasure in following her natural vocation, as it would ensure her the attention and society of Mr. Puxley; with a leering smile, then, she invited, or rather compelled the latter, to seat himself beside her, after which, assuming one of her most important looks, Mrs. Chatterlie gave a significant shrug, as lowering her voice, she said, "You won't betray me, either of you? Now will you peach if I tell you all about my friend old Dorothy, and Miss O'Moore?"

"Doubt my honour, doubt my life," cried Admiral Colebrook, laying his hand on his heart with mock solemnity; while Puxley, rather curious to hear what would follow, pledged himself to equal secrecy.

"Well then!" whispered Mrs. Chatterlie, now completely in her element, "first and foremost you must know, that yonder

damsel's mother (Mrs. Sarsdale's sister) enraged her family by marrying Sir John O'Moore, for, although he was a lineal descendant of Irish Kings, and wealthy too, yet, being a Roman Catholic, and one of those infatuated fools who swore allegiance to, and went abroad with, vile old Shamus, the Sarsdales, who, we all know, are red-hot protestants, never forgave the marriage. Mrs. Dorothy in particular, who hates popish blood more than the devil hates holy water, resented her sister's union with all her might and main. Everything mortal must have an end! Lady O'Moore died in Paris in 1730—her husband survived her but a few months, and on his death-bed gave his only child, the present Edith O'Moore, then two years old, into the care of his old friend, the late Marquis of Tullibardine."

"Who paid dearly for all his desperate enterprises," interrupted Puxley, addressing the Admiral. "Of what stern stuff that man was made; though attainted by Parliament for being one of the first to join the Earl of Mar, and to proclaim 'the Old Pretender,' he could not content himself with a safe escape

to the Continent, but must needs return to Scotland with the Spanish forces in 1719, to join the insurgents at the battle of Glen-shiel, and share in their defeat."

"After which," rejoined Colebrook, "he escaped a second time to France, where he lived in exile twenty-six years; at the expiration of which he once more resolved to dare all perils in favour of the Stuarts, and landed with Charles Edward, at Boradale, in 1745, having left his wife—a lady considerably younger than himself—and his daughter in France."*

"What an exploit! Truly, these Jacobites, with all their faults, have the redeeming qualities of unblenching courage and personal devotion. Only imagine a man of Tullibardine's advanced age, passing unflinchingly through such fatigues and dangers to the last; for, until after the decisive battle of Culloden, he never yielded an inch; *then* he was compelled to fly to the westward, intending to embark for the Isle of Mull."

"Ay, I remember; and there, if I recol-

* See note I. at the end of the volume.

lect aright, his horse failing him, and being in a wretched state of health, he was, *volens volens*, obliged to surrender to Buchanan of Dummakill, in 1746."

"Which year was in every way fatal to Tullibardine, for, eventually conveyed to London, and committed to the Tower, he died there in the July following. But we have most unceremoniously interrupted your interesting narrative, my fair one," added Mr. Puxley, wishing to hear more of it, and mollifying, by his tender epithet, and still tenderer glance, the annoyance the widow evidently felt at the check her communicativeness had received; "pray continue your *historiette*."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Chatterlie, such unwonted gallantry rekindling all her former animation; "considerable funds were left for the maintenance of the orphan girl, and, strange to say, her father, Sir John O'Moore, though a rank Papist, yet enjoined Lord Tullibardine, by his will, to bring up his daughter, Edith, strictly in the faith in which her mother lived and died—Protestantism."

"How very singular! and was the notorious Scotch Jacobite faithful to his trust?" interrupted Puxley, with a certain elevation of the eyebrows and curl of the lip which bespoke his incredulity.

"Plague on him, he was!" returned the widow, unable, in the communicativeness of the moment, to conceal her mortification at a circumstance to which she mainly attributed the defeat of her own designs on the Sarsdale purse and property; "and more than that," she added, yawning in order to seem careless on the subject, for she felt the imprudence she had committed, "Lady Tullibardine, at the desire of her husband, wrote to Mrs. Dorothy sixteen years ago, apprizing her of the whole affair, and endeavouring to interest her for her little niece, but no answer was vouchsafed to the communication, in consequence of which Edith O'Moore became completely domesticated in the Tullibardine family, received a first-rate education, and was loved by Lord and Lady T. as much as if she were their daughter, —that only child who in some mysterious manner died in Ireland many years ago."

"And what induced Mrs. Sarsdale to change her conduct towards Miss O'Moore?" inquired Mr. Puxley, becoming more and more interested in a narration that was essentially correct; a circumstance rather at variance with the general character of Mrs. Chatterlie's communications.

"Patience, good sir, and you shall hear; now pray listen with due attention. A few weeks since, some busybody (how I hate such persons!) who had seen Miss O'Moore abroad came to this country, and waited upon Mrs. Sarsdale. I am sure he was employed by Lady Tullibardine as a wily go-between, for he drew such an exaggerated picture of the perfections of Edith O'Moore, and her adherence to the protestant religion, as gratified the pride, while it piqued the curiosity, of the antiquated Dorothy, and, though old birds are seldom caught with chaff, yet, by management, and hints, and flatteries," said Mrs. Chatterlie with an emphasis of theatrical disdain, "my friend Mrs. Sarsdale was so completely baited into the snare thus laid, that she actually wrote

to the Marchioness a letter of condolence on the death of her traitor of a husband! In it she also expressed her fervent thanks for the strictness with which Miss O'Moore had been brought up in the Protestant faith, and added, that as her own advancing years made her wish for the companionship of a female relation, she resolved to conquer the resentment she had so long indulged against her departed sister, and was determined to make Edith O'Moore heiress to all her wealth, provided she consented to reside with her in future, and agreed to come to Ireland under the care of old Manson, the master of a Cork privateer, who was the bearer of the letter which contained the important proposal, and who intended to return to Paddy's land immediately."

"I conclude," said Admiral Colebrook, laughing, "that no obstacle was started by the fair lady, or her friend the Marchioness, to such tempting offers."

"None to be sure! cock-a-hoop enough, I'll engage, they were about the business! Though the girl, I hear, made a great *to do* of grief

about leaving France: however, perhaps, poor thing, she was sincere in *that*, for I understand the Lady Tullibardine's circle *did* possess one great attraction."

"And what was that?" inquired Mr. Puxley.

"*Nabocklish!*"* said Mrs. Chatterlie, smiling archly, as she uttered the word in the richest tone of her country's mellifluous brogue.

"Pooh! pooh! my little Cruiser! never boggle at trifles. Come tell us all. By Jove I'll venture to assert a gentleman was in the case!" rejoined the Admiral.

"Faith then, it wouldn't be worth arguing if there was not!" returned Mrs. Chatterlie, bursting into one of her coarsest laughs, while casting a glance on Puxley, which was intended to rouse him into active flirtation; "and upon my word and honour now, I, for one, don't blame the girl even if she *did* fall over head and ears in love with Lord Ogilvie, who was the prime young favourite of the Marquis Tullibardine before his death, and

* Never mind.

... do you mean *The L*
eldest son of the Earl of Airlie,
all have heard so much?" dema
with increasing interest. "He wh
dangers and trials of the Young
for which he was attainted, and
battle of Culloden, escaped to Fr

"The same, the more fool h
family honours were some of the
said the widow with a knowing wi

"Undoubtedly they were, but
ban of that penal statute there is
chance of the restoration of Lord
dignities, as for that of the Stuart
crown of Great Britain," rejoined M

"True, for you, faith!" excl
buxom widow, with a laugh that
her large white teeth from

prodigies of valour he performed, the perils he escaped, and how he brought with him to the battle of Culloden six hundred men chiefly of his own name and family, he seems just the stuff for a hero of romance, for, as Boyle says—

“His works shall live when pyramids of pride
Shrink to such ashes as they long to hide”—

emphatically cried Mrs. Chatterlie, kindling into an involuntary admiration of her subject, and turning poetic on the spur of the occasion, from having heard that Mr. Puxley had lately committed a flirtation with the Muses, and delighted to show off the scrap of history she had heard from Mrs. Sarsdale.

“Bah! Bah! *Fudge!*” he ungallantly muttered, shaking his head in disgust; but the next moment, wishing to hear more on a subject that involuntarily interested him, Mr. Puxley, with an air of greater courtesy, said, in some surprise, “Do you really tell me, Mrs. Chatterlie, that the celebrated Lord Ogilvie has been constantly domiciled at the Château de Tullibardine?”

“Why, not exactly *that*. It is only within the last year that the young Peer, from some *fair* cause or other, has lived so continually

there. The fact is, he never knew the famous Jacobite Marquis until they both joined Charley Ned at Culloden, where Tullibardine was so charmed with the bravery of the young Ogilvie, that eventually he looked on the attainted hero almost as a son. After the imprisonment of Tullibardine in the Tower of London, where, as we all know, he died two years ago, Ogilvie got over to France, and there, as a matter of course, became *l'ami de la maison*—admire my French—at the castle of the widow of the Marquis, who, by the way, although not half the age of her celebrated husband, was so preposterously fond of him, that, instead of resenting, she actually rejoiced at, the fact of the old Jacobite having bequeathed to his young favourite, Ogilvie, the money, goods, and chattels which his own adventurings had left, the whole to be received at the Marchioness's death, and a part before it."

"That legacy will not avail him much," interposed the Admiral; "for we all know that when William Murray, by courtesy styled Marquis of Tullibardine, embarked with Charles Edward in 1745, the family

honours and estates were enjoyed by his brother James, under an act of parliament, obtained by his father from King George the First, in consequence of the late Marquis having been so deeply implicated in the rebellion of 1715, after which he was first attainted and then escaped to the continent; therefore, I repeat, whatever bequest has been willed to him, by the late Marquis (as *malgré* all his treason he was styled to the hour of his death), it cannot be anything considerable."

"I beg your pardon," resumed Mrs. Chatterlie with a consequential air; "I never knew one of your patriots who did not keep a sharp look out for number one! When Tullibardine fled from Scotland with the Old Pretender in 1715, he contrived to carry plate and jewels to a great amount—those and a deal of other property, accumulated Heaven knows how! Mrs. Sarsdale tells me will revert to Lord Ogilvie on the death of Lady Tullibardine."

"I have a vague recollection of some romantic story about a daughter of Tullibardine," said the Admiral; "my little widow,

you alluded to it just now, and as you have lived here all your life, which neither I nor Puxley have, and know everything concerning all the world, perhaps you can refresh our memories on the subject."

"I am too young to recollect old stories," replied Mrs. Chatterlie, with an indignant toss of the head.

"We all know *that*, my pretty one," said Colebrook, tapping the widow's broad white shoulder, which in primitive nudity was turned towards him; "I only meant to say that you, who are so well informed upon *every* topic, might have *heard* about the business, though you could not *recollect* it."

"Why to be sure," said Mrs. Chatterlie, somewhat mollified by this explanation, "I *do* remember that my mother has amused my childish hours by telling me a strange sort of tale, which as well as I can recollect ran thus:—After the affair of 1715, Tullibardine and his wife escaped to France, where the following year their only child—the Lady Janet—was born. When she was about the age of sixteen, her parents, wishing to relieve her from the monotony of a too secluded life,

accepted an invitation they received for their daughter to pass some months with a near relation, the wife of a General in the British service, who stood high in favour with King George and was stationed at this very town in 1732. Lady Janet came at the beginning and remained to the close of that year with her Cousin.

“Young, beautiful, and good, as report says she was, she became a universal favourite. Judge then how great was the public consternation and surprise when she suddenly disappeared from the General’s house. Every search was indefatigably made to discover her fate, but it always remained what I detest—a mystery! It is an ill wind that blows nobody good; for this extraordinary event, which left the Marquis childless, induced him, I suppose, to adopt young Ogilvie as his heir.”

“What a singular story! I have heard some, but not all of the particulars which you have given—I wish the mystery were cleared,” said Mr. Puxley.

“As that is impossible now,” rejoined the Admiral, “let us guess at subjects more within

our reach ; for instance, I should like to know whether Lord Ogilvie is the lover, *par excellence*, of Miss O'Moore—is he absolutely so, my pretty widow ?”

“ I cannot answer such a question, for I never betray love-secrets, particularly if they affect a lady's *character* : honour bright, then, —*mum's* the word !” cried Mrs. Chatterlie, with a malicious look placing her fore finger on her lip, and shaking her head until the “ fly-cap,” which, like a huge moth, was perched thereon, seemed in danger of justifying its epithet, by flapping a pair of outstretched wings, and springing into Mr. Puxley's face.

“ You may spare your insinuations, Madam,” said the latter, sternly, and with a knitted brow ; “ they cannot affect the reputation of Miss O'Moore, which, from all I have heard, must stand above suspicion.”

“ *My* insinuations !” cried the mortified widow, fanning herself with all her might, and colouring violently. “ Oh now, dear Sir, how can you think that *I*—— ”

At this moment Miss O'Moore, who with

her partner was passing near the speakers, struck her foot with some force against the lower part of a bench, which had been accidentally displaced. The Admiral and Mr. Puxley instinctively rushed forward to proffer their attentions, which were received with grateful politeness by the fair Edith, who, though evidently suffering from momentary pain, answered the inquiries of both gentlemen with that unaffected and frank modesty which is one of the greatest charms of woman.

The deep flush that passed across her transparent cheek as she made those acknowledgments, increased the richness of her beauty; and the voice, which was soft as the smile that accompanied it, completed the favourable impression created by the appearance and manners of Miss O'Moore.

"We rejoice, Madam, to hear you say you are not hurt," rejoined Admiral Colebrook, in reply to an assurance he received to that effect. "Lord Ballyburn, will you now honour Mr. Puxley and myself by presenting us in form to your lovely partner?"

His lordship, whose eager assiduities to Miss O'Moore were so lavish as to border upon fulsomeness, had, in the first instance, looked sulkily annoyed at attentions which he was disposed to censure as officious; a moment's reflection, however, convinced him of his folly, and, as neither the Admiral nor Mr. Puxley seemed very formidable rivals, Lord Ballyburn, with returning good humour, gave the requested introduction. Then, leading his fair partner to the form on which Mrs. Chatterlie still sat, looking as wicked and as wretched as one of Dante's condemned spirits, his lordship, addressing Miss O'Moore, said, with an air of earnest homage, "I entreat you rest until the pain you suffer has gone off. Oh! Mrs. Chatterlie here, and alone! I believe you are acquainted with Miss O'Moore, therefore ——"

"Acquainted! to be sure I am; why, wouldn't I know the niece of the dearest friend I have on the face of the earth? and proud I am to see her here to-night, looking so beautiful from top to toe, and cutting *such* a dash!" cried the widow, with well-

bed, or at least a *shake-down*,* to-night! for as her lodging is just convenient, and not a stone's throw from this, 'tis a folly to talk of returning to my own little bit of a box, at Black Rock, when I'm tired to death."

"I am sure my aunt will be happy to accommodate you, Mrs. Chatterlie. Hospitality, I believe, is a virtue never found wanting in this warm-hearted country," added Miss O'Moore, turning towards and addressing Mr. Puxley, with a fluency which proved that, though her accent was slightly foreign, she was mistress of the English language.

"Hospitality is allowed, even by the enemies of Ireland, to be one of her distinguishing characteristics," replied Mr. Puxley; "and I hope it redeems some of her national failings. The contrast of this society with that in which you mixed abroad, Miss O'Moore, must, however, strike you very strongly."

"There are many points of difference, undoubtedly. But do you know," said the fair speaker, with a smile which gave a radiant

* The "shake-down" was a bed laid on the floor at night to be taken up in the morning.

expression to her whole countenance, "I am inclined to think the perfect good-humour which prevails so generally in Ireland well worth the conventional and heartless gaiety of Paris. This is a great admission from *me*, for the beloved friends I have left in France must always endear that country to my recollection," added Miss O'Moore in a soft low voice ; and, as she spoke, the beautiful brightness which had just lit up her countenance vanished, like a ray of passing sunshine.

"Now that's so like you girls, who always mix up *sentimentality* in everything, and talk of *friends* as if they were *lovers*;" cried Mrs. Chatterlie, in an ironical tone. "My dear," she added, seizing Miss O'Moore's hand, and staring impudently in her face—"do tell me, was that admirable creature *man* to be found among the pet animals you left abroad?"

"Certainly, Madam," replied Miss O'Moore, colouring as she coldly withdrew her hand. "The Marquis of Tullibardine was the best of friends to me till death."—Miss O'Moore, affected beyond all power of concealing her

emotion, paused abruptly, but, making an evident effort to subdue her feelings, she added, with eager quickness, "his excellent widow did much—did everything to fill his place."

"Hem! forgive me if I blunder, but tell me, did you leave no dear *young* friends behind? Come, I can smell a rat, and see through a mile-stone, as quick as another; but never mind, speak the truth, my darling, even if you *do* say Yes," rejoined the incorrigible Mrs. Chatterlie in a loud whisper; and affecting to screen her face with her splendid fan, she seemed bursting with the vulgar delight which a low mind enjoys in a fancied triumph over its superior in intellect and acquirements.

Whether Miss O'Moore's heart belied the proud calmness of her countenance, was not certain, but her look made even the impertinent Mrs. Chatterlie quail, as, rising from her seat, and accepting Lord Ballyburn's offered arm, she said, "Since you condescend to take such interest in the feelings of a person so insignificant as myself, Madam, I can have no objection to answer your

inquiry ; I *did* leave two young friends in France, Miss Dillon, and my late guardian's adopted son, Lord Ogilvie."

"Miss Dillon ! In the name of wonder, who is *she* ? I never heard of *her* before ; I say my pet of a Miss O'Moore, who in the world——"

"Hawl your wind and lay to, my little cruiser !" cried Admiral Colebrook, laughing heartily as a new movement in the crowd caused a mass of people to intervene suddenly between Mrs. Chatterlie and the receding figure of Miss O'Moore.

Mr. Puxley, delighted to seize an opportunity for escaping from "the house of bondage," in which the widow's manœuvres had hitherto detained him, now pierced into the thickest of the gay throng, leaving "the revenue cruiser" under the pilotage of the Admiral, whose gallantry would not permit him to desert his charge, even though, to use his professional phrase, she did "fight under false colours."

In the vortex of animal gaiety by which Mr. Puxley was now surrounded, he still

found Miss O'Moore the chief object of attraction. All the men were voluble in her praise, and more than half the women envied her. The gentlemen vowed her figure was perfection; the ladies that it was much too tall, and vulgarly large—her dress, and foreign air, were declared by the former to be exquisite; by the latter, they were pronounced affected, and most unbecoming.

Despite these varying opinions, the youthful beauty maintained her dangerous pre-eminence over every minor star of the night, and, to use a common but expressive phrase, "carried all before her."

She was in the full tide of popularity, when a slight bustle was visible about the environs of the door, at some distance from the spot where Edith stood. It was occasioned by the entrance of a young, extremely handsome, and well-dressed man, about five and twenty years of age, who, seemingly unconscious of the cold and suspicious looks with which some of the most respectable persons in the assembly regarded him, swaggered up the room with an undaunted air

of dashing assurance. His figure was admirably proportioned, and in its height and muscularity exhibited an appearance of the great personal strength which he was said to possess. One glance at his face determined his character; the contraction that sat on his youthful brow almost amounted to a settled frown; and there was an expression in his large bold sparkling eyes which indicated a daring heart, and prompt determination. His complexion was naturally fair, but constant exposure to sun and storm had bronzed it to that clear olive hue which is generally peculiar to the skins of Italy or of Spain. His teeth were brilliantly white and regular, but the laugh which displayed them was peculiarly unpleasing. Whenever he attempted to smile, the stern rigidity of his mouth gave an almost fearful expression to his countenance, deteriorating the contour of a chin that corresponded with the fine turn of his head, which, covered with a profusion of curling hair, black and shining as the raven's wing, fell, unpolluted by powder, in rich masses round his shoulders. A small falling cape or

collar of *point de guipure*, of the Vandyke form, left a throat of singular beauty quite exposed, and the extreme whiteness of the lace presented a strong contrast to the polished darkness of the skin with which it came in contact, as well as to the rich black velvet suit of the wearer.

The density of the crowd had hitherto prevented Miss O'Moore from seeing the person we have just described, but as some of the gay multitude dispersed to join the dancers, his figure suddenly appeared before her. It was one which would have challenged attention from the most indifferent observer, and, struck by its remarkable character and beauty, Miss O'Moore said in a hurried whisper to Lord Ballyburn—"Who is that?"

The turning of her head as she asked the question, prevented her seeing the sudden start backward which the object of her inquiry made on perceiving her, and the same cause precluded her observing the emotion which sent the blood to his brow, while a half-muttered exclamation passed his lips.


Men said afterwards, that on that brow they saw the characters of ferocious surprise and criminal design distinctly written; but the workings of the soul which called them there seemed transitory, for in the next moment, and before Lord Ballyburn had answered Miss O'Moore, the young man, recovering his self-possession, walked up to the latter, with an evident air of recognition, and, bowing with a vivacity not altogether destitute of grace, he said,—“The happiness of this unexpected meeting, Miss O'Moore, is so great that it quite startled me. Excuse me then, if, with the roughness of the element on which much of my life has passed, I have shown my pleasure and surprise too strongly,” he added, with a certain consciousness of the effect his involuntary agitation had produced in a few of the spectators who stood in his immediate neighbourhood.

In unfeigned astonishment, Miss O'Moore gazed upon the speaker, as she said—“Pardon my lapse of memory, Sir; but may I ask the name of the gentleman I have the honour to address?”

“ My name is William Sullivan, Madam : a name well known *here*,” he added, casting a resolute look of cold contempt on some of the surrounding group. “ I perceive it has, unfortunately for me, escaped your recollection, Miss O’Moore. The circumstance of my introduction to you having been granted by La Duchesse de Choiseul, at a *fête* at the mansion of Le Duc de Richelieu, I hoped would have prevented your forgetting our acquaintance. We should not meet as strangers, for strangers we are not.”

The name of the valued friend who had chaperoned her on the occasion alluded to acted like magic on the heart of Edith O’Moore. Compassionating the embarrassment she thought she must have caused, she affected to recollect a presentation, which, though forgotten, she doubted not had taken place ; and, losing all her previous coldness, she eagerly inquired whether Mr. Sullivan was acquainted with the Lady Tullibardine ?

“ Slightly ; I knew her husband intimately. When I was very young he was most kind to me,” added Sullivan, and, as he said



so, his voice changed from an accent of indifference to a tone of feeling.

"You knew my valued Guardian! Then, in common with all who had that privilege, you must lament his death!" said Miss O'Moore, in a deep and much affected voice.

"Indeed I do; it was in Spain I met the late Lord Tullibardine; circumstances separated us for years, but he was a man who, when once known, could not be forgotten. I never saw him in his family circle, nor did I visit France until some time after his demise; when, fearing to revive afflicting thoughts, I did not inform Lady Tullibardine of my former intimacy with her deceased lord."

Edith sighed; but, repressing feelings which she was aware seemed out of place in a public assembly, she endeavoured to resume her usual manner, when, after an instant's hesitation, she gently said—"Have I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Sullivan at Lady Tullibardine's house?"

"I have been there, but, as I already said, my knowledge of her Ladyship is very slight; consequently, my visits were not numerous.

On the few occasions when I paid my respects, I regret to add my evil fortune deprived me of the gratification of meeting you. If I mistake not, the Marchioness told me that you were from home."

"Probably I was, and that accounts for my not having met you when you called upon my dearest friend. Much against my inclination, I have been sometimes absent from Lady Tullibardine, for now and then she insisted on my accepting the invitations of those acquaintances who were so good as to wish me to spend some time with them among the gaieties of Paris, in which she never mingles."

"So the Marchioness informed me, when I saw her last."

"Is that long since?"

"Some weeks ago I called at the Château de Tullibardine," replied the heir of Ross Mac Owen, his sarcastic lips relaxing into a rigid smile; "but," he added, offering his arm with a perfectly unembarrassed air, "will Miss O'Moore do me the honour of dancing this set, and then I shall have the pleasure

of telling her a thousand things about her absent friends ? ”

Delighted at the prospect of speaking on a topic of such interest to her heart, the fair girl readily acceded to Sullivan's wishes, and, bowing a parting courtesy to her late partner, she walked towards the dancers, her fine eyes beaming with animation as she said, “ If Lady Tullibardine was aware that you were coming to this country, Mr. Sullivan, I am surprised she did not trouble you with a letter for me.”

“ I left France so suddenly that I had not time to mention my intended departure to any one ; besides, as you well know, the Marchioness lives almost entirely at her Château some miles from Paris ; and, as I started very unexpectedly for Ireland, I found it impossible to pay my parting respects to any of my friends. I believe your attending the splendid *fête* at which I had the honour of being introduced to you, Miss O'Moore, was rather a remarkable occurrence in the quiet life you led abroad, was it not ? ”

“Quite so; but I never regretted the gaieties of Paris, for, although on those occasions when I was obliged to mingle in the *beau monde* I found much to amuse and gratify, yet, on my return to the country, I always thought its tranquil pleasures enhanced by a contrast with the tumultuous festivities of the Court, in which, to tell you the truth, I felt a little *déplacée*!”

An unaccountable sort of smile curled the lip of Sullivan, as, fixing his intense and inquiring eyes on Miss O'Moore, he said, “Few women would agree in your opinion, but I believe I could expound the riddle that made you form it.”

“There is no riddle in the case;” said Edith, looking a little surprised. “What do you mean?”

“This is not a place to enter upon any tale worth telling,” replied Sullivan; “the dancers, the talkers, the music—

‘*Déchirent si chromatiquement nos oreilles,*’ as my quoting friend Ogilvie would say.”

“You know his Lordship, then?”

“Who, Lord Ogilvie? Oh yes, I left him

in Paris. By the bye, as you and he were such favourites of my lamented friend Tullibardine, you must be mutually well acquainted; what do you think of Ogilvie?" inquired Sullivan, in a way so careless that he scarcely seemed to require an answer.

"Most highly. His Lordship's virtues and talents ought always to ensure the esteem they merit," replied Miss O'Moore, blushing deeply. "But where are the details you promised to give me of my absent friends?" she added, in a gayer tone, but one which ill concealed her evident embarrassment. "When you paid your visit at the Château, did you meet my charming *sister*, I may call her—if that title be a dearer one than *friend*—Miss Dillon?"

"No, I may have seen her unconsciously, but I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance."

"If you saw, you would remember her, she is so exquisitely beautiful," said Miss O'Moore, looking the loveliness she described with an enthusiasm as vivid as it was sincere.

“In my opinion, but *one* woman upon earth deserves that epithet;” rejoined Sullivan, casting a glance on the fair creature beside him, which afforded an expressive comment to his observation.

Though the insinuated compliment was much in the style of those words of course which commonplace men address in idle gallantry to every pretty woman they meet, yet there was a libertine expression in the look and manner of Sullivan as he uttered it, which jarred discordantly upon the feelings of Miss O’Moore, and displeased her. No time, however, was allowed for verbally evincing her sentiments, as, in the next instant, William Sullivan led her to a place in the almost interminable country-dance, which, unlike the modern quadrille, afforded no opportunity for conversation, the partners standing *vis-à-vis*, instead of next each other.

There was a fund of good sense in the character of Miss O’Moore; she was anything but deficient either in fancy, feeling, or enthusiasm, but she regarded life itself as a reality, and, in the regulation of her conduct,

indulged in no dreams of things which in our matter-of-fact world do not exist. This way of looking at society had given a steady calmness to her general manners, which was often mistaken for *hauteur*, and had infused into her mind a dislike, almost amounting to horror, of acting merely under the illusions of imagination. Such a feeling, united to the natural sweetness of her disposition, led Edith O'Moore, upon reflection, to condemn the indignation which the momentary expression of William Sullivan had caused in her spotless mind, and to censure her fancy for having attempted to read more in his looks and manners than his words conveyed. Determining to atone for the extreme coldness she was conscious her late demeanour had evinced towards her departed Guardian's friend, Miss O'Moore resumed her former frankness, and as, having now arrived at the head of the dancers, Sullivan offered his hand to lead her down the centre of the set, she accepted it with a brilliant smile, which gave a new excitement even to the palled senses of a young but hackneyed libertine.

In the mean time, Mr. Puxley made his way to the card-room. He had heard the assertion of William Sullivan respecting a former introduction to Miss O'Moore with a strong suspicion of its truth ; and, interested for so lovely a creature, had reluctantly witnessed her acceptance of his hand in the dance. The daring character of William Sullivan, the ferocity of zeal with which he pursued any measure prompted by his passions, and the recklessness that led him to defy all consequences, whether temporal or eternal, were well known to Mr. Puxley ; and, though he could not apprehend either contamination or danger to Miss O'Moore from a slight acquaintance with the heir of Ross Mac Owen, yet, deeming him unworthy of the honour he had gained, and having marked the uncontrollable agitation which had been the momentary prelude to a claim that *might* be supposititious, Mr. Puxley determined to speak to Mrs. Dorothy upon the subject, and resolved, at all events, to caution her against encouraging any further approaches to intimacy which Sullivan might be disposed to make.

The vice of a man's character frequently fails to mar his successful advancement in life, and thus, though William Sullivan's profligacy was known to many, and suspected by all, yet a large portion of the circle in which he moved overlooked his misdemeanors in favour of his ancient birth, high expectations from Murty Oge, and the advantages which an assured address, and singularly handsome person, gave their possessor in the estimation of those unthinking individuals who valued worldly recommendations beyond rectitude of conduct.

In William Sullivan's general bearing, coarseness had not been wrought into actual polish ; but he was gifted by nature with a quick turn for observation, and a ready sense both of the ridiculous and the graceful. This aptness of intellect enabled him to assume a superficial but imposing imitation of the manners he had witnessed in those high classes of society abroad, among which the course of his adventurous and wandering life had occasionally thrown him. Mr. Puxley knew all this, and was aware that, though

the acquaintance of Sullivan was shunned by the few, it was admitted by the many, in whose sight his lavish hospitality, and reputation for personal courage, obliterated several of the prejudices against him, and almost entitled an unprincipled man to the character of being a fine free-spirited fellow !

“A crowd is always bent on its own amusement, and wholly engrossed by selfish pleasures,” said Mr. Puxley, in mental soliloquy, as he recollected how soon the momentary emotion of William Sullivan was forgotten by the few who witnessed it, or, if remembered, was attributed to the cause to which he had assigned it. We have seen, however, that the discernment of Mr. Puxley was by no means satisfied with the alleged excuse, and, distrust irresistibly gaining ground every instant, it gave him some regret to find, on reaching the card-room, that Mrs. Dorothy Sarsdale was so immersed in the vicissitudes of her game of whist, as to oblige him to postpone his intention of addressing her until it was decided.

Of such stuff is poor mortality made, that

even frivolous annoyances sometimes lead to questionable reflections. This may account for the sententious observation we have described as passing through the mind of Mr. Puxley, while, fidgeting on his chair near Mrs. Dorothy, he impatiently watched the intense anxiety which marked the features of that venerable maid as she shuffled the cards, or fixed her eyes on the gallant array of kings, queens, and knaves, who figured on the green arena of their destined combat.

Before Edith and her partner finished dancing the set in which we left them engaged, an incident occurred, curiously characteristic of the anomalous state of Irish society, and of the ingredients of which it was composed, at the period of our narrative.

A young lady, remarkable for a species of *dégagée* assurance which was then in full vogue, and who esteemed herself what, in the slang of the day, was termed "a devil-may-care-dasher," had refused to dance with the blue velvet-suited merchant already mentioned; and, preferring the aristocratical importance of Sir Phelim O'Borer to the

commercial consequence of the wealthy trafficker in cloth and carpet (such was the vocation of our man of trade), she consented to dance with the Baronet, after her rejection of the gentleman whom in the vivacious malice of the moment she was pleased to honour with the delectable nick-name of "Bug-in-a-rug!"

This *sobriquet* and the indignities which accompanied it were fiercely resented by their unfortunate victim, who, however, tried to conceal his wounded pride by immediately selecting a partner, and leading her to a place in the set, above that which was filled by the "privileged Dasher."

"The scum always rises to the top!" cried the latter, with a sneer of unqualified insolence, as she looked at the merchant.

"And the dregs sink to the bottom!" was his bitter rejoinder; while, irritated to excess, and being at this instant called by the figure of the dance to turn his fair adversary, he forgot himself so far as to tap her cheek with his glove, instead of offering his hands to make the customary *tour de la ronde*.

At this insult, the "devil-may-care dasher" burst into a flood of passionate tears. Attracted by such a circumstance, all eyes were now directed to the same point, and, while the musicians involuntarily stopped in the middle of a bar, the weeping fair was surrounded by a crowd of relatives and friends eagerly inquiring the cause of her distress. It was explained with loud and broken sobs, and the next moment the unhappy merchant was engaged in vehement altercations, during which he was furtively presented with a dozen cards preparatory to the then common and irresistible argument of pistol-warfare.

The ladies, agitated at what they witnessed, hurried with their partners hither and thither, jostling against each other in their attempts to leave the ball-room, while from its different corners every gentleman unencumbered by a fair charge rapidly directed his steps to the point from which the more timid members of the assembly were escaping.

"Let us join my Aunt—where, where is

she?" asked Miss O'Moore, who, frightened at the novel scene, looked round with anxious eyes.

"I saw her pass into the cloak-room this instant—follow, or you will lose her in the crowd!"—cried William Sullivan, urging his partner into the outer chamber; and, as he spoke, he snatched a mantle from the nail on which it hung, and threw it round her.

"This is not mine: I——"

"Never mind, you can return it to-morrow."

"But why such haste?—See, *there* is my cloak!"—cried Edith, casting off the one she wore, and pointing to a grey camlet mantle which hung above a large bundle of wood shavings that had been thrown out of the grate preparatory to kindling a fire. Sullivan walked rapidly to the spot, and, favoured by the confusion which prevailed, he contrived, while taking down the cloak, to throw unperceivedly from off the mantelpiece a lighted candle into the midst of the tinder.

"Now, where shall we look for Mrs.

Sarsdale?" said Miss O'Moore, as, having fastened on her roquelaure, she passed her arm beneath that of Sullivan.

Ere the question could be answered, loud cries of "Fire! fire!" burst from a hundred lips, while simultaneously the shavings blazed, and communicated their flames to the cloaks, hoods, and shawls which hung above them. The bustle, the clamour, the confusion that ensued no pen could paint. William Sullivan passed one arm round Miss O'Moore, and looked like a human tower of strength, as with the other he forced his way among the struggling crowd, and, bolting through the door-way, gained the street. It was extremely narrow, and was literally wedged with vehicles of all descriptions. The night was very dark, and the rush of people tremendous. An ejaculation of alarm broke from the lips of Miss O'Moore. The next instant a bandage crossed her mouth which, with the pressure of an iron vice, stifled the shriek that vainly strove for utterance. Faster than lightning Sullivan tied this muffler and covered the head of his companion

in the hood of her cloak. At the same time he seized the reins of a light-limbed steed and placed the half-fainting Edith back. Then, springing into the saddle behind her, Sullivan flung his arm round her waist, and struck his heel against his horse's side, while, turning the angle of a dark eye, he hissed into his victim's ear, "I'll have my Revenge and Love!" and bounded forward with a speed which dashed fire from the hoofs of his noble beast, and made them appear to fly beneath them.

CHAPTER V.

"Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best."

SHAKESPEARE.

BEFORE we proceed on the dramatic course of our narrative, we think it necessary to retrograde a little, in order to convey briefly to the reader a few circumstances that occurred a short time previously to the daring act we have just detailed, and which will serve to account more fully for its perpetration.

It has been already insinuated that, through the earnest warnings of Lord Ogilvie, Prince Charles Edward Stuart had been put upon his guard against the hollow professions of The O'Sullivan-Beare and his nephew. Owing to the advice of the same indefatigable friend,

the Irish Buccaneers had been also left out of a political secret where confidence promised to be highly advantageous to them, and under some flimsy pretext the heir of Ross Mac Owen had likewise been deprived of a lucrative situation which he once held about the Prince's person. Such humiliations rankled in the proud heart of William Sullivan like poisoned arrows; his fierce temper was ill calculated to brook those proceedings on the part of the man whose influence had been so successfully exerted against him, and, burning with indignation, he determined on the first opportunity to have a revenge more severe than that of murder, for he resolved that his meditated vengeance should be felt by his victim through the long term of a wretched life. To achieve that object he secretly, but with the closest attention, watched the movements of Lord Ogilvie deciding not to stop at the commission of any crime in effecting his vindictive intention. Pursuing this plan of covert observation while in France, our adventurer could not fail to trace the numerous journeys

which the object of his scrutiny made from Paris to the coast. At first, he supposed that Lord Ogilvie was led to the Château de Tullibardine by the grateful affection which it was natural he should feel towards the widow of the generous and lamented Marquis; but, as his Lordship's visits increased in frequency, the suspicions of Sullivan were more strongly aroused, and gradually he became convinced that some powerful attraction was the unacknowledged cause which induced his enemy to exchange the exciting gaieties of Paris for the monotonies of a country life. No sooner had this idea entered the mind of the conjecturer than he resolved to ascertain its truth.

Instigated by such a determination, he took every opportunity to trace the actions of Lord Ogilvie; and, though apparently the least interested spectator of what was going forward, he left no means untried to investigate the conduct and purposes of the unsuspecting person who was thus marked out for vengeance. Reflecting how important it might be to the success of his future plans to discover the nature of the object which

could so frequently withdraw Lord Ogilvie from the busy scenes of the French court, Sullivan, whose interest and curiosity were excited to the highest pitch, determined on the dangerous expedient of furtively following his Lordship on his next journey to the country-seat of the Marchioness of Tullibardine.

The scheme was executed almost as soon as formed ; accident disclosed to its projector that Lord Ogilvie was making preparations for a visit to the coast of Bretagne, where the Château was situated ; and the time of departure having been ascertained, Sullivan, well disguised by the very ordinary costume he assumed, stole to the neighbourhood of his enemy's residence in Paris, and without being observed mounted one horse, while the unsuspecting Peer sprang upon another, and galloped off *en route* to the Château de Tullibardine. Whenever any turn of the road threatened to expose him to the view of the rider he followed, Sullivan contrived to conceal himself, and so well arranged were all his manœuvres that, although he never lost sight of the object of his pursuit, the

circumspection he observed secured him from discovery even when the relative parties stopped and slept at the same hotel. Thus the Château de Tullibardine was eventually reached without the disguised person of William Sullivan being recognised, or his design suspected. A remarkably high quick-set hedge rose at the opposite side of the road, immediately facing the entrance to the Castle. By an ingenious and rapid *détour*, Sullivan stationed himself behind this screen before Lord Ogilvie arrived at the porter's lodge. Having approached as close as possible to the leafy fence, he bent his head low down upon his horse's neck and was enabled to see all that passed through various breaks in the branches of the copse; unsuspecting of this, the young Peer rode up and knocked for admittance at the large iron-railed gate of the Château.

The affectionate pleasure evinced by the venerable domestic who answered the summons showed that the unexpected visitor was most welcome. Lord Ogilvie stopped a moment, and, having kindly answered the

greeting he received, was about to gallop up the avenue, when he perceived Miss O'Moore walking alone at a very little distance. Springing from his horse, his Lordship consigned it to the porter, and, with emotion imprinted on every feature, flew towards Edith, who, whether from surprise at his sudden appearance, or some other cause, evinced still greater agitation. Sullivan instantly dismounted, and, having cautiously fastened and concealed his steed behind an immense tree, he stole across the road, and noiselessly leaping over a fosse, entered the Tullibardine grounds, which were skirted by a magnificent and thick range of aged oaks. Screened completely by their shade, he then hurried unperceived along a pathway in the direction of the route which Ogilvie and Miss O'Moore pursued. He soon came within sight and ear-shot of the persons he was so anxious to observe.

Edith was leaning on the arm of Lord Ogilvie, who was speaking in earnest, but very low whispers. From some words which his Lordship's emotion led him to utter in a louder

tone than the rest of his discourse, the concealed listener had auricular proof that *love*, young, strong, devoted love, was the subject of discussion. The malice of a demon seized the soul of Sullivan on making this discovery. He quivered with contending sensations, as he gazed long and earnestly on the transcendent beauty of Edith, and with difficulty restrained himself from audibly expressing the vow he mentally made, to gratify his own suddenly-created passion, and to have revenge upon his foe, by robbing him of the woman of his choice, even should force be necessary to achieve the nefarious design.

There was a great alternation of shaded and open surface in the grounds of the Château de Tullibardine, and, as the colloquists passed out of the grove, beneath the shades of which they had hitherto walked, Sullivan found himself compelled to remain behind, as the extensive unsheltered lawn into which the objects of his secret watch had struck, would inevitably expose him to detection. Full of a thousand bold plans for the execution of his vile intentions, the heir

of Ross Mac Owen crept cautiously along under the branches of the projecting trees, until he reached his former place of concealment, when, stealing across the public road into the ground where he had tied up his horse, he unfastened the bridle, mounted his steed, and galloped back to Paris to take preparatory measures for the scheme he determined to accomplish. On reaching the French capital, however, he found letters on the subject of his contraband traffic, the contents of which were so absolutely important that his instantaneous departure for the coast of Spain became a matter of necessity. Resolving to prosecute his infamous designs immediately on his return, William Sullivan, under promise of a munificent reward, employed a creature of his own to watch the proceedings at the Château de Tullibardine during his temporary absence. Having taken this precaution, he commenced his journey to Spain with an energy and speed which showed his anxiety to terminate it quickly. It is needless to enter into the details of the urgent business that detained

our Irish Buccaneer upon his expedition far beyond the expected period. All the dangers and difficulties he encountered being at length surmounted, he returned to France panting to fulfil his nefarious projects.

The vehemence of Sullivan's disposition rendered him frightfully impatient of suspense or disappointment. It may therefore be conjectured how unbounded was his rage when, on returning to France, he found that Miss O'Moore was gone!

Whither her course had been directed, the spy declared himself unable to decide; but that she had left the Château de Tullibardine was beyond a doubt. All the exercise of William Sullivan's boldness and address, great as they were, failed to discover her route or destination, and, after many vain attempts, he was obliged to continue unenlightened on the subject. As the intelligent reader has doubtless conjectured, Miss O'Moore's sudden departure from the continent had been occasioned by her acceptance of Mrs. Sarsdale's invitation to Ireland, according to the testimony already given by our worthy chronicler, *Mrs. Chatterlie*.

That information and the general particulars of Edith's history were essentially correct; a fact much at variance with the customary character of the widow's biographical garrulities. Peculiar circumstances connected with the fortunes of Captain Manson—the commander of the privateer in which Miss O'Moore sailed from France to Cork—had induced him to entreat the Lady Tullibardine to observe a strict reserve on the subject of her fair friend's departure and place of destination, until their safe arrival in Ireland should obviate the necessity of further concealment on the subject.

Compliance had been granted to this request: therefore, excepting the actual fact of Miss O'Moore having left Tullibardine Castle, Sullivan knew nothing whatsoever of her fate; and at length, tired of fruitless scrutiny, he felt compelled to relinquish it. But, at the moment when he thus despaired of succeeding in his villanous designs, an opening appeared for their accomplishment. The destiny of our life sometimes depends on a single step, which, however apparently simple and accidental, may direct the happi-

ness or sorrow of our existence through a long futurity. This may seem a hard truth, but to a certain extent all are affected by it, and the instance we are about to relate approximates in its nature to the many examples daily experience presents to corroborate our assertion.

As, under existing circumstances, William Sullivan felt obliged to postpone, if not entirely to relinquish, the vengeance he yearned to inflict, he suddenly determined to apply to the leaders of Charles Edward's party for permission to set on foot a new secret negotiation with the Highland Clans for the restoration of the expatriated Stuarts ; which, if successful, must prove of great advantage to them, and a source of vast emolument to himself.

Notwithstanding the distrust Lord Ogilvie's representations had created among many of the Jacobites against the Irish Buccaneers, still, as the presence of William Sullivan was especially displeasing to Prince Charles, the interposition offered by the former was accepted by the latter. This was

chiefly caused by the belief that, in acceding to it, emancipation was secured to the Jacobite party in France from the personal *espionage* of a daring, troublesome, and dangerous malecontent, who, if unsuccessful in the temerity of an adventure which few would have had the boldness to attempt, was sure to be the greatest sufferer. When the necessary arrangements were completed, William Sullivan sailed for Ireland, in order to impart his new plan to The O'Sullivan-Beare, and to obtain his co-operation in its clandestine execution. On arriving at Ross Mac Owen, the young Buccaneer gave his uncle a brief sketch of his continental negotiations, venting ferocious hatred against Lord Ogilvie, whom he accused of having hitherto circumvented all his best political manoeuvres.

In this exaggerated picture, he, for various reasons, suppressed the design he had meditated of depriving his Lordship of the lady of his love. The sagacious Murty Oge was, as we have seen, by no means satisfied with the manner in which his nephew had con-

ducted the diplomatic affairs intrusted to his management at the court of France, the failure of which he refused to attribute entirely to the circumvention of Lord Ogilvie. Still more displeased with the proposed adventure to Scotland, he sharply reprovved its projector, and not only insisted on a renunciation of the scheme, but also peremptorily ordered his nephew to return instantly to France, charged with some proposals of a very different nature to the Jacobites, and to come back to Ireland the moment he received their answer. William Sullivan, artfully concealing his chagrin, affected to acquiesce cheerfully in his uncle's decision, and hastened to Cork under the pretext of embarking thence to the continent. His real intention, however, was very different, for, with his obstinacy of character and propensity to intrigue, he determined not to relinquish the expedition he had planned to Scotland, but at all risks to commence it without further delay. Self-interest, however, suggested strongly to Sullivan the indispensable necessity that existed for

keeping on good terms with his wealthy uncle, and, acting on this conviction, he resolved to write to him from Cork, and to pretend that, on arriving at that city, he had received instructions from Prince Charles, with private political intelligence of such vast importance as must compel him to steer his course to North Britain instead of to France. This untruth was plausibly stated in the letter which we have seen Piping Phil tardily deliver to The O'Sullivan ten days after he received it to take to Ross Mac Owen.

The general purport of that important epistle, and the result of its perusal, have been related. It, therefore, only remains for us to say that, after William Sullivan (who was detained in Cork some time by unexpected business) had actually sailed for Scotland, a violent storm drove him back to the Irish coast, and obliged him to anchor in the Cove of Cork. There accident informed him that "the Drum" we have described was to be held on the very evening of his compulsory return to the Emerald Isle; and, as no symptoms of

more favourable weather for his nautical expedition appeared, he resolved to dispel *ennui* by immediately attending it. Unaware of his uncle's sudden trip to France, he at first hesitated as to going to "the Drum;" but, remembering that The O'Sullivan never frequented such assemblies, and that, if rumour reported his presence, he could easily invent a plausible story to account for it, the gay Buccaneer left his ship in charge of his seamen, and, taking with him a small portmanteau containing the necessary change of garments, he jumped into an open boat, and, regardless of wind and weather, rowed direct for Cork.

He arrived in that city just in time to dress and go to "the Drum," where he little expected to meet the fair object of his recent search and machinations.

We have seen that, even under the disturbed and astounding state of his feelings on suddenly encountering Miss O'Moore, our adventurer retained a great portion of his usual self-command. The story of his previous introduction to the ill-fated Edith

was the fabrication of the moment, and the whole scheme of her abduction was planned with nearly equal celerity.

William Sullivan was not a man to be easily foiled.—He gloried almost as much in thwarting the wishes of another, as in the triumph of his own. He felt Miss O'Moore's attractions more powerful than ever, and, excited almost to madness, resolved to stop at the commission of no crime in effecting the purpose he formed on the impulse of the instant.

In his audacious project, Sullivan found at once the means of gratifying his hatred for Lord Ogilvie and his passion for Edith O'Moore; and thus actuated by the two strongest passions of the human breast, he recklessly defied the perils of a scheme which, daring as it was, eventually proved successful.

The consternation created in the public mind by such an outrageous violation of the laws of God and man may be easily imagined, and it is scarcely requisite to add, that every measure to apprehend its perpetrator

was instantaneously put into action. The magistrates of Cork and of all the surrounding districts were immediately on the *qui vive*; the cavalry scoured the country in all directions, and nothing was left untried which promised the remotest prospect of success. Nevertheless, time rolled on without discovering either William Sullivan or his unfortunate victim.

As the Chief of Ross Mac Owen had sailed for France two days previously to the abduction, no intelligence could be gained from him, nor even, had he been in Ireland, could any have been procured from that quarter, for, as the reader is aware, The O'Sullivan-Beare was in utter ignorance of his nephew's infamous exploit.

CHAPTER VI.

"Hail, lovely youth! pattern of honour, wisdom, truth!
 Britons, search the globe around—where's such virtue
 be found?
 Where, in the records of old Fame, is there a more illustrious
 name?
 The deeds by fabled heroes done, that in poetic annals
 shine,
 Which deified Alcmena's son, are now surpassed, Great
 Prince, by thine!"

OLD JACOBITE SONG

"Prodigious! how the things protest!—protest!"

POPE

"His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
 He would say untruths; and be ever double
 Both in his words and meaning."

SHAKESPEARE

THE Irish Chieftain landed on the French shore, after a quick and prosperous voyage. Without troubling the reader with its details, we shall merely request him to look into the royal palace of Versailles, and to behold his acquaintance "the Rover" now recognised by Gallic courtesy as *the Earl of Bearhaven*.

while in full court-dress he bustles his way through a suite of rooms leading to the presence-chamber of Louis XV., with as much self-importance as if he were an ambassador, or a potentate of some minor state. The O'Sullivan was borne along with a mass of Courtiers, who, like himself, were hastening to pay their respects to the Sovereign of France; and, in despite of Parisian politeness, whispers and smiles were interchanged, as, quite unconscious of being their object, he swaggered in rosy pomposity through the crowd of guards and attendants of the Court, who filled the ante-rooms communicating with the Presence-chamber. In truth, his Lordship of Bearhaven could scarcely be supposed to escape the jocose remarks of the wits of the day, as, with a conceited consciousness of self-importance, he ambled onward, the long, stiff tail of his tie wig sticking out behind, as if disdaining closer companionship with the wearer, whose proboscis was tintured with more than its usual suffusion of bluish red, while his cerulean eye in "single blessedness"

cast amatory glances over his antiquated velvet coat, escaloped lace ruffles, tarnished gold stuff waistcoat, O'Sullivan-Beare's redoubtable sword, and the enormous shoe-buckles set with Irish diamonds which adorned the nether man.

Intently occupied in self-admiration, our Hibernian Narcissus scarcely heeded the magnificence of the long suite of apartments through which he passed, or the rich apparel of the personages who filled them ; nor, until he reached the great saloon, did he find a leisure moment to regard the performers in the courtly exhibition. As the King had not yet emerged from his private apartments, the doors of the Presence-chamber were still closed ; and this circumstance filled the ante-room to excess.

Having contrived to plant himself in a good station, The O'Sullivan, or, as we might now style him, the Earl of Bearhaven, cast an inquisitorial glance around, determining to make the most of his opportunity by observing the demeanour of the Courtiers, from which he thought he might draw some

shrewd conclusions on the state of public feeling.

At this period, two parties existed at the Court: one of these, headed by the Dauphin, and backed by a large body of the Parisians, espoused the cause of Charles Edward Stuart, or, as he was styled by his opponents, "*The Young Pretender*," while the other, supported by the Ministers, were endeavouring to persuade the King to abandon the gallant Prince, whom he had deceived by fallacious hopes as long as he appeared a fitting instrument to promote the designs of France on England. Murty Oge little cared which of those public factions acted upon principle. To the one that wore the most promising aspect he resolved to adhere, sanguine in the expectation that by so doing his active and intriguing spirit would meet with an opportunity for rising above the precarious situation in which a series of wild and hazardous exploits had placed him. Determined to have some share in the political drama now enacting at the French Court, The O'Sullivan, wrapped in a prudent reserve,

screwed up his one eye to the pitch of acute observation, and peered through its half-closed lids at many old acquaintances, whose relative importance in the social scale might have been accurately estimated by the ratio of his distant or familiar recognitions. The manner in which those greetings were returned was sometimes gratifying, but more frequently the reverse; and the wary O'Sullivan instantly perceived that where two parties were about the King, one urging him one way and one another, it was necessary to adhere decidedly to that which promised to advance his individual interests. As those thoughts were passing through the mind of Murty Oge, and while he was watching for a decent pretext to procure the political information he desired, his sleeve was familiarly twitched by a tall shambling gentleman, whose quick grey eyes indicated a mixture of ferocity and cunning, while the extraordinary wideness of his mouth gave a gaunt and eager expression to a face profusely begrimed with snuff.

It was Monsieur Morand, "*le valet des*

valets du Roi," as a writer of the age emphatically styled him ; by a stroke of the pen epitomising the character who now in good, though accentuated English, facetiously exclaimed, "My good and noble Earl of Bearhaven, welcome once more to France !"

The cordial grasp of the hand which accompanied those words was but faintly returned by the cautious Murty Oge, who, however, formally thanked his old acquaintance for the kindness of his greeting.

"It was sincere, my Lord. I confess I flattered myself with the hope of obtaining your confidence in return for my own. At the present juncture, much mutual good might have resulted from frankness upon both sides ; but no matter, your coldness has undeceived me," whispered Monsieur Morand, and, shrugging his shoulders, he moved aside, seeming to wish to change his quarters.

The O'Sullivan laid a detaining hand on the arm of the Frenchman, in doing which he forced his own grim features to assume what was intended for a smile ; an expression called up by his recollecting that Morand,

though not a man of much consequence, was patronized by many who were high in influence and favour with the King. As this thought shot across the mind of Murty Oge it suggested the idea that by a few cautious questions some serviceable information might be elicited from the Frenchman on political affairs. Entering immediately, as if in confidence, upon the circumstances of his situation The O'Sullivan therefore said, "My excellent Sir, you are perfectly mistaken if you fancy that I could distrust your friendly professions; on the contrary, I own my earnest wish to be guided by your advice; for, having been so long absent from this Court, I am ignorant of much which it concerns me to know."

"It was for that very reason," returned Morand, in a voice as low as his companion's, "that I ventured to request your Lordship's confidence, and to offer mine. My knowledge of our court-intrigues is pretty general, and can be turned to your interest, if you are not so blindly devoted to the cause you formerly espoused as to resolve to share the ruin which must soon attend it."

"Umph!" coughed Murty Oge, with a somewhat puzzled air, and staring at Morand as if surprised at his straightforward assurance.

Nothing daunted, however, by his reserve, our diplomatist said, with a significant laugh, "If I speak at all, I must speak frankly."

"Do so," was the laconic rejoinder.

"I do not want to learn any circumstance, the knowledge of which might be prejudicial to your Lordship; but I confess I am glad of the opportunity presented by our accidental meeting to bias you in favour of that powerful party in the state to which I myself adhere."

"Speak on," said Murty Oge, seeing that his companion slightly hesitated.

"*Pardi, Milord*; you would have me commit myself, while you——"

"On my truth, on my honour," said The O'Sullivan——

"*Mais c'est égal*," interrupted the vivacious Frenchman; "I tell you in plain terms that our party is so strong in favour with the King that nothing you or any other man

could say or do would injure it. The Mar chioness of Pompadour is the channel through which the wishes of the ministers are conveyed to the Sovereign; and, as she approve of their determination to destroy the Young Pretender, and to banish him from France their efforts will succeed beyond a doubt. It is needless to mince matters; the highest interest is now influencing Louis against the Stuarts; and take my word for it, that as soon as the French plenipotentiaries who are assisting at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle return, you will find that the contracting parties of Great Britain and the United Provinces have made the expulsion of Charles Edward from this kingdom an article of the treaty they are now discussing."

"Hah!" ejaculated Murty Oge; and, in despite of all his prudence, his countenance underwent an obvious change.

At this instant, Morand jerked the elbow of The O'Sullivan, and, by a significant gesture, directed his attention to the Maréchal de Noailles, the Duc de Richelieu, and other

• See Note III. at the end of this volume.

favourite Courtiers, who, in earnest conversation, were passing to a vacant corner close to the doors of the Presence-chamber.

"All the Court rings of the affair," said Richelieu, in a voice which showed he did not desire to conceal his sentiments. "Let Prince Charles Edward look to the consequences."

"Your grace speaks of the casting of the silver and copper medals, I presume," said the Marquis de Chauvelin, breaking from an adjacent group, and joining that of Richelieu; "I have not yet seen one of them, but——"

"I can gratify your curiosity," interrupted the Duke, handing to Chauvelin a silver medal, bearing the bust of the Prince, with the inscription of "*Carolus Walliæ Princeps*," and on the reverse side the figure of *Britannia*, and a fleet of war-ships at her side, with this emphatic motto, "*Amor et spes Britanniaë*."*

"A strange device! what can it mean?—Does his Highness dare to insult our So-

* The love and hope of Britain.

veraign by alluding to the successes English fleet?" inquired the Marquis returned the medal.

"*Nous verrons*," replied Richelieu, bitter smile. "If the Young Prince wishes to insinuate that France is to the condition of desiring a peace from fear of her resources on the seas, means must be taken to enlighten her." "France."

Those words were scarcely uttered when the wandering looks of the assembled court turned, and, as if actuated by one impulse, were intently fixed on a particular point.

The O'Sullivan's eye followed in the same direction, and sparkled with a kind of nervous anxiety when it rested on the figure of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, accompanied by a small knot of the distinguished exiles who had shared his victorious sufferings, all wearing the White Cockade and Rose,* he advanced along the ranks with an air of dignified suavity well becoming his rank and birth.

* See Note IV. at the end of this volume.

The Prince Regent of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as, according to the character conferred upon him by his father, Charles Edward was styled, discussed the news of the day with ease and spirit, while with his companions he moved up the centre of the room.

His Royal Highness was dressed in a rose-coloured velvet suit, richly embroidered with silver : his waistcoat, of Highland tartan, was woven and brocaded in silk and gold. A broad blue sash, wrought with the same, was slung gracefully over his shoulder. A Garter of similar hue was fastened round his knee, and met the tops of his military boots, which he invariably wore in preference to shoes. The Star of St. George—the same which had adorned the person of his great-grandfather Charles I.—and the Cross of St. Andrew, in large brilliants, were fastened by a green ribbon at his breast. The Cockade in his hat and the hilt of his sword were formed of the same costly gems, and his whole appearance glittered like the lustrous Star which was said to have shone forth at his nativity.

Eminently graceful in his manners, Charles Edward possessed a sort of fascination which it was extremely difficult to resist. At once dignified and affable, and warm though polished, the power and the desire of pleasing were synonymous terms with this accomplished Prince. His mind, educated in adversity and sharpened by ambition, was versed in that knowledge of mankind which great commerce with the world had taught. If this practical experience injured his character by tincturing it with dissimulation, it certainly whetted his natural sagacity in discerning the weaknesses of others, and quickened his skill in profiting by such discoveries. His unblenching courage and gallant spirit—his moderation in victory, and fortitude under the severest sufferings—his chivalric sense of honour—his romantic adventures and heroic achievements, made Prince Charles a sort of demi-god with his adherents. The enthusiastic devotion he inspired was visibly written on the countenances of the two Lochiels, Lord Lewis Gordon, and several Peers of Scotland, Gordon of Glenbucket,

and a group of other declared adherents to the House of Stuart; all of whom wore the White Rose as a cognisance, adopted in imitation of that of Lancaster, with satin cockades of the same colour. His Royal Highness spoke to each of his friends with cheerful kindness; but when the crowd, separating as he advanced, permitted him to meet a small knot of Jacobite officers, whose uniform of blue, trimmed with red, and laced waistcoats, announced them as having belonged to the *ci-devant* Horse Life Guards of Prince Charles, which had been commanded by the Right Honourable Lord Ogilvie, an acute observer might have seen that one among that little group was the distinguished object of his peculiar regard. The moment Charles Edward perceived this gentleman, his step had quickened and a bland smile rose to his lip, while, extending his hand, he said—

“ My Lord Ogilvie, I fear I have not been punctual to my engagement, according to which I ought to have met you here an hour ago.”

“ My time is ever at your Royal Highness's command,” said the youthful Peer, as

he bent in respectful gratitude over the hand which had been offered with such unaffected courtesy.

“Well have your words been proved by deeds!” was Charles Edward’s enthusiastic answer, whispered in a low voice of emotion, as, twining his favourite’s arm within his own, he turned to his other friends and resumed his conversation.

While the Prince and Lord Ogilvie were thus engaged, their figures formed a striking picture. Both were young—both were handsome—both were devoted to the same cause; and the mutual attachment which unostentatiously shone out in every action proved that, with the glow of generous feeling, the one accepted the heart’s sacrifice which the other unreservedly made. And yet, notwithstanding so many points of resemblance, those noble personages, as they stood together, presented a strong contrast. The fair hair, worn without powder, and falling in long curls down the back of his neck, the large light-blue eyes, small nose and mouth of the Prince, attractive as they were, and though united to a tall and noble form, yet looked almost

effeminate beside the pre-eminently intellectual expression of Lord Ogilvie.

His Lordship was in the early prime of manhood, and was dressed in the splendid uniform of his own regiment, called "Ogilvies," which, with the consent of the King of France, had been embodied, and of which his Lordship was Lieutenant-General. A Diamond Star and Cockade were the only ornaments he wore. His figure was considerably above the middle size, and possessed that peculiar dignity and grace which bespeak decisive superiority. His countenance was replete with masculine beauty of the first order. There were the lofty forehead and the long dark eye, curtained with thick sable lashes; the finely-curved eyebrow; the cheek, whose varying colour came and went with every emotion; the nose and mouth chiselled like those of the noblest model of Greek sculpture; and the blood-red lip, where Passion and Feeling seemed to have fixed their seat.

The mental qualifications of Lord Ogilvie were commensurate with his appearance. Endowed with great talents, which had been

frequently evinced when he was a member of the Council in Edinburgh, he possessed a sound and cultivated understanding. Excelling in all those accomplishments which lend ease and elegance to external form, his manners were distinguished by a degree of polish that rendered them conspicuous even at the Court of France; and the virtues of his private life were equal to the triumphs of genius and courage which had already embellished his public career.

The O'Sullivan, from his post of observation, examined this eminent person with the minutest accuracy; and, as he did so, the many stories he had heard of Ogilvie's efforts to dissuade the Prince from putting trust in him or in any of his Clan, shot across his mind. His mouth grew pale, and his brow flushed at the recollection, of all his nephew had repeated on the subject; and, setting his teeth together, he breathed an inward vow of vengeance against Lord Ogilvie, and determined to desert a Prince who seemed destined to share the fatality of his ancestors.

The changes of The O'Sullivan's coun-

tenance were not lost on the quick-witted Monsieur Morand, who continued to give light yet faithful sketches of the principal courtiers of the day, colouring every anecdote so as to make it act upon his hearer in the way most likely to bias him in favour of the ministerial party, who, aware of The O'Sullivan's influence in Ireland, were anxious to detach him from the cause of Charles, and, in fact, had employed Morand as their agent to effect that purpose.

His Lordship of Bearhaven had vacillated as long as he was uncertain which political faction would triumph, but the moment that question was ascertained, his future conduct was determined. The subtlety of the man, however, would not allow him to assure Morand of his intended secession from the Jacobite party; and, being a profound adept at dissimulation, he found little difficulty in concealing his sentiments when Prince Charles, having suddenly perceived him, advanced, and, extending his hand, said with gracious condescension, "My Lord Bearhaven, it gives me pleasure of no com-

mon kind to see you here. How comes it that I was not apprized of the gratification which awaited me?"

Flattered by this mark of confidence, and wishing to enhance his character of political influence with Morand, our Irish courtier with much seeming sincerity made suitable acknowledgments to the Prince, and answered his question by an ingenious excuse.

The latter accepted it with his usual suavity, and graciously inquired after William Sullivan.

"Your Royal Highness does my nephew much honour: he is quite well," replied The O'Sullivan, with a slight embarrassment which he could not entirely conceal.

Charles Edward smiled ambiguously, and said, turning to Lord Ogilvie, "You are acquainted with Mr. Sullivan; I thought your Lordship had also the pleasure of knowing his uncle."

Ogilvie slightly bowed, and, looking steadily as if he read the naked heart of The O'Sullivan, emphatically said; "Your

Royal Highness is right: I KNOW my Lord Bearhaven."

The large tiger-eye of the latter glimmered like red fire from beneath his beetle brow, and, with a stiff movement of the head, he scowled a look of couchant revenge on Ogilvie, as he sarcastically said, "I acknowledge the distinction which your words imply, my Lord."

There was a pause; but the Prince hastened to break it by resuming his conversation with The Irish Chief, to whom he turned and kindly said, "But where is Mr. Sullivan at present?"

"He is in Scotland, may it please your Royal Highness," answered our Hibernian diplomatist, in some perplexity at this unexpected inquiry; for, though he had never received the slightest intelligence of the recent dark deed of his nephew, and was still in utter ignorance of his position and that of Miss O'Moore, still the consciousness of his own strenuous opposition to the Highland plot made him feel considerably embarrassed at the question of the Prince.

"Hah! in our ancient kingdom of blue hills and gallant hearts!" cried Charles Edward. Then lowering his voice, as if afraid of being heard, he firmly said, "God grant we may soon join him there! Our game is not yet up, my Lord; bold spirits and a holy cause will still succeed."

Much to the relief of The O'Sullivan, the Prince de Conti advanced at this moment, and, haughtily bowing to the Prince, said, with a bitter sneer—

"I have just seen the device of your Royal Highness's medals: to my poor comprehension it seems rather inappropriate, as the British Navy have never been over friendly to the House of Stuart."

"True, Prince; but nevertheless I am the friend of the fleet against all her enemies; for I will ever regard the glory of England as my own, and her glory is in her fleet." *

This remarkable reply silenced the Prince

* This short dialogue is historically true, but a liberty has been taken in changing the place where it occurred from the Luxembourg Gardens to the Court of Versailles.

de Conti, who, with a cavalier bow, turned on his heel and joined another group.

At the same instant, the doors of the Presence-chamber opened, and hasty whispers of "The King! the King!" announced the approach of the Majesty of France.

Attended by some of the principal nobility and statesmen of his Court, Louis XV. came forward from an adjacent retiring-room, and took his station in the usual form. A train of Courtiers from the outer apartment then slowly entered, each individual performing the requisite ceremony of giving his name or title to the ushers of the Presence-chamber, who, with their wands of office, stood at the massive folding-doors.

The stately figure of the King, attired in the splendid costume of the age, was displayed to peculiar advantage, and, joined to the courtesy of his dignified address, failed not to make a favourable impression on those who approached to render the honours due to his rank. The Cardinal de Tencin—who had succeeded to the influence exercised by his predecessor, Fleury, over the affairs of

France*—the Count de Maurepas, the *Mareschal Saxe*, and other favourite courtiers, together with the high officers of the Crown and household, surrounded the Royal person, and to these eminent characters his Majesty, with affability, occasionally addressed some passing remarks, between the ceremonials attendant on the presentations.

With a noble air, the Monarch received in succession the respects of his subjects, as well as those of many ambassadors and strangers of distinction. As Prince Charles approached the King, the general gaze was fixed in eager curiosity to ascertain the nature of his reception. When his Royal Highness was announced by the Lord Chamberlain in waiting, Louis looked disconcerted and thoughtful, seeming irresolute concerning the part he ought to act, while all marked his change of colour, as in silence he coldly extended the royal hand towards the youthful Prince. The step of the latter was hasty, and there was a crimson spot upon his brow, which denoted an inward conflict; but his action and

* See Note V. at the end of this volume.

manners lost none of their accustomed grace, while with the full majesty of his rank he performed the usual ceremony, and passed the Presence. The introductions of his Royal Highness's adherents followed, and were received with much unwonted gravity and constraint. There was, however, little time for observation, as the rest of the brilliant assembly poured its stream of courtiers forward, in what appeared a continuous current.

The O'Sullivan, who, in order to scan the reception of each individual, had hung back and allowed the greater part of the company to pass on before him, now found his turn of presentation arrived. With no small share of self-possession, he advanced towards the King, and bowed so profoundly, that the projection of his *queue* formed an acute angle with the heels of his shoes. A suppressed smile lurked round the Monarch's mouth, and, coughing slightly, he addressed some words in a low voice to Cardinal de Tencin, as his Lordship of Bearhaven, rising from his obeisance, fell back among the crowd.

The silence which reigned in the Presence-

chamber rendered audible the "*Ah ! je m'en souviens,*" with which the King received a whispered reply from his Minister. This, united to the mysterious smile which suddenly appeared on Louis's countenance, and the gracious expression of his eyes as they followed the receding figure of The O'Sullivan, checked every disposition to ridicule among the minions of the Court, with whom our Irish gallant rose into consideration the moment he basked in "*la lumière qui vient du trône.*"

The Monarch's reception of his Lordship of Bearhaven at this crisis was considered a subject of no common interest ; and amid the brilliant circle at Versailles were many persons who treasured up the precursive symptoms of The O'Sullivan's good fortune as matters for serious and future discussion. The object of so much attention, meantime, returned to the ante-room, where he was instantly surrounded by a swarm of gay flatterers who congratulated him on the Royal courtesy by which he had been honoured. With undaunted composure of look and

manner, The crafty O'Sullivan made suitable replies, but in no one word did he betray the state of his mind, or the thoughts which were carefully locked within his breast. While the Irish Chief was thus showing all the expertness of an experienced manoeuvrer, his attention was caught by the meaning glance of one of the King's pages, who stood among the crowd at a little distance. The moment the youth perceived that he had succeeded in attracting the notice of The O'Sullivan, he accompanied his looks by a slight motion of the hand, and a gentle inclination of the head towards a side-door of the apartment. Sharp of wit, as well as experienced in Court intrigue, our Chieftain instantly comprehended the mute invitation he received; and gradually withdrawing himself from the crowd, he stole through the chamber, and, watching his opportunity, passed unnoticed to the exterior of the door which we have mentioned. On the landing-place beyond it he found the page, who, guiding his actions by those of The O'Sullivan, had gained his present station through a private

passage, and without crossing the great saloon.

"The Court has broken up, my Lord Bearhaven, and by his Majesty's command I am delegated to desire your attendance in the Royal closet," said the youth, in a low and hurried whisper.

"I willingly obey the King's pleasure," replied the Chief, eyeing his new acquaintance with a countenance in which surprise was blended with curiosity and augmented self-importance.

"Your Lordship then will please to follow me," said the page; and, as he spoke, he led the way through a long picture-gallery; on reaching the end of which the youth stopped, and said in a suppressed tone, "Prepare, my Lord, to meet the Sovereign." Then, touching the spring of a secret door formed by one of the pictures, he lifted up the arras behind it, and, having ushered The O'Sullivan into the Royal presence, retired with a noiseless step.

The King was seated at a table covered with papers in the centre of a small room

hung with Gobelin tapestry. The ceiling was gorgeously painted, carved, and gilded, and the furniture and ornaments of the cabinet were most costly. The Sovereign had exchanged his Court apparel for his ordinary dress, and was unattended, save by the Count de Maurepas and the Cardinal de Tencin, who, though indebted for his cardinal's hat to the interest of the ex-King James, was beginning to manifest less zeal for the exiled family. All this the Chief perceived with a single glance; while, hastening a few paces forward, he bent one knee before the Monarch and said—

“ I crave to know the Royal pleasure.”

Nothing could be more courteous than the demeanour of his Majesty as, desiring The O'Sullivan to rise, he said,—

“ In spite of the reports in circulation, my Lord Bearhaven, I do not believe it possible that you are come to our dominions in the hope of making them a scene of secret machinations, which we, who have always countenanced you, would reprove.”

“ Monarch of France! I am here as the

friend of your Majesty's kingdom," firmly replied The O'Sullivan, "and, by the heart of a true sailor," he added, stretching forth his hand and suddenly assuming the bold manner of a tar, "I would that the dastards who dared to abuse your Royal ear were within a rope's length of this hand, or food for fishes in the depths of the sea!"

"It is well," exclaimed the King, looking steadily at the Chief; then turning to the Ministers who stood behind the royal chair, he added, "My Lord Cardinal, and Monsieur le Comte de Maurepas, I can depend on your discretion: pursue the subject."

The courtier-priest bowed, and fixing an eye well skilled in reading the thoughts of men on our diplomatist, he said—"My Lord, you have heard the King affirm his wish to disbelieve the statements his Majesty has heard concerning the object of your present visit to this country; it remains with your Lordship to confirm the impression in your favour which the Sovereign avows. Say, then, for what purpose was the Cutter armed in which

you sailed for France, and which now lies at the port of Avranches?"

"It was destined to assist the Young Pretender, my Lord Cardinal, before I was aware that the Monarch and the Ministry of France had changed their tack, and sailed with an ebb-tide from the ill-fated Stuarts," boldly replied The O'Sullivan, bestowing on those words a great degree of energy.

"And why do you conceive, my Lord, that any such alteration in our Cabinet as that you mention has occurred, or is about to happen?" inquired De Maurepas with a penetrating glance, which showed that neither word nor look escaped his scrutiny.

"Be satisfied, Sir Count, that I had ballast enough to trim my vessel to discover the course of the Ministry cruiser; and though I parted not company with my old consorts, I never hoisted a colour that was adverse to the King you have the honour to serve," said The O'Sullivan, continuing the naval dialect which he had adopted, in the hope that it would throw an air of honest boldness over his professions. Then, puckering his one

eye into a sagacious wink, he added in a blunt and even imperious manner—"I perfectly know how the land lies, and have no objection to set sails to the pleasure of his Majesty's Council; but it must be upon certain conditions."

"State them;—I do not expect your Lordship's services without repaying them by more than an adequate reward," exclaimed the King, trying to conceal his anger under this somewhat sarcastic remark.

"May it please your Majesty," said The O'Sullivan, resuming his respectful deportment, "I entreat your Royal mercy if I spoke too boldly. May I hope my frankness will be pardoned?"

"We forgive it, as a crime not often committed in our presence," said Louis, smiling with restored good-humour. "And now to come to the point, my Lord Bearhaven;—will you promise to observe a strict neutrality in all those political matters in which you have lately interfered too much? Will you pass your written word to that effect, and also pledge it to leave our city of

Paris this night, and to sail from our good kingdom in the space of forty-eight hours?" This is all we ask, and if you comply, by the honour of a King, we promise to answer any reasonable demand which you may make upon our Privy Purse."

"I will agree to what your Majesty requires if my just claims are remunerated by the payment of one thousand livres, and the Royal word passed to leave me the luck and freedom of the main. If it please your Majesty to grant those requests, may I swing upon a gibbet if I don't quit the latitude of politics and resume my rover's life on the high seas before the sun rises twice!" said The O'Sullivan, with an animated but resolute air; and, crossing his arms over his chest, he stood in silence awaiting a reply.

"What say my Lord Cardinal and Monsieur le Comte to those proposals?" inquired Louis after a short pause, and with a significant glance.

"Sire! that if it meets your Royal pleasure, your faithful servants would wish to comply with my Lord Bearhaven's request!"

said one of the Ministers, while almost simultaneously the other signified his acquiescence.

"Then I consent!" exclaimed the King, drawing a paper towards him, and penning an order for the sum in question. De Maurepas placed simultaneously another sheet before The O'Sullivan, on which the latter wrote the required promise.

"From what port will your Lordship sail, and for what destination?" demanded the Cardinal, as with a tremendous flourish the hero of Bearhaven finished his signature. "From Avranches, and for Ireland!" was the reply.

"That is just what we wish," said Comte de Maurepas in an animated voice, exchanging a meaning glance with the Cardinal which was perfectly understood. "His Majesty's fine vessel '*L'Espérance*' lies at anchor in the roadstead close to St. Malo, which you must inevitably pass after you sail from Avranches, *en voyage* for Bantry Bay. My nephew, le Capitaine de Maurepas, now commands that ship; I pledge my honour, that only yesterday I remitted,

him three thousand livres sterling; if it meets your wishes, I will write instantly to order him to pay one thousand to your Lordship, as a gambling debt of mine, which I have empowered you to demand from him *en passant* to Ireland: my nephew will receive my letter by post before your Lordship can possibly reach St. Malo, and, as he hopes to be my heir, will never attempt to resist my commands. No suspicion can attend this measure.—Sire! does it meet your Royal approbation?" asked De Maurepas, respectfully.

"Perfectly," replied the King.

"It is an excellent arrangement," interposed the Cardinal de Tencin with much animation, and returning the look he had received from the Count with interest; "but will it suit the convenience of my Lord Bearhaven?" he inquired in his most insinuating tone.

A smile of derisive contempt crossed the face of the Chieftain at this futile attempt at *cajolerie*, and at the distrust of his word which it evidently implied; but, curbing his re-

seutment, he gave a simple affirmative to the Minister's question.

The King then handed to De Maurepas the Sign-manual for the stipulated sum. The Count bowed profoundly, and immediately wrote an order for it on his Naval relative at St. Malo. At the same moment, Cardinal de Tencin received the written gage of The O'Sullivan, who conquered his reluctance to give it by secretly resolving on revenge, should the contracting party fail to fulfil one iota of its bond.

Louis rose.—The signal was understood by his Lordship of Bearhaven, who immediately paid his parting homage, and retired from the Royal presence, not a little pleased with the bargain he had struck.

Before we conclude this chapter, we beg to inform the reader, that the moment the Chief left the Palace of Versailles, he hastened to confide the details of his Regal interview to his Confessor, Father Syl, and to his equally trusted foster-brother, Dan Connell.

A confidential and important, though hurried discussion, ensued, occasioned by a

determination to execute without delay a most serious scheme that was duly arranged in all its bearings by The O'Sullivan, and which the future will reveal.

When the plotters reached this point of their animated conversation, the Chieftain wound it up by giving various directions not only on the contemplated enterprise, but also relative to some business of vital consequence, which, as he had not time to settle in person, he left his confederates to arrange and execute eventually.

The O'Sullivan then announced that he would proceed *instantly* to his Cutter, which lay off the coast of Normandy, near Avranches, whence he intended to sail on direct to St. Malo. There he determined to receive his one thousand livres from the nephew of le Comte de Maurepas, whose order for that sum had been carefully ensconced within his breast. Having settled those important preliminaries, The O'Sullivan further commanded his obsequious confidants to conclude before night the private business intrusted to their management; after which, he or-

dered the Priest and his coadjutor to adjourn by land from Paris to a particular spot he named, that was well known to Dan Connell, and which lay secluded near St. Brieux.

At that point of the coast of Bretagne the Chief of the Irish Buccaneers announced his intention to take up his foster-brother and Father Syl, at a time distinctly specified for that purpose.

The O'Sullivan then, without further delay, set off post haste for Avranches, his mind completely engrossed by the daring enterprise he had concocted, and which he determined at all risks to accomplish.

CHAPTER VII.

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain."

SHAKESPEARE.

"That woful maid,
Gathering her powers, to speak essayed.
Twice she essayed, and twice in vain ;
Her accents might no utterance gain ;
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
From her convulsed and quivering lip."


SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"What fire is in my ears !
Can this be true ?"

IN a wild and uninhabited part of the county of Waterford stood an ancient building, which was dignified by the title of a Castle. It was encompassed by lofty walls, and possessed the additional security of a deep moat, which ran round the body of the edifice. Within it, all was in a state of disorder and neglect, and nothing could be more desolate

than the level acres of boggy land, which, unshadowed by a single tree, stretched out on every side, in a wide unbroken surface.—A chain of stupendous mountains surrounded this gloomy solitude, and cut sharply in the distance against the blue horizon. Far as the eye could reach, patches of long grass, and vast beds of reeds, were the only signs of vegetation; and, when the breeze swept through them, Imagination might have deemed it the mysterious wail of Nature shuddering over the crimes which had often been committed in a scene so favourable to their concealment.—Even the birds of the air seemed to shun the dreary waste, and when at intervals they appeared, it was only to wing a rapid flight to more congenial climes.

To this region of wildness and desolation William Sullivan had brought the young, the lovely Edith O'Moore;—and here, at one of the unglazed windows of the Castle, she sat, as the moon was rising in unclouded power over the rugged outline of the distant mountains. — A marked change had



passed over the ill-fated Edith. Every muscle of that beautiful countenance was contracted, and despair had deepened each line of it. Her eyes either wandered wildly to varied objects in a stare void of speculation, or were fixed on some particular spot, as moveless as if formed of stone. Her cheek was pale as the light of the full-orbed moon that fell upon it, contrasting sadly with the darkness of the long dishevelled hair, that hung around her shoulders, and nearly touched the ground. Her unclosed lips also wore the whiteness of death, and, but for the convulsive heaving of her breast, which rose and fell with painful rapidity, she would have seemed quite lost to sense and motion. Her soiled and torn ball-dress, with its sparkling ornaments, lay among a heap of coarse female apparel in a corner of the room, and her grey camlet mantle fell round her figure in long and ample folds. One hand grasped the iron grating of her chamber-window, the other hung lifeless at her side, and the corpse-like calm of her attitude spoke the absorption of internal agony. The room she occupied was large and dark,

except where the moon poured a broad stream of light, that was nearly as radiant as that of the strong sun. The grating of a key which turned in the lock of the chamber-door broke the silence, but the act was performed so cautiously that its sound was insufficient to rouse Edith O'Moore from her state of fearful tranquillity. William Sullivan therefore entered unobserved by his victim, whose eyes were fixed in stupor on the ground. For a few seconds, he stood at the upper extremity of the room, gazing upon Edith, whose exquisite form, touched by the silver rays that revealed it, looked like a marble statue.

Some undefined feelings seemed for a time to deter Sullivan from venturing nearer to the object of his contemplation, but the energy of his character soon regained its ascendancy, and suddenly he strode into the moonlight, and with a quickness, like that with which the tiger springs upon his prey, he seized the hand of Miss O'Moore, and with an intense and passionate gaze pressed it to his lips.

That touch dispelled the trance of despair. As from an adder's sting Edith recoiled, and with a wild start wrenched back her hand, and locked it round the iron bar her other firmly clasped. Suddenly, her large dark eyes shone with an almost preternatural lustre, as, turning round her head, without relaxing her strained position, she fixed a look of horror upon Sullivan as though she gazed on some appalling vision. An expression of successful villany sat on his features, and his lips curled into a triumphant smile, while grasping Edith's arm he said,—

“Proud girl! those airs but ill become you now!”

At the sound of Sullivan's voice, an electric shudder seemed to thrill throughout the frame of Miss O'Moore—she tried to speak, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and the effort was made in vain. As William Sullivan marked this struggle, and the aversion that produced it, his anger mounted to a pitch of rage. His face swelled and glowed with passion, and with a smile of bitter derision he tauntingly exclaimed,—

"Your vaunted reputation is blavever!"

Edith drew a long, deep breath, a hollow voice, which sounded through dreary chamber as if it issued from the she echoed the words "*for ever?*" and into a wild convulsive laugh.

The horrid idea of insanity crossed van's mind, and, dreading an event would frustrate all his future plans, constantly changed his tactics. As if with pity and remorse, he knelt at the feet of Edith, and in agitation, not altogether feigned, besought her mercy and forgiveness.

His words seemed to fall on ears of stone.

Becoming more alarmed every moment, the vehemence of Sullivan increased, and in wild, impassioned language, he told the story of time he had adored the wretched woman, and detailed the means by which he had concealed himself in the woods of Tangle-dine, and fed the flame that consumed him by gazing secretly upon its object. He attributed his late atrocities to the madness of his love, and to the impossibility he had

of gaining Miss O'Moore in wedlock, he fervently implored her pardon. Without pausing to receive it, Sullivan passionately argued that the only step which could restore her fair fame was to become his bride, and to return as such to Mrs. Sarsdale. The forgiveness of that lady, he asserted, might be easily obtained, if a long-concealed and mutual attachment were pleaded in extenuation of the proposed union, and if the abduction were represented as an elopement which dread of opposition to their marriage had induced the lovers to arrange.

While Sullivan spoke, Edith's features lost their marble look, and various expressions of agonized emotion crossed them. But, at his concluding request, every feeling seemed to centre in one point.—Her face, before so pallid, crimsoned with the light of indignation. — As if awakening from a hideous dream, she sprang upon her feet, and, with a vehemence which made the tempter start, exclaimed,—

“NEVER ! I will wed Death first !”

The athletic figure of William Sullivan

actually shook with rage, and, seizing the extended arm of Edith, he threw a menacing glance around, and muttered between his clenched teeth,—

“Beware how you provoke me further!—Consent to what I ask, or accursed will be the hour you refuse!”

By a violent effort, the trembling girl was again frightfully calm, and collecting all her strength, in a hoarse voice of preternatural composure she slowly said,—

“*I will never be your wife!*—But, wretched man, I forgive you, as I trust to be forgiven, though you have made me what I cannot name! Hope, peace, honour—all are gone! But though the world will ever look upon me as a poor degraded thing, there *are* kind hearts that would receive me yet! Oh, let me return to those dear friends! Restore me to them even in disgrace, and I will swear, by the Father of the desolate, never—never to betray the author of my ruin!”

Here a gush of anguish overpowered the miserable girl, and her accents became choked with agitation as she thought of her

past happiness, and of the days that were to come. The remembrance of

“The lov’d—the distant—and the dead”

struck on a tender chord. For the first time, the sternness of her grief gave way, and, covering her face with her hands, Edith suddenly burst into a flood of tears. She wept long and bitterly, but her sobs and her appeal little affected one who had no sense save that of gratifying the perfect selfishness which is the true characteristic of an unprincipled man. There is no one so heartless as the determined libertine—no one so callous to the grief of others as he whose whole stock of feeling exists but for himself.

William Sullivan paced hurriedly several times along the room. At last, he planted himself full before his victim, and regarding her with a look of mingled mortification, displeasure, and admiration, he sternly said,—

“You know you are completely in my power. Once more; will you consent to what I have proposed?”

"*Never!*"

"You give the word with firmness," said Sullivan with a withering sneer, "yet take warning ere you speak it the third time! Remember, also, that your chance of marriage with my rival now is gone."

"Rival!" repeated Edith, uncovering her death-like face, and staring upon Sullivan:

"Ay, such *was* Ogilvie, but my vengeance foiled him; for *now*, even he, who loved you once"—

"Thank God, he *never* loved me! She that"—

Sullivan started back.

Quivering with excitement, Edith, as if at an invisible command, stopped short, and pressed her hand gainst her burning brain.

"What do you mean?—Give answer. Did Ogilvie love another, and *not* you?"

"He did—he did!" escaped from Edith, rather as an ejaculation than as a voluntary answer.

"And *who* was *she*?" cried Sullivan, striking his forehead with an expression of disappointed revenge and determined ferocity.

Edith continued silent.

"Speak!—are you turned to stone?" asked Sullivan, grasping her shoulder, and waiting a reply which was not given. Another pause succeeded, during which the singularly handsome features of William Sullivan became distorted with emotion; and feeling as if his hot blood froze within his heart, he said with a ghastly smile,—

"Have I not, in secret, seen you hang upon his arm, while listening to his whispered words? Have I not *heard* him speak of love, and yet you say that he adores another!—Again I ask, who is she?"

Some stronger feeling than terror seemed to seal the lips of Edith.

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried the enraged young man, turning fiercely on her, and bursting into a hideous laugh,—*"You will not tell her name? No matter; I'll find it soon without your help!—I've risked my life on a false notion; but I am not altogether cheated, since the luck of the bold game has given me you. I will hazard the same stake again, and for another prize!"*

Edith shrieked, and lifted up her hands and eyes to Heaven.

"Pray for yourself!" muttered Sullivan throttling with passion. "*Your* fate sealed. You've scorned my offers, and defied my power. For this your punishment shall be a living death!—Yes, start and shudder at the threat, but think it not an idle one. Down in the bowels of the earth you shall drag on your days, and *I* will yet have vengeance!"

"Not upon Ogilvie!" gasped the trembling girl in bitter agony, and sinking on her knees.

"Ay, upon *him*! even if my bones should whiten on a gibbet for the act."

A cry, like that of expiring nature, burst from the exhausted suppliant. The next instant the life-blood rushed from her convulsed lip, and she fell senseless on the floor.

Sullivan raised her up with one hand, and placing the other to his lips, he gave a loud shrill whistle.

The summons was answered by a crowd of vassals who immediately filled the room.

In a few words their master issued his directions, agreeably to which his ill-fated victim was instantly carried from the castle. When consciousness was restored, she found herself far upon a journey to the spot which Sullivan had chosen in order to complete his threat.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Quel trouble soudain
Me glace à cet objet, et fait trembler ma main?"
RACINE.

"But never yet by night or day,
In dew of spring, or summer's ray,
Did the sweet valley shine so gay
As now it shines—all love and light!

* * * * *

A happier smile illumines each brow,
With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
And all is ecstasy."

MOORE.

"Com' è fallace e vana
Le speme degli amanti e come amore
La radice ha soave,—il frutto amaro!"

GUARINI.

It was on one of those soft, delicious days when Autumn sometimes fills the sky with brightness, the woods with melody, and the earth with odour, that Murty Oge O'Sullivan arrived at that part of the coast of Bretagne on which St. Brieux is situated.

Leaving his Cutter in the care of the most

skilful of his seamen, The O'Sullivan landed, and soon reached a secluded pathway that he well remembered. This narrow road led to a small shrubbery to which a little private gate gave access. The Chieftain was accompanied by six men armed with pistols carefully concealed beneath the blue frieze jackets which they wore. The gate was ajar, and the party entered unobserved, and in profound silence. At the distance of a few paces was a small summer-house. Towards this spot The O'Sullivan and his followers directed their steps, and at the whispered command of their Master the latter hid themselves under the shelter of the building, there to await his further orders. The Chief then proceeded alone, with a quiet, wary tread, up a narrow walk, that led to a very high palisade, which, thickly covered with evergreens and wild roses, surrounded a flower-garden belonging to a picturesque cottage that stood on a grassy sward at the further end of it. This strikingly-pretty though small retreat was within a mile of St. Brieux, and a short dis-

tance from the village of Treguier, which lay further to the west on the coast of Bretagne. A magnificent range of woods, that skirted the fine domain of the Château de Tullibardine, formed a beautiful screen of verdure in the distance, and presented a noble background to the sloping green land on which, much nearer the sea, the *cottage orné* was erected.

Our Irish adventurer perceived, that to gain the entrance to the garden it would be necessary to wind his way for some distance outside the palisade, and with an anxious countenance he was cautiously doing so, when a murmuring of voices fell on his ear, which induced him to stop and listen.

Though evening was nigh, the sun still shone brightly in the heavens—all around was balm and beauty. The light air stole fragrance from a thousand flowers—the birds sang gaily on the trees, and Nature, clothed in her variegated robe, gladdened the earth and skies with her smile. Murty Oge paused, but not to enjoy the scene or season, for both were unheeded by the anxious listener, as he

held his breath in order to catch the words of the speakers, whose young voices, mixed with the melody of evening sounds, came wafted like music on the breeze towards him.

At some distance from the spot where he stood, The O'Sullivan perceived a small opening in the branches of the shrubs that entwined the lofty palisade. He crept to this vista, and peeping through it beheld a picture, which, though only presenting a sweet home view, seemed to rivet his attention with the power of a spell.

The speakers, whose tones had reached The Chieftain's ears, and who were now quite close to him, were Lord Ogilvie and the beautiful girl who has been already named to the reader as Eva Dillon. They were seated on a low rustic bench, under a fine old ash tree, that grew in the midst of a small *parterre*, gay with flowers and radiant with sunshine. A guitar, which seemed to have been thrown idly on the grass, lay at their feet. The broad ocean gleamed in the perspective of the landscape wrapped into perfect calm beneath a brilliant sky.

A little to one side on the smooth green-sward which slanted from the cottage-door, and busily employed at a spinning-wheel that moved with almost magical rapidity, sat Norah, the nurse and almost maternal attendant and faithfully-devoted friend of Eva Dillon. She was apparently so intent upon her occupation as not to bestow a thought nor look upon the colloquists, who, equally regardless of her presence, were engrossed in one of those absorbing conversations that concentrate the dearest hopes of the young heart before a cloud has dimmed the morning of its life, and which, after they are gone, leave a glory behind them through the cheerless realities of after times.

The attitude of Eva Dillon, whose head fondly rested on the shoulder of Lord Ogilvie while his arm encircled her waist, was not necessary to reveal to Murty Oge that the parties he observed were lovers. The deep soft tones, which, as they spoke, seemed to issue from their souls—all tenderness and trust—would have betrayed that truth, un-

supported by any other evidence. Great as were the anger and surprise of The O'Sullivan at a discovery so unexpected, those feelings yielded for a few moments to the astonished admiration with which he gazed upon the maiden beauty of Eva Dillon.

She had just reached that bright period of existence when the first gladness of extreme youth merges into the touching grace and bloom of womanhood. The innocent fondness that filled her heart reposed on her face like sunshine, and imparted a share of its own essence to all who looked upon and loved her. The rich glance of her deep blue eye, curtained by dark lashes, gave forth every feeling of her soul; and a profusion of golden ringlets added their own portion of interest to the arched and stainless brow round which they flowed in the wildness of infantine simplicity. Her forehead, neck, and bosom were so fair and polished, that it seemed as if a breath would mar their purity; but the warm blood of her cheek never slept, and in its perpetual changes produced the most vivid and striking effects.

A small and rather prominent chin gave piquancy to her rich red lips, which, though generally girt with smiles, could languish into softness that was even more bewitching. Her figure was light, flexible, and exquisitely-rounded; in its movements realizing all the natural grace which peculiarly belongs to the unstudied attitudes of childhood. Such was Eva Dillon.

Lost in amazement at the alteration which a few years had produced in her appearance, The O'Sullivan let several moments pass before he collected himself sufficiently to listen to her words with the attention which the sudden earnestness of his countenance seemed to indicate that they deserved. At the instant when with recovered self-possession our spy became all ear, he heard Lord Ogilvie exclaim, as he fervently pressed the hand of Eva between both his own,—

“When I speak of our engagement, dear one, you are always so scrupulous—so *very* apprehensive.”

“If I am, it is for *you*,” replied the blushing girl in an accent of undisguised but modest tenderness.

"My sweet, my generous friend, I know it!" replied Ogilvie, in great emotion; "but surely you allow an over-wrought refinement of feeling to interfere with happiness, when you conjure up that fancied obstacle to our immediate union which I have so often vainly tried to vanquish—I mean the mystery of your birth."

"Call it not fanciful!" said Eva Dillon, raising her tearful eyes with timid fondness to his face. The next instant fixing them upon the ground, she added, in a soft tremulous voice, "Ogilvie, you know full well how very precious is your love to me, and that if it were possible to fulfil our engagement with the speed which you desire, you would find me faithful — kind — devoted — but—Nay! Nay, you *must* listen to me calmly—indeed you must!" continued the agitated girl, attempting to assume a sportive air, as, gently disengaging herself from the arm which with protecting tenderness was thrown round her, she shook back her golden hair, and, holding up her finger, said, in a tone of mock reproach,—

“What, my Lord! am I to have manly prerogative—no power to out airy hopes and quell them at sure? Have I no right to—”

“My own adored one!”—interrupted the lover, with a depth of feeling which put all her graceful playfulness to rest. “I would speak seriously, for my heart is full.”

“And so is mine!” ejaculated Evelyn, bursting into tears; but with a smile sparkled through them she instantaneously controlled her powerful emotion by an effort, and said, with gentle earnestness, “Friend of my heart! I should like to know the love you bear me if I allowed the kindness of your nature to lead me into error;—and error it would be, were I to consent to what you ask, while such a mystery rests upon my fate as this. *Your* wife must be above suspicion. I trust most fervently that I shall yet discover the truth, and what have been the circumstances which led to my peculiar situation. My explanation be such as I could wish, then, my generous Ogilvie!”—

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to the anxious Chief, but the reply
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O'Moore I never had a care, for I was
and I thought the world so too, and

knew not there was such a thing as sorrow upon earth, or that any one could be miserable while the sky was blue and the sun bright. The death of the Marquis of Tullibardine first awoke me from this dream of bliss. I felt his loss acutely, for he was always kind to me as if I were his child; and oh! it was so sad that he should die away from all he loved—a prisoner, too! I saw and sympathized in the deep affliction of his widow, and thus I learned the sad reality of grief!—Such knowledge sobered the natural joyousness of my feelings, and revealed their depths;—they strengthened with my strength, and then as time wore on I loved!—Ogilvie! how fervently I then prayed and longed to know *who* were my parents! though from infancy I met with fond devotion from my Nurse and all a mother's tenderness from Lady Tullibardine. Whenever Smith arrives, I suppose I may acknowledge her surpassing kindness; for even if he be the spy upon the Jacobites we feared, his power to injure is now much circumscribed. Death has placed Lord Tulli-

bardine far beyond the power of man, and I trust our Prince is in equal safety from his foes. The dread of the political conduct of his allies being watched and reported by my guardian (were his attention once directed to it) was the only cause which made the Marchioness enjoin us to conceal the comfort she diffused around my humble home, and the invaluable education she bestowed on me."

The O'Sullivan started. The expression of his eye and the gloom which accumulated round his brow marked the astonishment and displeasure with which he heard the last words of the speaker; but, curbing his feelings, our eaves-dropper once more listened with breathless attention.

Eva Dillon had paused, but her silence was short, for in the next instant, while blushes clothed her face and neck, she softly said :—

"Since we have loved, my anxiety about my birth has been a source of painful, constant thought; and when my guardian comes, I will—I *must* require him to tell me *all*."

Ogilvie gazed on Eva with fervent tenderness, and, murmuring forth his thanks and blessings, tried to soothe her spirits by talking of a brilliant future, which should more than repay the agitations of the past. While he thus conjured up a crowd of sweet illusions, and coloured days to come with the sunny light of a lover's imagination, Eva's kindling eye betrayed the intense interest with which she listened to his animated language; and, as her young heart and kindred mind sympathized in the seducing pictures which he drew, she said, with a brilliant smile, "Oh, yes! I *will* believe that all you hope must come to pass, and we shall be the happiest of the happy!"

"So prophesies my noble friend, Prince Charles Edward."

"You have told him, then, our secret?"—whispered the blushing Eva.

"I *have*," returned Ogilvie, with a glow of grateful pleasure; "you know, my love, you gave me leave to do so, and even told me that our kind maternal friend, who favours our

attachment, advised the Prince should be intrusted with it.

"Yes, she said so, and her wishes are my laws. Oh! what a debt of gratitude I owe to that most excellent of women! But for Lady Tullibardine, how limited would have been my views—how ignorant my mind!"

"She has, indeed, enriched it with accumulated stores," returned Ogilvie, looking with heartfelt interest and admiration upon the sweet face that was upturned towards his. "The education she bestowed on you and Edith was education in its real sense;—she gave justness to your principles, vigour to your characters, and cultivation to your minds."

An expression of deep and gratified feeling stole over the face of our heroine as she listened to this well-deserved eulogium upon one to whom she stood indebted for all that embellishes the intellect, and purifies the heart; and in a tone of passionate feeling she exclaimed—"Oh! when I think upon the interest which my benefactress showed towards me from my earliest days—when I

consider that, without a claim upon her tenderness, she has watched like a ministering Spirit over all that could improve my character and contribute to my happiness, I feel as if the devotion of my life could ill repay her countless acts of love."

The admiring Ogilvie pressed the hand of Eva in silent sympathy, and said, after a short pause, "When this Smith arrives, I must see and speak to him, and whoever are the agents that control your fate, I will encounter them. I would have done this long ago, had I but known where to find your Guardian. Nurse! Nurse!" continued Lord Ogilvie, raising his voice in pretended anger, "I cannot forgive your obstinate silence on every subject which concerns that man."

At this apostrophe, Norah stopped her wheel, and, looking round upon the lovers with maternal kindness, a smile played over her features, which seemed to say that she only waited for permission to take an earnest part in the dialogue.

"Come here, dear Nurse, come here," cried Eva Dillon, her cheeks dimpling with plea-

sure, and her face beaming with love, as she accompanied this summons by a playful beck. Norah now came forward, and the animated expression of her jet-black eyes, as they peered at our heroine from beneath the white kerchief, which, tied on cornerwise, and fastened under the chin, was Nurse's invariable head-gear, proved the delight with which she instantly accepted her Mistress's invitation, exclaiming, as she gathered her blue cloak around her, and, tailor-like, squatted herself on the grass at Eva's feet,—

“An' now, my darlin' o' the world, what wud you want wid Norah?”

“I fear Lord Ogilvie wishes to scold my own poor Nurse,” said Eva, patting the honest face which, with affection marked on every feature, was upturned towards her.

“The top o' the evening to your Lordship: an' why, *a-cuishla*! wud you be so fraptious? Shure out of love an' likin' for one whose name shall be nameless, my Lord ought to be more of a friend to her Nurse!” cried Norah,

while affection and sly intelligence lit her dark questioning eye.

"Like your young Mistress, you want to cheat me into thinking what you wish; but this will not do; I cannot forgive your silence about this Smith, for I am certain you could tell us many things concerning him.—Come, Norah, be a good kind creature, and answer me at least this question;—Is he related to your precious nursling?"

Lord Ogilvie made this inquiry with an anxiety he vainly strove to hide beneath a playfulness that was assumed.

After a moment's pause, during which every disposition to mirth had vanished from Norah, she said in a sharp quick tone of voice—

"Will your Lordship niver rest asy about that same bizziness? I tell yees both now, as I tould yees many a time, I'd dhrop down stone dead at your feet—so I would—afore I'd be guilty o' the burnin' sin an' scandal iv answerin' that quistion, whin nearly sixteen years ago I kissed *the book*,* and swore by the

* The Douay Bible.

vartrue o' my oath not to do so ; an' also to bring up the darlint before me as a thrue Roman." *

"My friend," said Eva, smiling faintly as she looked at her anxious lover, "you must not try to tempt my nurse to perjury. Dear Norah, you won't be angry with Lord Ogilvie, will you?"

"Angry! why thin, vein o' my heart! sure you're only jokin' me whin you talk of sich a thing! An' I'm thinkin' his Lordship knows his own se'f that I'd give the wide world to put thrust in him, an' the darlint I nursed at my breast, an' tell yees every word about it, if it wasn't for my oath. Ochone! Ochone! what black dioul thrapsed by my side whin I tuck it? Mary! Mother iv Heaven! raise the weight from my heart; Amin! Amin!"

After this wild burst of sorrow, sincere as ever yet was breathed, Norah dropped her head on her knees, and continued to rock her body backwards and forwards, accompanying the see-saw motion by a low dismal wail,

* The lower orders of the Irish often omit the word *Catholic* when speaking of their religious faith.

without a pause, or the slightest variety of intonation.

“Norah, why will you grieve me thus?” said Eva Dillon in a compassionate and tender voice, as she threw her arms round her Nurse’s neck and wept.

The affectionate creature who was thus addressed raised her head, and fixing her eyes in tears of sympathy on her fair young Mistress, said,—

“Miss Eva, my own heart’s pet, may never know paece at my dying day if I grieve you the longest hour I live!”

As Norah uttered those words, she dried her eyes with her apron, entrenched her chin within her hand, and looking steadily at Ogilvie, said,—

“An’ now, *ma vourneen*, I’ll do my best, plaze God, to answer any question whatever, barrin’* the one you’d like to ax.”

His lordship interchanged glances with Eva, and with difficulty suppressed the laugh this curious stipulation nearly forced outright; but understanding Norah’s Irish simplicity,

* Except.

and revering her feelings too sincerely to outrage them by any ill-timed mirth, he said with a kind smile, while taking Eva's hand,—

"Here is my excuse, Norah, for having asked a question which, perhaps, was wrong ; good creature, say that you forgive me."

"Wirra ! wirra ! thin 'tis your Lordship's the coaxin' broth iv a boy !" replied Norah, shaking her head, and clasping her hands round her knees, as her eyes were raised with affectionate vivacity to Ogilvie's.

The next instant they rested on Eva's young and innocent beauty, which, glowing in the softened radiance of the setting sun, looked so lovely, that, unwilling to withdraw her gaze from its fascination, she exclaimed :—

"My doat o' the world ! as the light o' the dying sun falls about you in strames o' gowld, if you an't the very picther o' the blessed Mother that bore you ; she who is now an Angel in glory !"

Eva Dillon's eyes swam in tears at this abrupt allusion ; perceiving which, Norah started from her sitting posture, and, under the plea of bringing warm muffings, to guard

her darling from the evening dews that now floated through the air, she hurried to the cottage.

Eva sought and found comfort in her lover's glance of perfect sympathy, and though her face was mournful, it beamed with sweet tenderness while she said :—

“Though Norah only saw my Mother once, and on her death-bed, yet how vividly she seems to recollect her person ! Her name, I am convinced, she does not know.”

“She has often said so, and I believe her,” rejoined Ogilvie, “for Nurse’s veracity is quite remarkable.”

“I sometimes dread that Smith may prove *my father*,” said Eva in a shuddering voice. “’Tis strange, considering how imperfect is my recollection of the man, that I should so dislike and fear him.”

The O’Sullivan gave an involuntary start of displeasure, and the rustling of the leaves his act occasioned made Eva spring up, and look about with some alarm, as she said,—

“Whence is that noise ? Did you not hear it, dearest ?”

"I heard nothing but your own melodious voice, which makes my heart's best music," replied Ogilvie, rising and tenderly folding his arm round Eva, while his admiring eyes rested on her heavenly countenance, as he replaced her on her seat and resumed his own.

"Nay, if that be all, my fears are groundless," returned the sweet girl with a radiant smile; "but *à-propos* to music, do sing me again that little *morceau*, the words of which you composed while absent from my saucy self—I mean the song by which dear Edith O'Moore was so affected the last time I was at the Château Tullibardine, that she left the drawing-room in tears. Oh Ogilvie! I almost dread lest she should ever love as much—*as much as I do!*" faltered Eva, hiding her blushing face upon her lover's shoulder.

"And why, my sweet one?"

"Because her sensibility is so acute."

"Not more so than my Eva's?"

"Perhaps not; but then you know, despite of the present clouds that darken the course

of our true love, it is so fervently reciprocal that it *cannot* be unhappy."

"Why anticipate a fate less fortunate for Edith?" demanded Ogilvie, fondly pressing his lips to the open brow of his beloved, who had upraised her head, and fixed her pure eyes in innocent affection upon his.

"I know not why; except it be that I can hardly fancy any other man so true—so devoted—so disinterested as my Ogilvie. Oh had you but seen darling Edith when first I told her the secret of our engagement, you would have worshipped her for the fond, nay, the deep emotion she evinced.—And yet, confession of our love did not surprise her in the least, for she suspected it long, long before:—I suppose my tell-tale eyes revealed it; for oh, it is so hard to hide the feelings of the heart!"

"Eva, you bewitch me by your artless words."

"Then prove my spells resistless, by letting them prevail in granting my request. Come, take up my neglected guitar, and sing me

your own sweet song," said Eva, placing herself in an attitude of attention, and fixing her glowing eyes in fond expectancy upon the enraptured countenance of Ogilvie.

"Siren as you are ! be thus your wishes granted," replied the happy lover, taking up the guitar—then striking a few brilliant chords, he raised his full melodious voice, and to an exquisite accompaniment sang with deep feeling the following stanzas :—

'Tis now the hour—'tis now the hour
To bow at Beauty's shrine—
Now while our hearts confess the power
Of woman, wit, and wine ;
And beaming eyes look on so bright,
Wit springs—wine sparkles in their light.

In such an hour—in such an hour—
In such an hour as this,
When Pleasure's fount throws up a shower
Of social sparkling bliss ;
Why does my bosom heave the sigh
That mars delight ?—*She* is not by !

There was an hour—there was an hour
When I indulged the spell
That Love wound round me with a pow'r
Words vainly strive to tell.
Though Love has fill'd my chequer'd doom
With fruits and thorns, and light and gloom !

Yet there's an hour—there's still an hour
 Whose coming sunshine may
 Clear from the clouds that hang and low'r
 My fortune's future day :
 That hour of hours, belov'd, will be
 That hour that gives thee back to me !^a

“ Beautiful—beautiful exceedingly ! ” murmured Eva, with all the ecstacy of a love partiality. “ Oh ! that any one should be such precious gifts of God as music and poetry to instruments of sin, when, if properly employed, they are capable of producing so exquisite emotions in the soul ! Is it not so

“ Undoubtedly : lyric poetry accompanied by music not only excites the glow of fancy but, if we really catch the spirit, is capable of producing the noblest reflections ; for, is proved in many instances both by the ancients and the moderns, just though

* This song appeared originally in the ‘ New Moon Magazine ’ as from the pen of a distinguished poet. As a mark of justice to the writer of these pages, it was afterwards stated in the same periodical who was, *de facto*, the compiler of it, and an explanation given by the gentleman in question of the motives which led him to affix his name to the foregoing verses—an explanation as totally unsolicited by the real author, as was the kind assumption of lines so worthy of that honour.

and good sense may be associated with the highest beauties of poetry. But even when Nature has not endowed a writer with that sublimity of genius which makes his verse immortal, it is still possible, by simple poetry and equally simple music, to touch by a single stroke the finest chords of human feelings; for whatever comes *from* the heart goes to it."

"Oh, how truly I feel *that*, particularly when *you* sing your own sweet compositions! —Yes! I am sure that heart sees heart through the magic of the voice, as well as through the expression of the eyes; at least, *mine* does."


"Cease, cease to flatter! Well may I call you my resistless Siren!"—Ogilvie paused a moment, and then said sportively, "*A propos* to that fanciful epithet, know, fair lady, that the other evening I was so bewitched by the artless Irish melody and the grander Jacobite War Ode which you sang with your brilliant accompaniment on the harp at Tullibardine Castle, that, after you departed, my feelings threw themselves, if I may use the expression,

When Ogilvie ceased, Eva sat for an instant lost in silent thought. Some unutterable feeling seemed to have taken possession of her soul, and suddenly she wept !

“Eva ! beloved of my heart ! speak,—say why this painful emotion ?” cried the alarmed lover, throwing down his guitar, and kissing away the tears that glittered down her cheek.

A momentary smile of ineffable softness flitted over Eva’s countenance, as, timidly releasing herself from Ogilvie, she looked upon his face with an expression that sank into the depths of his soul, as she gently said,—“You will surely think me sadly weak and superstitious, but you have made me feel so supremely happy this evening, that a sort of vague presentiment of coming evil seized irresistibly upon me, as it often does when I enjoy the most felicity.”

“Is that all ?” replied Ogilvie, gazing on her with profound delight. “Those strange sensations which shoot through the imaginative mind, dream-like, and awakening pain we know not wherefore, are the commonest of delusions. Dearest ! you must banish



them, and yet I cannot censure the emotion they created, since it drew from you a confession so delicious to my heart. But do look brightly beautiful again, or else good Nurse will think we have been quarrelling! for see, here she comes laden with muffings to guard you from the evening air!" he added, pointing to Norah, who at this instant re-appeared, advancing from the cottage, with a close bonnet and a warm shawl. The moment she reached the lovers, she insisted that Eva should invest herself in both; when this was done, the Nurse, dropping her best courtesy, presented a note to Lord Ogilvie, which a servant had just brought from Tullibardine Castle. He glanced rapidly over the contents, and, turning to Eva, pressed her hand, as in altered voice he said,—

"This is from Prince Charles, who wishes to see me on immediate business. Dearest! I must go to Paris instantly, but will return as soon as possible. The moment I come back shall bring me to your feet."

Eva started and changed colour, as in broken accents she murmured in strong and

deep emotion,—“Oh, Ogilvie! said I not truly, that the strange thrill which shot through my heart predicted evil was at hand?” Her eyes and brow assumed an expression that in its seriousness was almost holy, when, rising precipitately from her seat she clasped her imploring hands in voiceless prayer, and stood erect before him.

Every fibre of the lover's heart felt the appeal, and, despite his better judgment, he was so strongly affected by her agitation, that he dared not trust himself to speak. There was silence. Ogilvie closed his eyes as if to shut out the tearful gaze of his beloved, but after a moment, he fixed an earnest and beseeching look upon her as he said in a voice of tremulous emotion, “Beloved one! do not make me wretched by giving way to vague and groundless terrors; remember how soon—how very soon, we two shall meet again; till then, may God protect and bless you!” burst from a heart overflowing with as true affection as ever filled the breast of man. A long and fervent embrace followed. Both murmured and again a fond fare-

well, that was almost stifled in the tumultuous beatings of their hearts. Then, not daring to trust himself to stay another moment, Ogilvie gently replaced the trembling Eva on her garden-seat, and turning to Norah, said hastily, and in a broken voice, "Kind Nurse, good-bye! I need not say, be careful of the dear one!" he added still more affected, while, casting a last lingering and parting look upon the mistress of his heart, he hurried from the garden, and was gone!

Eva now sobbed aloud, and leaning back upon the rustic bench, covered her face to hide its agitation. Norah, placing herself on a large stone near her precious charge, showed both tact and kindness by forbearing to interrupt this luxury of sorrow, and even when it was succeeded by calmer emotions, she was equally reluctant to disturb the deep train of thought into which our heroine had fallen on her lover's departure.

Uninterrupted by a word, a considerable time passed thus, in almost solemn silence.

At length, Eva withdrew her handkerchief, and sadly smiled through her tears on

the affectionate Norah, whose eyes were riveted in fond anxiety on the child of her heart.

Eva's lips parted as if about to speak, and she had thrown her hand caressingly around her Nurse's neck, when suddenly a scream of terror burst from the affrighted girl. Springing to her feet, she flung one arm round Norah, who had also started up, and pointed the other towards a group of men who gained her side the following moment.

Need scarcely say they were the Irish Buccaneers of Murty Oge O'Sullivan.

"Remove these women!" said the Pirate Chieftain in a firm but stifled voice. His followers seized their prey in silence, and resisting equally the convulsed earnestness with which Eva clung for safety round her Nurse, and the clamorous appeals she later made, the Buccaneers separated our affrighted heroine from the weak stay which she had chosen. Taking effectual means to prevent any further outcries, the men followed the lead of their stern commander, and bore the prisoners forwards so successfully, that so

and without discovery, the objects of this strange arrest were on board The O'Sullivan's ship, which lay in the adjacent bay. Without awaiting the appearance of the dawn, the Cutter stood out boldly from the land, and, crowding all sail before the wind, dashed with prodigious swiftness through the glittering foam of the broad sea.

CHAPTER IX.

"O, Conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Beshrew me, they're a pair o' subtle knaves!"

OLD PLAY.

"THE curse o' Cromwell light on that Coort o' Versailles! what a time it kep the Masther cooling his heels! An' faix, your Riverence, only one wouldn't wish to let on to his Honour what I'm saying to you at this prisint spaakin', I'd ha' tould him a bit o' my mind consarnin' that screw iv a Louis, an' his cute Counshillors, who, I'm thinkin', are no great shakes," cried our old acquaintance Dan Connell, addressing Father Syl, who was in the act of preparing a jorum of brandy-punch in a snug little *auberge* situated on the coast of France.

"Here, comfort your heart with *that*," answered the jolly Priest, moving a brimful glass across the small round table, at the other side of which his companion was seated. "But," he added, when, after having dashed inwards the contents of his own tumbler, he rubbed his eyes, as if to open them to the meaning of Connell's address, "why do you doubt the truth of what my Lord Bearhaven told us many hours ago? Make your mind asy, man; sure he wouldn't put a dirty lie on his Priest, any way; an' didn't he tell me in your presence all about what the King said and promised in his own Closet? and, between ourselves, it isn't a bad offer he made."

"Why thin that's the good thruth, your Riverence, if we was shure that the skin-flint wouldn't defraud us; an', happen what will, though Charley Ned's a lad o' spirit, I'm thinkin' it was only a sinsible notion to lave him in the lurch, seeing his figgaries an' fortins are going to rack an' ruin. But what bothers me clare an' clane is this: that afther all, may be sorra a ha'porth his Honour will get; for I'm always afeard o' thim long-tongued frogs o' Frinchmen, by rason of

which I'd give a thrille the Maaster had his thousand pounds safe an' sound in his worsted stockin'."*

"Your health, *a-ragal!* an' may this same soon come to pass," cried his Reverence, raising a replenished glass to his lips; an increased expression of joviality played over his mellow countenance, when, having swallowed the contents, he laid his tumbler down, and, lolling in his high-backed chair, placed his fore-fingers along his rubicund nose, saying, with a most serio-comic solemnity, "Dan, as you well know, I'm not the man to neglect my duty. Now as I am your Father Confessor, I feel myself bound to watch over you here in a land of temptation, for if I left you alone how could I answer for what you might do? And that being as plain as the nose on your face, you see, Dan, I'm obliged to sit looking at you here till the fumes of the spirits make me as good as tipsy almost; but if it is my duty, you know, Dan, an' if the same thing was to be done five hundred times——"

"Beggin' your Riverence's pardon, I'll be bail your Riverence *would* do your duty,"

* A common receptacle for money with the lower Irish.

interrupted Connell, almost bursting with inward convulsions of laughter, which, with difficulty, he restrained from reaching his face.

"On my conscience I would!" hiccoughed the Priest. This was said with such ludicrous sincerity that Connell grinned outright. Cautious, however, not to offend his spiritual guide, Dan attempted to account for his risibility by chuckling forth, "Why, thin, Father dear, I'm just thinkin' what a purty kettle o' fish Masther Will 'ill find he has made whin he hears that his uncle is buckled for life to that phanix he's gone to see; ha! ha! ha!"

Father Syl shook his head, and his small twinkling eyes grew unusually serious under his beetle brows, as he said—

"I tell you what, Dan, my mind quakes like a duck in thunder about this same quare marriage that you an' his Honour (more fool he!) have settled slap-dash to take place at the Skeligs. But I have promised to tack 'em together; and may my spic an' span vestments be torn to babby-rags if I go back o' my word."

"An undacent thing an' a mortual thraison

'twould be if your Riverence did. The thing 'ill be done in a jiffy, an' I'll engage 'timately you'll do the job; an' proud as paacock the Masther 'ill be of his beautiful bride. Come, your Riverence, here's to her health, an' soon may she reign over us all in Ross Mac Owen, the wife o' the best henn that ever throd in shoe-leather, the King of the Saas, and the pride of the Land, Murty Oge O'Sullivan, Earl of Bearhaven."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah to your toast!" —vociferated Father Syl, giving an astounding blow to the table with one hand, and with the other raising his glass to his mouth; a proceeding which banished his previous qualms, and made him (to use the words of the old song)

"A friar jolly, brave, an' civil,
Just fit to *sarve* and *plaze* the divil."

"Och, thin, from head to fut you're the man in the gap, whin your heart is once ased with a dhrop o' the crathur," cried Dan Connell, eyeing Father Syl with affectionate admiration; "an' 'tis an ilegant booze we'd have of it now, only I'm pinned by the oath I

passed to the Masther not to get fuddled,* let alone dhrunk, becaase o' the great consarn we have upon hands. Murther an' oons! 'tis six o'clock by my gowld repaather, an' the Masther thinks to be here wid Miss Eva and Norah at eight," cried Dan Connell, starting from the table as he consulted his watch, and held it up to Father Syl in warning of the cruel flight of time.

His Reverence gave a deep-drawn sigh.

"Och! och!" cried Connell, echoing the clerical suspiration, "I ax pardon o' your Riverence, as surely I ought, for bad manners in disturbin' you at your potations; but faix I must end 'em this blessed minute, seeing we ought to be off in a crack to look afther the Cutther, whin we expect his Honour so soon. Come, your Riverence, lave off shaking your head like a Chinese mandarin there, an' *deny*† yourself jist this time; for whin you've tossed off a partin' glass, by the screeching hot poker o' Davy, we must cut an' run to the vesshel. Here, thry *that*, while I pay the reck'nin," said Connell, pouring the punch that remained into a tumbler, and pushing it to Father Syl, who, nothing loath to obey Dan's injunction, tossed the exhiba-

* Topsy.

† Forbear.

rating beverage into his capacious swallow; and then, fixing a disconsolate gaze on the empty goblet, he stretched his outspread fingers over each side of a rotundity that almost rivalled Falstaff's; and in a maudlin voice quavered forth the following sublimities, to an old Irish air:—

“Spirit of my glass, adieu!
Pilla-loo! pillaloo!
You are gone!—Can it be true?
Pilla-loo! pillaloo!

Cordial o' my heart, adieu!
Pilla-loo! pillaloo!
Bitterly your loss I rue,
Pilla-loo! pillaloo!

What shall drown my grief for you?
Pilla-loo! pillaloo!
Sparkling draughts o' mountain dew,
Pilla-loo! pillaloo!

Quaffing those, I'll blithely woo,
Pilla-loo! pillaloo!
Brandy, gin, and whisky too!
Pilla-loo! pillaloo!”

“Pip'd a priestly cockatoo—
Cock-a-too! cockatoo!”

lustily roared Dan Connell, turning rhymer on the spur of the occasion, and supplying a new reading of his Reverence's chorus. Then, having satisfied the demands of “mine host,”

he re-entered the room, and, seizing Father Syl's arm, assisted him to waddle out of the *auberge* into the open air.

The solitude of the wild coast on which the rosy Priest and his companion had emerged appeared doubly cool and tranquil in comparison with the heated atmosphere of the little room which they had left. A few fishermen were either spreading their nets on the rocks or furling the sails of their boats; but they pursued their employment so quietly that not a voice was heard along the nearly unfrequented shore. The sand that grated beneath the heavy tread of the walkers, the waves which dashed in monotonous succession against the beach, and the faint cry of the sea-gulls, as they flapped their white wings over the surface of the ocean, were the only sounds that broke the stillness. The O'Sullivan's Cutter was moored at some distance; and as the tide rapidly increased in fulness, the heavings of the vessel gradually diminished, until at length she rested on the broad waters almost without motion. The entire prospect was peaceful in the extreme; and as Dan Connell and his clerical companion walked towards the point that terminated one of the sides of the little Bay of

Treguier, it seemed as if the placid nature of the scene made some impression even upon their rude spirits, for mirth had been succeeded by silence. They had proceeded for several yards when Connell made a sudden halt, and, riveting his eyes on the expansive waters that lay before them, almost unbroke by the appearance of a sail, he said—

“Ethen, Father *agrah*! What’s the use of the world, an’ its mighty quare doings, all, at all?”

“What’s the use of the world?” hiccoughed the half-inebriated Priest, striving to look extremely wise—“the use of the world, Dan?—Why, then, the dickens a one of me knows—*barring it be to puzzle posterity!*”

“To puzzle our *ancestors*,—is that what your Riverence manes? Faix’en, ’twil shurely compass that same, for ’twould bother Ould Nick himself to guess at its ups and downs.”

“’Tis myself surely knows *that*; for in any sowl on the face of the living airth has tould me six hours ago that Dan Connell would lave his liquor behind him, I’d for sartin have thought it a big bet bouncer,”

* A great falsehood.

returned Father Syl, with an air of discontent, which seldom clouded his jovial countenance.

"Asy, asy, your Riverence! Oh, don't be chating me out o' my characther; sure there isn't one o' my seed, breed, or generation would do sich a thing as to jilt their cups, if an equity raason didn't force 'em to keep the dhrop out o' their heads; an', moreover, whin one good turn desarves another, shure I wouldn't but pay back your Riverence's compliment, an' take you out o' the way o' temptation here in this undacent land, though I'm but a layman, an' your Riverence is a sprig o' the Clargy, aqual in larnin' an' jintility to all the Saints o' the Calendar, barrin' Saint Patrick," cried Dan, with one of his gleeful chuckles. "But," he added, with unwonted seriousness, as he resumed his walk, "faix, it wasn't atin' or dhrinkin', or gormandizin', was runnin' in my head; quite the contrairy. I'll tell you the thruth. Whin I looked at the bright blue saa an' yonder blached rock that starts up like O'Donoghue's horse in the Lakes o' Killarney, for all it's in France, the land o' the frogs, it seemed as if Time, the ould whirligig murtherer, had given me a lift in his car, and rowled it back to the day

whin, about sixteen years ago, I landed on Shisther Norah an' the sweet babby at her breast near this self-same place. An' say your Riverence, jist to think o' the bit it's babby bein' grown into a clever, likely girl, ever you set your two good-looking eyes upon an' to see how we're goin' to kidnap her agin to make her the Lady o' Ross Mac Owan —An', Och! it's the height o' surprise 'ill be Miss Eva's when she finds the purtinded Captain Smith thransmogrophied into the Earl of Bearhaven! An' betwixt our two sels, I thought we would niver, by hook or by crook, have got Norah (she's a rock o' sinse!) to give ear to the scheme o' forgin' a name for his Honour, which, to be sure, he had as much right to as the man in the moon! An' deed an' conscience, now, the only manes that brought Norah to consint was by what we did, the makin' a fool iv her intirely, in ladin' her to be cock-sure that Miss Eva was his Honour's own bred an' born nat'rel* daughther. Faix, I could hardly keep my countenance whin, on the head o' that bouncing lie, we made Norah swear the big oath not to let the cat out of the bag, but,

* Illegitimate.

in spite o' the 'varsal world, niver to let on to Miss Eva *who* her own fader was, but to keep her out o' hurt or harm, an' to lade her up as a right thrue Roman,* till we comed back to Bretagne; and that we promised to do about this very time. An', rest our souls! how surprised, beyant the beyants, my poor Shisther 'ill be whin I slap palms wid her, and dhrop a word in her ear o' the wedding we'll have, plaze the Pigs, at the Skeligs. Och! may I niver wear a hempen cravat if sich curous wondhers wouldn't kill the cow that died o' the murrain!"

"'Tis strange enough, no doubt," returned Father Syl; "an' how long, Dan, may it be since you seen *her* an' Norah, for I forget?"

"Four years ago, your Riverence; 'twas whin I did as his Honour bid, and tuck over here to my Shisther Norah a mighty purty little bit of a sum, that I got paid down on the nail for the sows at the fair o' Ballinasloe. Och! och! she's a rosebud o' beauty, that same darlint we're spakin' of."

"I'll go bail she isn't a patch on her pet of a mother for all that!—'Tis well I remember the day that I married, an' the night that I buried her!—Why thin, Dan, what a lucky

* i. e. Roman Catholic.

locker!"

"Och, thin, Father
in pace, an' a great a
heart, if we wor quite
that; yet though so ma
since we hard that same
often crasses my mind
oder it mightn't be thru
myself in my coffin nor
whin once the Masther m
an' all her fine lands his
being her hubby,* why a
its shavers o' Counshillors
"Well, Dan,'tis you th
an' yit, to my notion, I'd
her snug in a Convent, so I
intended!"

"Arrah! shure that
gaunt of a Louis would .

*innocent.** It's all settled now ; so what good to be talkin' ? ”

As Dan uttered those words, he clambered up the side of a high jutting rock, having reached the summit of which, he drew a telescope from his pocket, and after an earnest scrutiny through it, he descried the well-known Cutter of The O'Sullivan, looking like a spectre ship in the distance, and swiftly advancing from St. Brieux to the little haven of Tréguier.

Father Syl and his companion instantly descended to the beach, where they held themselves in readiness to enter the boat which they knew would be sent from the cutter to convey them to it.

* A fool.

CHAPTER

"Do villany ; do, since you
Like workmen."

AMID a pile of rocks
great Western Ocean
rounded by precipices cov
of stone, which slanting
craggy spires among lofty
sible cliffs.—One side of th
clothed in radiance by the
was cast into the darkest
portion of the fissure wh
brigit relief, two men were
a huge fragment

that lay at his feet gleamed in the moonlight.

The form of his companion was short, but remarkably muscular, and his enormous hands and feet indicated gigantic strength. He wore a sailor's coarse jacket, and round his neck a tattered scarlet handkerchief was loosely tied. His brow was shadowed by the falling rim of an old hat, of that description which in Ireland is termed a *Caubeen*; but the quick, resolute glance of his grey eye shot from beneath it with a complex expression of ferocity and cunning. His large livid lips contrasted strongly with the dusky hue of his weather-beaten cheeks, and the sinister cast of his features was not lessened by a set of bristling red whiskers, slightly grizzled with age, which completely encircled them. Altogether, there was a daring air of self-confidence, habitual boldness, and jeering audacity about the man, which spoke the stern bully, possessed of hardihood for any enterprise, and regardless of the means which might be taken to accomplish it. One hand was thrust into his breast, the other carelessly dangled a cutlass which hung from a leathern belt that

was drawn round his body; but the scrutinizing glance with which he scanned his moody companion showed that those movements were mechanical, and that his mind was bent on thoughts of import. He was the first to speak, and his words seemed to indicate the continuation of a dialogue as he hoarsely said,

“Doesn't my schame plaze you, Captain?”

“No,” replied the person who had been thus addressed, starting from his musing posture and uncovering the bold, decided features of William Sullivan, “I will not spill her blood.—Tim, you well deserve your badge of ‘*The Red Hand*,’ for in danger your resource is always murder.”

“Dead men tell no tales, and *this* could silence even women's tongues!” muttered Tim *Lauve Darrig* (*Anglicè*, Tim of the Red Hand), brandishing his cutlass for a moment, and then letting it dangle at his side.

“True; but there is no necessity for its immediate use, as my situation is not so desperate as you seem to think; besides,” he muttered almost inaudibly, “she's a beau-

tiful woman, and I'm not quite tired of her yet."

The ruffianly seaman threw an impatient glance from under his lowering brow, as in a surly voice he said, "You'll thrip anchor and fall into the divil's shoal, Captain, if you don't take care."

A proud consciousness of superior sagacity mingled with a reckless daring crossed the face of William Sullivan as he replied,—

"My life may be lost or won upon a single chance; *that* chance is not decided yet; but as it would be madness to remain here longer, I'll skim over the billows to France in my own gallant 'Death-Flag' to-night!" and, stretching one of his arms towards the ocean, he proudly gazed upon his Brigantine, which floated majestically in the tide at a short distance: at her peak the ensign from which she derived her name was raised, and as the light breeze waved the streamer to and fro, its folds displayed a jet black ground, which, with its *Memento mori* etched in white, was conspicuously given to view.

"Well; God send you may make your

"soundings sartin!" cried Tim, in a strong tone of doubt and reproach.

"Never fear; meanwhile, I know you will do your duty here, and that bravely."

"By the sowl o' my father! whin I'm let like a lazy land-lubber iv a gaoler, to watch over a hoighty-toighty woman, who be-divelled an' ruinated us, 'tis proud as a duck in a mill-pond myse'f ought to be!" said Tim, giving a shove to his *Caution*, which sent it jauntily to one side, and elevating his eyebrows with an air of discontent which was curiously mixed with a play of waggery.

"Remember the money you've got, and all you will yet receive for your services if they be well performed, Tim."

"Sure enough, Sir, 't was nately you crossed my fist wid gowld guineas; an' though I don't care a rap ha'penny about 'em, bad end to me if I don't keep Miss O'Moore as safe as a cage-bird under my thumb till lucky waves and fair winds send you back to us," replied Tim, closing his fingers over the additional bribe which Sullivan insinuated into his hand, while, shaking it cordially, the heir of Ross Mac Owen said, "I know you

are a true man, a chip of the old block—
M'Fineen Duff."*

"Thru to the back bone," cried Tim, shuffling the money into his pocket, and buttoning it closely up.—"I'm the boy that won't balk at a job, let it be what it may, or care a brass farthin' if the spawn o' the divil, or a whole throop o' the sodgers, which manes the same thing, wor pitted agin me,"—he added, setting his arms a-kimbo, and looking a complete personification of the daring bravo. "But now," continued Tim, changing his manner to one more deliberate and humble, "may I make so bowld as to ax how it comed to pass that you tuck Miss O'Moore for that chap iv an Ogilvie's sweetheart? Show me the naked truth, Capt'n, afore we part; for, widout knowin' it, the likes o' myse'f could niver desaave the Counshillers, if once by bad luck they laid houl't o' my own four bones, an' wid their'cute way o' talkin', thried to bother me out-an-out."

Sullivan pondered a moment; then seeming to think it prudent to act on the hint of Tim, whose fidelity of Clanship repeated and most dangerous services had placed beyond

* A branch of the O'Sullivans.

a doubt, he said, resolving however to suppress as much as possible the details of his communication,

“ You’re right, my boy !—I’ll tell you all.”

He of “ The Red Hand ” nodded approbation.

“ I need not acquaint you,” returned Sullivan, “ with the main cause of the hatred I feel for that French-bred gallant, my Lord Ogilvie, as you know it was he who advised the Stuarts to leave my uncle and self out of that great political secret where confidence might have thrown thousands into our pockets, and restored our whole Clan to its ancient glory ;—but did you also hear that the same cursed meddler warned Prince Charles to distrust my professions, and had me dismissed from the high situation I once held about His Royal Highness’s person ? ”

“ The black dioul choke the foul schamin’ rogue !—I niver hard tell o’ *that* afore ! ”—exclaimed Tim, indignantly spurning the earth with the nailed heel of his ponderous brogue.*

“ That’s the truth then,” Sullivan resumed,

* A shoe.

"and from the instant I found it out, I swore I would have revenge."

"Why didn't you take his life—the best an' the surest?" asked Tim through his closed teeth, and with an involuntary clenching of his hands.

"Because," replied Sullivan, who, either from the better tone of his feelings, or from some prudential motive, did not seem to participate in his companion's views;—"I determined to have a revenge more severe than that of murder."

"An' what was your pick-an'-choose flag o' war? an' how did it show a bit betther *nor* * our own brave ensign out there on the top-mast head o' 'The Death-Flag'?" demanded Tim *Lauve Darrig*, with a jeering grin like that of a fiend.

"The game is not yet up!" answered Sullivan, with startling sternness; "Death is but a moment's pang. I intended lasting vengeance on my victim through life; I'll have it yet."

"Hah!—by the bones of my dad! that's the most sinsible word I've hard you spake yit, Capt'n dear! But how did your Honour fail

* Than.

to make headway on the inimy? an' made yees miss stays an' dhrop astern an' did, Capt'n Sullivan?"

"You mean to ask me *how* I was decider—Time is right precious just now, Tim. I can't waste it in telling all the ins and of your question; besides, when *Fort* makes *misfortune*, what's the use of dwell on the freaks of the plaguy jade?"

"Thru for you, Capt'n!"

"Well then be content when I talk that my own eyes and ears, acute as they conspired to cheat me—confound them both—for, Tim, when I was last in France, sure as that you are a branch of the g M'Kineen Duff, I saw the hateful Ogi and your fine lady-prisoner linked arm arm under the greenwood trees, talking whispers like two turtle-doves, and so that only here and there could I catch a word. But I heard them speak of *love*, Tim in deep and earnest voices; that I ex swear to: all which confirmed the report I heard, that they were engaged to be married. She looked so beautiful, and he—I would have killed him on the spot, only I waited a bitterer revenge," cried Sullivan, liter

gnashing his teeth, while his features swelled with the passion which obliged him to pause.

"Tundher-an'-ouns, I have it all now, Capt'n !" laughed Tim *Lauve Darrig*, jumping up with a jocularly which contrasted strangely with his companion's emotion ; "as sure as a gun you fell more than half saas over in love wid Miss Edith, an' determined to saze her unknownst to her sweetheart, an' to carry her off, an' to give him the heart-break, an' to folly your own taste, as the man said whin he kissed his cow !"

"You're right, Tim, and the plan was not a bad one ; but," cried Sullivan, with tremulous energy, uttering a dreadful imprecation, "I was deceived ! the accursed Ogilvie adored another, and *not* Miss O'Moore ! It was of his love for *her* he spoke in the conversation that he held with Edith, and which I overheard !"

Tim started.

"At least, so *says* Miss O'Moore," added Sullivan, incredulously. "To find out the truth, and to lay my plans upon it, are the chief objects of my trip to France : besides, I must in person account to the Jacobites in Paris for not having gone to the Highlands to execute the plot I undertook to accomplish.

advanced it.

"Well, anyhow, Capt' rason to go, for the scri Garman Electhor are s thither all over the countl se'f an' the girl; in the d the dark o' the night the cess to 'em! an' though as their divilish thricks, I t all but the hoight o' misfo your stayin' here longer."

"Too true, Tim," replied quickly round, while his fear expression, as he burst int "And yet, only I hope, eve vengeance from my visit to not go there, but would fe blood-hounds at home, wh death, like a hunted beast."

"D . . .

skin to France, an' make your excuse, Sir, to the Prince an' his frinds for not havin' gone to the Highlands, an' thin 'tis soon you'll hear from the thrue boys you've left behind, who're gone to ax help from your own kith an' kin, the great Earl o' Bearhaven; an' as to myse'f, though my blood boils like mad to be out in the middle o' the fun, I won't budge a peg from this lonesome place, but will skulk like a cock-watch to guard Miss O'Moore till your Honour gets into smooth wather, and bids me stand out on another coorse; an' thi—Why, deuce take the hindmost!"

"Tim, I believe you," cried Sullivan, starting on his legs, and shaking the rough large hand of his companion. "Guard your charge like the apple of your eye; leave her plenty to eat (she's already provided with clothes), and never exchange a word with her which you can possibly avoid. Leave her in undisturbed solitude—mind *that*—and as to the rest, you know how to secure Miss O'Moore from discovery, if all the troops in the country come to search for her through this wild place!"

"I'll engage I do; for I'll have her just

where she is at this moment o' time, as safe as a pearl in an oyster ! an' will attend to all your Honour's ordhers as shure as a gun!" returned Tim, while a mixed expression of severity and humour ran through his prominent features. "But, Capt'n, you hav'n't towld me one bit why you didn't do the liftin'* in France, instead of in ould Ireland?"

"Zounds, man! do you think I have nothing to do but to spin out long yarns with you? I can't waste more time, but just ask all you want to know on that point from Jack Jeffries, he who was the famous American pirate, but who is now heart and soul joined with us; he'll be here next week to fit out the cargo for Spain, and can tell you all that happened from the hour I sailed for the Bay of Biscay, leaving him as my spy to watch the proceedings at Tullibardine Castle during my absence. Confound him! 'twas badly he played the part, for he let Miss O'Moore dart off like a rocket from France, and neither he nor I could make out on earth where to find her till chance gave her into my hands."

"Och! that gomal iv a Yankee, 'tis myse'f will be down on him slap-dash for that! but,

* i. e. the abduction.

Capt'n, maybe he won't pache to tell me the rigmorole I'm dying to know, for fear that your Honour wouldn't give lave for that same ?'

"I'll direct him to do so right soon. He's a brave son of ocean, and worthy of his descent from the great American pirates ; and now, as to the rest of the story, Tim, it is briefly comprised in this : finding all efforts in vain to discover the place to which Miss O'Moore was gone at a tangent, I gave up all hope of success, when, where should I find her, but dancing away at a Drum in Cork's own dear self !'

"Murdher-an'-oons !"

"Ay, faith ; never was the Heir of Ross Mac Owen so taken aback by surprise !"

"An' what did you, dear ? Och, if that didn't bate ould Nick !"

"What did I do ?" laughed Sullivan ; "I concealed my amaze and my joy, and invented, on the spur of the moment, such a plausible bit of a fib and told it so well, that like a credulous fool, as a woman always is when her vanity's touched, the beautiful Edith believed it. Her abduction was the plan and the work of a moment : you know the result."

"Och, thin, to be sure I do; an' 'tis w
if your honour's *raumanshing** don't bri
down the curse o' the Crows on us a
But now, Capt'n dear, we must lave
scullogin'† and lose not another minu
come, your Honour step into the li
Nivogue,‡ and my blessin' be wid you!"

Sullivan, with his companion, walked
stantly to a point of land near which
Nivogue was moored in a kind of creek.
sprang into and launched the boat, follow
by Tim *Lauve Darrig*, who seized an
which he vigorously plied, while unconce
edly he fixed his practised eye on the s
and sunken rocks that were visible throu
the transparent leather of which the li
boat was formed. She commenced her cou
and swept with wonderful velocity throu
the water directly towards "The Dea
Flag," which the *Nivogue*, as she rose a
fell with the swells of the sea, seemed co
teously to salute. An abstracted air usurp
the place of the animation which had lat

* Romancing.

† i. e. Talking confidentially.

‡ A boat then used in Ireland, shaped like a canoe,
made of the dried skin of the horse.

sat on the countenance of Sullivan, and apparently he became lost in a maze of thought, while in profound silence he mechanically performed his duty as a rower. Perceiving this, Tim *Lauve Darrig* plied his oar as if unconscious of his Captain's presence, and while drawing up alongside of "The Death-Flag" he merrily trolled out—

"Long life to the moon for a sweet noble creature,
She helps us with lamp-lighting all the year round!"

and with manifest satisfaction raised his eye to the rigging and decks of the well-ordered Brigantine he proudly surveyed.

The moment Sullivan leaped on board "The Death-Flag," Tim of "The Red-hand" shifted his tack, and having simply said 'God speed her!' he waved his *Caubeen* with a cheer to the crew (which we need scarcely say was returned) and shot his *Nivogue* back to shore with the fearlessness of a bold and experienced mariner.

CHAPT

"Flew the ves
And fleeting shores receded

"They shall be married to-m

"Prompting th' ungenerous w

THE sea had been cal
lake, when, after the capt
Murty the Rover, alias the
sailed with his companions
and for some hours suc
barcation the vessel rode
placid waters.

The moment it reached
was low

The O'Sullivan) enjoined the strictest silence, and, before many minutes elapsed, Father Syl found himself seated in the cutter, performing his poetical pledge by gulping down the contents of a huge black bottle, which, when once his Reverence was safely stowed in a snug corner of the ship, had been granted to his supplications. The beverage seemed potent enough, for (to use Dan Connell's illustration) "it was so wicked sthrong, that the thimble-full Father Syl tuck, bein' dhry,* laid him as flat as a pancake, snorin' like a pig, on the deck, in the jump of a second."

This, however, was a matter of small consequence, as the services of the prostrate Priest would not be required for several hours.

The moment Dan Connell had thus disposed of his clerical companion, he advanced to his Master, who stood at the other end of the vessel, scowling a look of contempt at his inebriated Confessor, and, in a low whisper, earnestly ejaculated :—

"Long life to my Lord of Bearhaven ! an' 'tis long the time has seemed to your own born fosther brother since his two eyes wor

* Thirsty.

blest wid a sight o' you. Is all safe, Masther agrah?—An' where are the women?"

"In the small cabin below, confound them! 'tis trouble enough they've given me," Dan answered The O'Sullivan, in a moody tone of sullen discontent.

"Och! sure an' deed the *fair* sex ought to be called the *foul*, Sir; for dickins a one o' them ever brathed since Mother Eve was made out iv a rib, that didn't bother an' clane an' clane conglomerate the hearts an' the heads iv us—the thrue Lords o' the 'varial world! till they lave us no more sinse they ould Adam showed whin he ate that confounded crab apple, blarneyed by one o' them crathers, that, for all the world lookin' like Angels, are jist born Divils let loose from a certain hot place to taze an' tormint us!"

The O'Sullivan vouchsafed no reply to this philippic against the fairest half of the Creation; but, as his thoughts wandered into another channel, he said with a low satisfactory chuckle, and continuing the very subdued tones hitherto observed,—“At all events, I've got the *rhino*,* Dan! That fresh-water sailor, De Maurepas, cashed his uncle's

* Money.

order for the thousand livres without demur, and here it is!" he exclaimed, triumphantly patting the pocket of his sea-jacket.

"Ah! thin, St. Pathrick be praised!—Isn't it betther have *that* than all the she-cattle upon airth? An' tis illigant how 't will help us to do somethin' dashin' for poor Masther Will, if he doesn't succeed in the Highlands, for, with all his faults"—

"Confound the fellow!" interrupted Murty Oge, waxing wroth at the very mention of his nephew's name—"how can I help him, even if I wished, when I know nothing on earth of him and his movements—except that, in direct opposition to my strict commands, he is gone to those beggarly Highlands, on a wild-goose chase, that will leave him in the lurch, and end in his ruin?"

"By the blood of O'Sullivan-Beare!" rejoined Dan, in a tone of rude sympathy, "he deserves to be dished for havin' gone off agin your Honour's ordhers to thim most undacent blackguards, that can't buy as much as a breeches to cover their knees! Och! niver mind, Sir! an' 'tis soon we'll see what a mortal pucker Masther Will must find himself in, whin your Honour sets up in

valley de cham, in his t
a tasting o' Frinch), ma
to ax your Honour's F
Shisther know, Sir, tha
up mysef an' Father Syl

"Yes, I told them so;
balderdash talk, Dan, for
the last French headlan
deucedly out in my reck
a pretty stiff gale! Hol
he ejaculated in a loud vo
thundered forth divers c
necessary orders that were

All was now activity on
but though everything w
best seamanship could
became so foul and boi
O'Sullivan, much against
was obliged to

preparations were again made to put the ship in motion ; and springing lightly over the billows, she re-commenced her course under a fresh and auspicious breeze.

Excepting a deliverance from the danger of an impending storm, no circumstance calculated to improve the situation of our heroine had occurred since we considered it. During the night of her capture she had been confined with Norah to the little cabin of The O'Sullivan's ship, and within its narrow limits she had ample opportunity to indulge those reflections on the past which crowded to her mind, in addition to the consternation and alarm created by her present prospects.

It may be readily supposed that Norah Connell resisted to the utmost of her power that wild aggression to which she and her young mistress found themselves subjected ; and if we do not record all the ebullitions of passion and bursts of sorrow which escaped her, it is because more important matters demand our consideration.

Dan Connell, almost in the moment of encountering Norah—a meeting marked by indignation on her part—had abruptly told

his choleric sister that The O'Sullivan *not* the father of our heroine. This communication, unaccompanied by any intelligence relative to her real parentage, and associated with a hint of the unsuitable marriage meditated by Murty Oge and his co-conspirators, struck poor Norah with such horror and amaze, that under the pressure of these combined feelings her angry volubility altogether sank, and was succeeded by an agony of dread, which alike precluded remonstrance or inquiries, which she well knew would not be answered.

In this state she had been removed, by the equally agitated Eva, to the small room allotted to their use. There Norah communicated the astounding intelligence she had just received. The reader can easily conjecture the dreadful nature of the feelings which such information awoke in the bosom of the unfortunate Eva Dillon; even under the pressure of apprehensions bowed her spirit to the dust, her first emotion was that of thankfulness to God, finding The O'Sullivan was *not* her father. The next movement of her mind led her to endeavour to assuage the fears of

faithful and afflicted nurse, who sat beside her Mistress—her face covered with her hands, and her body rocking to and fro, while deep, long moans escaped from her devoted heart. With an angelic kindness, which could scarcely have been expected at such a time, Eva, through burning tears of agitation and anxiety, endeavoured to calm her miserable servant; but finding that those efforts only seemed to aggravate the distress they were meant to soothe, she desisted from her fruitless attempt, and in silence tried to struggle with her own intense and harrowing fears.

Hitherto, Eva Dillon had never been acquainted with the extremity of actual misery. From the dawn of recollection, she had been the idol of her nurse and of Edith O'Moore. The Lady Tullibardine, from the moment she became captivated by the lovely child whom Providence threw in her way, had shown the tenderest affection towards it; and her noble husband, as long as life was spared, had participated in that attachment. Possessed of every endearing quality, Eva soon became so inexpressibly precious to her benefactress, that

the latter could not bear her absence for any length of time; and, cherished as though she had been the Marchioness's daughter, the same cares were lavished on her education and comfort as those bestowed on Edith O'Moore.

The latter, since the death of her guardian, had remained exclusively under the protection of his noble widow, and thus the two sweet children, nearly of an age, grew up together like twin-sisters; and the artless fondness of the happy age of infancy subsequently ripened, with maturer years, into the fervency of real friendship. Thus, from her earliest days, Eva had loved and been beloved by all around her;—those delicious days of youth, when the fancy revels, but the heart lies comparatively still.

Scarcely, however, had she reached that epoch of existence when the affections just begin to burst forth into life and happiness, than hers were gained, in all their vernal freshness, by Lord Ogilvie, who, a few years her senior, was frequently domesticated for months at the *Château de Tullibardine*, where Eva Dillon was a daily guest. We need not say how fervently this attachment was reci-

procal. Thus, except the natural sorrow occasioned by the intelligence of the death of Lord Tullibardine in the Tower of London, the grief experienced when parting with Edith O'Moore, and the anxiety she ever felt to discover her parents, life had been one long holiday of joy—one season of continued happiness to our youthful heroine. Her present prospects were in bitter contrast to those by-gone days—the future was shrouded in fears, and Eva felt, in all the keenness of the conviction, that for the first time she knew the utmost weight of crushing sorrow ; for now she had been torn from all those she cherished most on earth, without even the melancholy consolation of a fond adieu, and she might never see them more !

The cottage—so exquisitely embellished by the kindness of Lady Tullibardine, and where she had spent *such* happy days—the scenes among which every happy hour of early youth had passed, and the spot where her virgin heart's first love was formed and had met return,—were quitted, perhaps for ever. She was going she knew not whither, and was in the power of a dreaded being, who had feigned to be her father, until a wild

whim, or impulse, led him to acknowledge this deception and to profane her ear by the avowal of a passion, the absurdity of which she might have laughed at, had not circumstances rendered it a subject of terror rather than of ridicule.

As the weight of those reflections pressed upon her heart, Eva wept more bitterly than she had ever wept before; but tears she knew were vain, and, with a courage which surprised herself, she dried them, resolved to review her situation, and to form a line of conduct fitted for the future.

With all the gentle sweetness of her heroine's character a fund of dauntless resolution mingled. Until a moment of extremity and danger came, this principle had so slumbered in her breast that its existence was unknown; but at the call of her vicissitudes suddenly rose to her aid, and by its strength the inexperienced Eva seemed to fling aside the heedlessness almost of a child, and in a few short hours appeared to have received the impress of mature womanhood upon her thoughts and actions.

As she sat considering the vast efforts which might be called upon to make, her dark, h

eyes gave forth the glow of energy, and spoke the courage of a mind prepared to combat difficulties with the heroism of endurance. It was at this critical moment that The O'Sullivan entered the cabin, accompanied by a seaman bearing refreshments, of which, with an air of authority, he requested Eva to partake. She bowed a cold acknowledgment, and regained the equanimity of her feelings so far as to force herself to swallow nourishment, and to oblige her faithful attendant to follow her example.

A watchful scrutiny, mingled with an expression of severe determination, sat on the grim visage of Murty Oge O'Sullivan, as he stood a silent spectator of these proceedings; and the moment Eva rose from her seat to intimate that she had ended her repast, the Pirate-Chief, with startling suddenness, held forth his hand and said, while an expression of surly command lowered on his knitted brow—

“Return to the deck from which a declaration of my love affrighted you! The hour is nigh when we shall part no more.”

Eva Dillon looked up, and, though her face was white as death, she fixed an eye which

sparkled with the spirit of its mistress on The O'Sullivan, and said, in a tone that acted on him like a spell,—

“Lead the way, Sir!—We follow.”—Then casting an expressive glance on Norah which controlled the burst of reproach she was on the point of uttering, our heroine declined the proffered assistance of the Chieftain, and the next instant ascended to the deck, followed by Norah, and preceded by The O'Sullivan.

The scene which met the view of E. Dillon riveted her whole attention.

The green Atlantic was rushing from beneath the stern of the ship, as, leaving a long glistening track behind her, she scudded swiftly towards the Skelig Rocks, which stood right a-head of the vessel.

Day was drawing to a close, but a clear light was still abroad, which distinctly showed the gigantic summits of the Great Skelig, soaring into the heavens, upward of seven hundred feet above the sea.

The two remarkable peaks in which the stupendous cliff terminates cut black against the sky, and its inaccessible precipices, said to consist of marble, hanging

in terrific grandeur over the waters that rushed beneath, were covered with myriads of gulls, puffins, and other kinds of birds,* whose white bodies presented an extraordinary and picturesque effect, opposed to the dark crags on which, in lines of curious regularity, they perched. Along the horizontal line of the mighty ocean the south-west coast of Ireland was visible, and at the distance of a league from the greater Skelig the lesser one raised its perpendicular cliffs of red marble, crested with pinnacles of Nature's architecture. The ledges of those singular rocks are unshadowed by a tree; and as Eva gazed on their appalling heights, and heard the shrieks of the sea-birds mingled with the roar of the ocean, and echoed from its caves, she shuddered at the awfulness of such a scene, and felt as if the sounds that filled the air foreboded to herself a fate as savage and tremendous. While she stood at the stern of the ship, The O'Sullivan intently watched the terror-stricken girl, marking the tears which trickled slowly over her face, as her eyes were

* "The *Gannet*, or Solan goose, breeds on these rocks, and is never seen, if current report is to be believed, on any other part of the coast of Ireland."—*Weld's Killarney*.

raised to the rough crags that frowned above her exquisitely-graceful figure—the white drapery of which fluttered partially upon the breeze. At this moment, as if a new impulse caused the act, she clasped her hands, and lifting them to heaven, an expression of such utter misery came over her young countenance as touched even the rude heart of The O'Sullivan. He advanced to Eva's side and spoke in a softened tone, but his words were lost in the overpowering noise which, as the ship, with lowered sail, passed under the gloomy shadows thrown from the stupendous rocks, increased into a deafening roar. The seamen of the Cutter by strenuous and skilful efforts forced the vessel rapidly through the surf, and in a few minutes she ran close to a flat spot on the south side of the Great Skelig Island, which forms the best and safest landing-place.

Rousing from his trance, The O'Sullivan, in a voice which was heard above the noises that prevailed, thundered the order that called each pirate to his station in the performance of his duty.

At his Master's command, Dan Connell seized a strong rope that lay amid the cordage, and, springing to a projection of the

cliff, fastened it there, and threw the other end of it into the ship, which one of the pirates caught and held. The next instant, the chief of the Irish Buccaneers glanced his quick eye from the vessel to the rock, and by his order a strong plank was placed a little beneath, and parallel to the painter which his foster-brother held.

Passing one arm round Eva's waist, and vigorously grasping the rope with his other hand, The O'Sullivan safely conducted her across this temporary bridge, and placed her in safety on the first of an irregular flight of steps which, cut into the solid rock, ascended its side for upwards of a hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea. The excitement and anxiety of the moment added a look of savage wildness to the iron features of The O'Sullivan, as in a loud shrill voice he issued forth his orders for the management of his ship, after which, addressing our heroine, he said, coolly and sternly :—

“ Here, to preserve your life, you *must* accept my help.”

“ My Nurse !” faintly gasped the affrighted Eva, clenching the rope with one hand, and extending the other towards Norah.

ance, was forced to a
and the peril of doing
attention, checked all
Irish Chieftain and hi
soon far above the b
animated anxiety, we
nautical duties; and, s
silently passed in scalin
O'Sullivan cast his eye do
with his usual keenne
which were being made
had left on board the Cu
perceived that some comm
the deck, the cause of whi
able from the distance whe
hibiting a look of the fi
The O'Sullivan briefly enj
valued life, to remain quit
she was, until he should ret
in 41

Norah, who, panting with anxiety and passion, was uttering a torrent of reproaches, mingled with vehement supplications to be permitted to follow her honoured Mistress.

"Peace, you raving fool!—Peace, Norah!" cried The O'Sullivan, as he actively sprang among his seamen, and seized her arm; "what do you fear, or want?"

"What I fear is no matther.—What I want is to folly the light o' my eyes, an' the joy o' my heart, who you boned* from my side, you ould wicked deludher!"—screamed Norah, trembling with such anxiety and anger as to forget even her habitual awe and ancient feelings for the head of her Clan.

"Guide her up the rock!" said The O'Sullivan, turning to Dan Connell; and, having darted one stern look of displeasure on the agitated Norah, he began to re-ascend it quickly.

In obedience to this peremptory order Dan, with a thousand bitter reprimands to his sister, carried her across the plank, and, with the assistance of the rope, helped her to mount the stony steps, the danger

* Seized.

of which exploit alone kept down her impulse to abuse the whole ship's crew afresh. But this desire was succeeded by a sensation of sickening horror, when, accidentally raising her eyes, they rested on the point where her loved Mistress stood, still as a statue, and in fearful silence grasping the shaft of a stone cross, which, chiselled in the rudest manner, was reared as a station for prayer at the jutting crag on which Eva's form, poised as it were, and unprotected even by a rail, overhung the foaming ocean, shrouded like something apparitional amid the glittering clouds of spray which the waves dashed high into the air.

At this fearful sight, Norah uttered a despairing shriek, and her whole frame worked in such convulsed earnestness that, were it not for the iron grasp with which Dan Connell held her, they would both have been precipitated into the deep sea.

"Whisht, Norah! whisht! Blood an' furies, woman, don't you see she's safe?" cried Dan Connell, directing his sister's distended gaze to Eva Dillon, whose waist at this moment was again seized by The

O'Sullivan, as with steadiness and skill he proceeded to direct her steps up the remainder of the irregular stair, which led to a flat plain, consisting of about three acres of ground, in the middle of the rocky island.

"Take me to her!—take me to her, Dan, if you wouldn't have my dying curse!" shrieked Norah, clutching her brother's arm, and giving vent to her affection and excited feelings at the same moment.

"Yarrah, be asy, an' I will.—But listen to me, Norah: if you an't as quiet as a lamb this minute, I'll tear you limb from limb, an' knock you down into the saa, as food for fishes—so I will, you botheration!"

In obedience to this fraternal and pacific avowal, poor Norah, whose senses had recovered with a certainty of Eva's safety, passively surrendered herself to Dan's guidance, and, in a short time, weak, trembling, and exhausted, she set her feet on firm ground, and faintly sobbing forth—"The blessed God be praised!" sank into the embrace of Eva, who, breaking from her detainer, rushed to her devoted nurse, and strained the faithful creature to her heart.

...and a short
ence. The events w
sufficiently important
ther chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

“ By force she shall be mine ;
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design—
Resolved, he said.”

DEYDEN.

“ Her chill was at her heart ;—
Till grew such certainty from that suspense,
His very sight had shock'd from life or sense.”

BYRON.

“ But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears
Could penetrate.”

SHAKESPEARE.

ON taking an eager and hasty survey of the sterile space which she had reached, Eva Dillon perceived that she was surrounded by several cells or small chapels dedicated to different Saints, and curiously built in the ancient Roman manner, being constructed of stone, jointed and closed without either mortar or cement.

The heart of the maiden beat with a pulsation almost audible, as, seated on a fragment

of rock near the arched entrance of one of those chapels, with her hand locked in Norah's and her form bent forward in an attitude of expectation, she silently watched with breathless fear the movements of The O'Sullivan, who, having despatched Connell to the Cutter, now, with a disordered step, paced the ground alone at a short distance, apparently awaiting the return of his confidant.

Our heroine, in an impressive whisper, had conjured her nurse to forbear from irritating Murty Oge by useless words or wailings ; and poor Norah, ever obedient to her Mistress, and repenting her recent violence, sat in the stillness of suspense perfectly silent, though labouring under the strongest emotions which can agitate the human breast.

The blood curdled in Eva's veins when suddenly she saw The O'Sullivan, with a look that bespoke a mind worked by evil passions, walk towards her. The roll of his leering eye was far more alarming and offensive to her feelings than the malignant scowl which lately glared from it ; and, as Eva lifted her pious spirit in prayer for the support of Heaven, she knew how deeply she required

such aid. Her limbs shivered with an agitation that compelled her to lean on Norah's shoulder, and she recoiled involuntarily from the expression of The O'Sullivan's features, when, having reached the rock where she was seated, he seized her struggling hand, and with a sudden boldness and audacious admiration said,—

“Beautiful girl! you must forgive me if ungovernable love has led me into measures which seem harsh. The powerful attraction—the cruel necessity”—

“*Stop!*” cried Eva, raising her face, which, until she had succeeded in conquering the violence of her feelings, had been veiled with her hand—“*Stop! I desire—I command you!*”

The haughty curl of the lip with which she pronounced those words quivered the next instant into an expression of utter misery, and, amidst the cruel strife of feelings which the moment brought, the full quick accents of her voice merged into low and broken tones, as throwing herself breathlessly before The O'Sullivan she said with clasped hands and lifted eyes that pleaded through their tears,—

The Chief was no
guish ; but mortified
his lovely suppliant h
dark brow, and with
from his previous one,
which were upraised
said,—

“Time is too precic
words. Within that
rites shall make you
Think yourself well off,
your dishonour ;—whom
then ?”

“To *Him* who is the
late !—My soul is stron
this mountain desert, f
than yours is over me.”

As those words pas
whole appearance cha-

The O'Sullivan could not help being struck by a resolution to which in woman he was wholly unaccustomed, but, scorning to shrink before the majesty of virtue, he almost instantly exclaimed, while conflicting feelings shot from his gleaming eye,—

“Your better course would be to bend at once to what you can't prevent, for now”—

At this instant Norah at once recovering from the paralyzing influence of terror only to exchange it for a sharper feeling, raised her face and showed by the change in her countenance what fearful struggles had been passing through her mind. The play of the started blood-vessels might be seen on her brow; a crimson spot had settled on her cheek; her dark eyes shone with lustrous excitement, and one thick lock of hair which was swept across her temples by the blast completed the witch-like air of her appearance, when, throwing back her head and lifting upwards her expanded eyes, she suddenly rushed towards the Pirate-Chief and shrieked out, as she grasped his arm,—

“Murty Oge O'Sullivan, listen to my words an' thremble!—If you do hurt or harum to that angel girl, may a canker ate

The O'Sullivan's
and his powerful hand
aside the gripe of Nor
up and down, as, after
she staggered back at
the arms of the affright

No one who has not
can well conceive its b
O'Sullivan seemed smi
Norah had vented with
that gave an awful dept
A superstitious feeling s
moment he stood appa
glaring upon Eva and h
trembling on their forme
as the stunning effect
imprecation passed awa
with a step of suppresse
and bursting into a de

of stupefaction, now suffered himself to be hauled up the rock by a thick rope which, partly coiled about his ample waist, was vigorously pulled by the pirates who stood on the verge of the plain above. The nether limbs of the unhappy priest were held by two men who underneath him ascended the stony stairs, and as his outspread arms jerked with every twitch of the rope, his Reverence's capacious body sprawled about in a most unseemly manner, much after the fashion of a floundering porpoise.

Sundry loud ejaculations of dismay, and injunctions for caution no less grotesque, broke from Father Syl during his perilous transmigration; and when, at length, amid the shouts of "Heave away! Ahoi! ahoi!" which burst in uproarious merriment from his assistants, he was landed safe on *terra firma*, his rueful visage presented an image of most ludicrous distress. Rubbing his eyes with one hand, flourishing the other in an oratorical attitude, and uttering a whoop of joy for deliverance from "the danger he had passed," his Reverence staggered towards his chief, the rope which trailed after him by no means assisting the steadiness of his gait.

At any other time, Murty Oge could have viewed this exhibition without p
laughter. Now, far different feelings s
him, and, muttering a sharp rebuke
silenced the mirth of the Buccaneer
even a little sobered Father Syl, The
livan assisted him to navigate his wa
the interior of the largest of the C
which, with two holy wells of fresh
that spring in its vicinity, is dedica
St. Michael the Archangel.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A husband!—a devil!"

SHAKESPEARE.

"So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt."

MILTON.

"Who's there? What—ho!"

MACBETH.

THE gloom of evening was now gathering round the lonely Chapel. In an agony of thought which neither could hide from the other, and with hearts too full for speech, Eva and her humble friend had sat a long time unmolested by the Buccaneers, who one after another had returned to the Cutter. Dan Connell and an Irish mountaineer belonging to that tribe of daring adventurers

the expression of his
and bold black eye
roving band among
rapine, in conjunction
bodies of banditti, whom
we treat, were general
enterprising chief. The
and extraordinary ph
person we describe
favour with The O
lord. Hence he was
the particulars of which
wished to conceal as near
the main body of his
time, Connell and his
hurried to and fro in
orders given by The O

* "*Rapparees*."—These

Father Syl, remained inside the building. Latterly, however, all bustle had subsided, and Connell and the Rapparee, stretched on the ground at a little distance from our heroine, rested from their toil, apparently in sleep. As the shades of night approached, Eva, who had watched each step and gesture of those men, saw them start from their repose and walk to the edge of the cliff. There, striking fire from a flint, they lit a large branch of a fir-tree, which, prepared for a torch, had been brought with other matters from the ship.

"She's off with her head to the saa! Why, thin, Dan, what the mischief made the Masther send the 'Rose' out on a cruise to-night?" half-whispered the Rapparee, as he upraised the blazing torch, and fixed his eye upon the Cutter of the Buccaneers, which, after making a few heavy pitches through the surf, was seen steering off into the ocean towards Dursey Island.

"For raisons past your reck'nin', man; so hould your jaw, you limb o' the divil, an' hoise the light into the Chapel; for I'll go bail, Fader Syl is as sober as a judge by this time, an' 'ill be able to stand as firm as

the rock o' Cashel while he does the hand' turn we want, like an illigant jewel iv priest as he is !"

Eva had listened breathlessly ; and, as those words were caught by her and Norah, they looked upon each other in silent dread, and their joined hands became more firmly clasped as if that act could turn aside the stroke of fate.

Connell and the Rapparee, bearing his lighted torch, had entered the Chapel ; and, as they closed its low-arched door, Eva Dillo laid her head upon her nurse's breast in strong and helpless emotion. Large tears fell fast from Norah's eyes while, like a mother watching over all she loves, she bent her miserable gaze on Eva. Involuntarily she strained her closer to her heart ; and as she looked upon the lovely girl, and, then upon the scene around, a desolation of feeling seized her mind too great for utterance. While each appeared to be thus occupied with a foreboding of something near and dreadful which *must* come to pass, their agitated faces showed that every nerve was strained to catch the slightest murmur, as if their doom hung on it. There were no sounds except the ceaseless dash of the ocean

the moanings of the night-breeze through the caves, and the echoes of hurried footfalls and muttered words within the Chapel. The steps—the whispers suddenly ceased : all save the winds and waves were silent, and, to the excited fancies of the listeners, the stillness seemed mysteriously to tell of coming danger. Suddenly that boding was fulfilled ; for, on the instant, the chapel-door flew open, and The O'Sullivan daringly advanced to Eva, and, uttering a few broken and most authoritative words, bore her from the outstretched arms of her nurse into the interior of St. Michael's Chapel.

Norah tried to speak, but the accents died inarticulately on her lips ; and giving a lengthened moan, that seemed to issue from her inmost soul, she made a sudden effort and rushed into the Chapel. The door was instantly shut by Connell, who placed himself as Sentinel outside it ; and never did a more impressive picture meet the view than that which the next moment revealed.

On a coarse stone altar lay a human skull white with age, and above it hung a large rude symbol of the Crucifixion, carved in wood. The gigantic Rapparee stood within a

walled recess behind those objects, holding his burning brand aloft in one of those wild attitudes which seem natural to a mountaineer.

The torchlight fell like a glory over the Crucifix and skull, and shooting far beyond them, threw a stream of radiance upon Eva, who, in breathless desperation, had fallen on her knees before the altar. Her face was pale as monumental marble, while she signed the Cross devoutly on her breast; her eyes were raised in speechless agony to heaven, and her full lips compressed, as if to master her sensations. The fierce blaze of the torch glittered over her white drapery, and on the rich tresses of dishevelled hair which fell around her shoulders like a golden veil. Fronting her, Father Syl stood at the altar, with an open missal in his hands, and, being opposed to the light behind him, the outline of his figure cut blackly against it, while his features were left in indistinctness. Those of The O'Sullivan, from his position, were given fully to the view, and they expressed an almost demoniacal resolution, when, throwing one arm round Eva, he held forth the other as a silent signal to begin the rites which were to make her his for ever!

Norah's feelings were wound up to a pitch that numbed the power of utterance, and, as if stricken by the dread importance of the moment, she sank upon the ground behind her mistress.—Her hands, spread forth in all the silent vehemence of passion, trembled like an infant's, and the whole of her countenance wore such a hue as in anything living it was frightful to behold.

The rude appearance of the interior of the Chapel made the group still more impressive, and when the priest began the rite of marriage, the hollow echoes which gave back the words increased their deep solemnity. They seemed to break the spell of terror which had rendered Eva apparently almost unconscious of the passing scene, for, starting to her feet, and raising her figure to its full height, she looked firmly on the priest, and unclosed her lips; but scarcely had a word escaped them, ere a wild shriek passed through the air, which was instantly succeeded by a rushing sound and total darkness! The torch had been extinguished, and the mass-book struck to the earth, by the rapid sweep of a large bird that suddenly flew from its covert in the walled recess, and with a savage cry rose on its

broad flapping wings, and sailed away above the middle of the chapel. Almost at the same instant, Connell rushed in confused from his watch. The opening of the door admitted a faint light, guided by which, Dan bounded to his master, and gave a hasty whisper in his ear, which seemed to act on The O'Sullivan with the power of electricity.

"The cave! the cave!" were the words he spoke, but their purport was fully comprehended; for, without a question, Connell eagerly stooped down, while The O'Sullivan drew Eva to one side, and the Rapparee pulled Norah to the other, where Father S. stood crossing himself in a state of terror and perplexity.

The ground seemed to burst open to the touch of Connell, for in a moment an aperture was visible beside him. Instantly Dan was upright on his feet, and, catching Eva in his powerful arms, he approached the edge of the trap-door he had raised, and cautiously lowered her to a broad slab of stone some yards below it, which formed the first of a flight of steps descending to the chasm that yawned beneath.

With less care, the Rapparee sprang to the

verge of the abyss with Norah.—An instant was sufficient to swing her to the spot where Eva stood; in the next, the trap-door fell above their heads, and left them in utter darkness.

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misgivings, they whispered their fears, as if dreading that the echoes would repeat them. A thrilling pause succeeded the last words which Norah had softly uttered; and Eva was incoherently considering them, when she thought she saw a feeble ray of light pierce through a chink of the rocks below. She passed her hand across her eyes as if to gain assurance that they did not cheat her with a waking dream; but belief was immediately confirmed by Norah's perception of the same object. In a few minutes, the distant light increased to a faint glow, and it was now evident that it had been waved behind a rude partition of stones and wood, which ran along the further end of a spacious cave. When the light had reached the entrance to this inner portion of the cavern, it became quite stationary, and shooting its rays obliquely round a projection of rock, made "darkness visible."

As scarcely any change could render her situation worse, Eva, as she glanced timorously about, determined to go down into the cave, and silently signifying her intention to Norah, they commenced their descent in breathless observation. The uncertain gleam,

which, like a moonlight haze, pervaded the cavern, clothed every object with a sort of fearful mystery. Still Eva Dillon walked on through the mist with noiseless steps, and in profound silence, until she reached the centre of the cave, where stopping, with finger on lip, she gazed around.

The whole place was strewn with various contraband goods, and one glance sufficed to show that it was a secret receptacle for the concealment of prohibited articles imported by the Pirates in their wild and hazardous traffic.

A long convulsive moan, which, like a melancholy wind, swept through the cavern, made Eva start, and, dropping her arm, she exchanged an alarmed glance with Norah, and stood as moveless as a statue in the midst of the wide space through which the echoes rolled.

The next instant, a vision seemed to rise at the extremity of the cave, which seized her heart with such amaze and terror, that it scarcely beat. From behind the projecting rock a female figure suddenly appeared, bearing a lamp, which cast pale gleams where its reflections fell, but left the centre and the

posite extremity of the spacious cavern in
le.

A corpse in its grave-clothes could not
be more white than did this spectral form,
in the light of the lamp it carried, it
moved slowly forward, as noiselessly as
though it were a disembodied spirit. Sud-
denly the figure stopped, and, starting back
a few paces, raised its hand to concentrate the
light that now shone through the transparent
veils of the fragile being, from whose eyes
a deadly brightness glared, which was not
astonishment, as they strove to pierce the shadows
of the cave.

The returning blood which suddenly sprang
back to Eva's heart restored her from the
numbing influence of horror and astonishment
which had enchained her; and, uttering a
suppressed shriek, which was faintly echoed
by the distant figure, she rushed into the
outstretched arms of—Edith O'Moore!

No throb—no pressure, answered Eva's
pulse; the form which lay upon her heaving
bosom gave not the slightest sign of life, and
she would have fallen but for her support.

Jorah, flying to her mistress, lifted up the
lamp, which, though dashed to the ground, was

unextinguished, and holding it in her trembling hands, a few murmured words of terrified amaze escaped her lips. As if the voice aroused her, Eva, with a wild start, upraised her head, and vehemently shook aside the golden tresses which had mingled with the raven ones of Edith.

The agony that grew upon the maiden's features as she bent them on the senseless form, whose luxuriant hair fell over the white arm which pillowed a bloodless cheek, told the wordless workings of her soul. In equal silence, and in nearly equal grief, the nurse upheld the solitary lamp which flickered its rays upon the child-like beauty of Eva, and the almost spiritual loveliness of Edith, at the same time throwing a broad light over the sallow countenance of Norah, whose keen, deep eyes flashed earnestly beneath the white kerchief that covered her forehead ; and, as the little group thus stood, amidst the darkness of the Pirates' Cave, it was in fine contrast to the scene around.

"She isn't dead, dear child ; she isn't dead," murmured Norah, recovering her self-possession as she met the wild inquiring gaze of Eva.

Then, having placed the lamp upon the floor, she gently took the fainting Edith in her arms, and, laying her on the ground, tried to restore suspended life by chafing the temples of the drooping head which rested on her lap.

Eva knelt down beside her friend, and clasping in her own the small thin hand which fell listlessly upon the earth, she applied her finger to its feeble pulse, and, in speechless agony, watched the irregular beatings. Her whole frame shook with the tide of feeling, while her eye passed slowly over the fearful change that misery had wrought upon the form which, so short a time before, was clothed in youth and beauty radiant as her own. How appalling was the contrast now! The eye, once eloquently bright, was closed in marble stillness, and its black lashes rested on a cheek as cold and white as snow. The brow where intellect had sat enthroned was marked with care; the rich colour of the lips had fled, and they were parted, as though some voiceless words had withered in the utterance. The thrilling sweetness of the tongue was mute, and, except the fine

dark hair that fell around the neck of Edith O'Moore, all was changed from expanding loveliness to premature decay. Still, though blighted, she, like the flower that bends beneath the blast, was beautiful—exquisitely beautiful—in her decline.

The first stunning moments of dismay had wholly unstrung the mind and nerves of Eva Dillon; but her look of horror gradually softened as it rested on her friend; and at length, while large bright drops fell from her eyes upon the marble countenance beneath them, she murmured, in a low and shuddering voice, "Who? what has wrought this ruin?—My friend, my sister!"

The long convulsive sigh that gasped those words was echoed; and in another moment Edith unclosed her eyes, and looked up fixedly upon the face that hung in anguish over her.

What a world of feeling there was in that wretched gaze! The heart of each swelled almost to bursting, and neither could express her labouring thoughts. Every object swam before the bewildered senses of Edith, yet she broke the silence first, as, scarcely restored to consciousness, she stared around the cave,

and gasped forth in a deep and hollow voice—

“The trap-door fell; was it my jailer, or—oh, God! it was! it is my Eva,” sobbed the exhausted sufferer in an altered tone, and with a convulsive sigh, which, the next moment, was succeeded by a burst of tears, as she buried her agitated features on the bosom of her friend.

“Yes, yes! my own dear Edith, I am here—even *here*!” Eva’s voice faltered: the chokings of her agony completely overcame her, and, bending down her face, she hung in silence upon Edith’s neck. A touch from Norah recalled her scattered thoughts. Checking her terrible emotion, Eva raised her face, and, as a faint smile flitted over it, she said—

“Spare yourself and me, beloved friend; I am with you—Norah, too, is here. How we came I will explain hereafter; but this is no place to talk or stay in: we will escape. Cheer up—speak up—dear sister of my heart. There, lean upon, and let me comfort you!”

The soft accents of that well-known voice fell sweetly on the ear of Edith; and, rais-

I thought my brother
more ;—it can, it does
seeing you so unexpected
much. Eva!—Nurse
coursed down her cheeks
hands, she spread them
a moment's pause she gasped
breath and sobbed forth
"I will tell you all."

"Not yet—not yet," in
Eva.

"You haven't heart,"
murmured Norah, in a
nest sympathy.

"Heaven has given me
what few could bear ; and
when you are near me shall
ask Edith, with a mis-
have a written record her

kept concealed ; and then in a low, trembling accent Edith said, "I must, therefore, speak."

"If it will relieve your mind, and that you insist upon it, do so, dearest ; but be brief—very brief, and, I beseech you, let your voice not rise beyond a whisper," was Eva's tremulous rejoinder.

We need not detail the memorable conversation that ensued between the agitated parties, for, were we to record their mutual disclosures, we should only recapitulate the sad events which are already chronicled in the preceding pages.

CHAPTER

"But when they met they made a
And glar'd like angry lions as th
And wish'd that ev'ry look migh

"It of
To have what we would have, w
mean."

WHILE the preceding sce
in the Cave, a very different
another part of the Great Sl
Dan Connell stood as Sen
Michael's Chapel, the glarin
first revealed the near app
armed men, who, having di

which there was but one chance of escaping, Connell, as we have mentioned, rushed into the Chapel, and by timely warning enabled the Chieftain to conceal his victims in the Cave and to recover his coolness, before the persons who had caused so much alarm came sufficiently close to allow him to scan their faces. The O'Sullivan, having given a brief order to Father Syl and his companions, placed himself alone upon the threshold of the Chapel-door, and fixed his eye intensely on the foremost of the advancing group. As he did so, the flash of the torch that leader held revealed the features of —— Lord Ogilvie!

The man The O'Sullivan hated stood before him, yet though, at the unexpected sight, his breath came short and thick, he still retained his self-command, which—as he looked upon his Lordship's men, and remembered the provoking absence of his brave Buccaneers who had sailed in the Cutter—he felt was indispensable. Forcing his countenance to assume a grim smile, he therefore said—affecting to consider the hold which our hero had taken of his arm as a friendly grasp—

88-888 WITH HIS U
with bitter emphasis, repl
sharply round, with ill-sup

"I am here, Sir, on no o
those of strong suspicion
to suppose you accessory to
pearance of Miss Dillon f
Bretagne, and am come to
fathom your intentions, an
them."

"There is one great obsta
Murty Oge, after a pause
plain sailing, shore-work is
can give you no intelligence
you have named. I am her
fessor and some favourite C
form a pilgrimage to the
This chapel is our first stati
added The O'Sullivan, throwi

dely open, "you may see my only companions preparing their souls as busily as if they were about to steer into the other world."

The quick eyes of Lord Ogilvie glanced over the figures of Father Syl, the Rapparee, and Dan Connell, as, by the light of his torch, he beheld them kneeling at the altar striking their breasts and volubly repeating their *Pater Nosters*.

The struggle with himself was strong in the bosom of our hero; and, having paused a moment, as if to repress the anxiety depicted in every feature of his countenance, he said, with cool asperity—

"I wish not to intrude upon devotions which, I doubt not, previous sins have rendered requisite; I only want one question answered—Where is Eva Dillon?"

"What! is not *my* word sufficient? and have I not told your Lordship that I cannot answer that inquiry?" returned the Pirate-bhieftain, proudly, while anger struggled with dissimulation in his eye; "but perhaps the cargo you seek, my Lord, is stowed among these rocks, and a keen look-out may find it. Connell!" suddenly cried The 'Sullivan, with emphasis and sarcasm,

"leave Father Syl to tell your Padreen* to the Virgin, and come and play jackal to my Lord Ogilvie in dodging along shore, with his men, in search of a prize."

"No sooner said than done!" cried the jocund Dan, tossing away his beads and springing to his feet with a grin of intelligence. "I 'll go bail I 'm the boy that 'll turn the world topsy turvy, inside out, to do what you bid, Sir; an' if I don't, may I——"

"Cease, buffoon!" cried Ogilvie, who, acting merely on suspicion, and without any data beyond a vague rumour to guide his actions, felt how difficult a part he had undertaken to perform. Then turning to Murty Oge, he said, with a fixed determination in his looks—

"Sir, if you deal falsely with me, you will take the consequences. To commence a search through this wild place by night, and under the guidance of *your* minion, suspecting, as I do, that you know more of Miss Dillon's fate than you are willing to allow, would be the height of folly. At daybreak I and my trusty men will search through every cranny of these rocks, and, if Miss

* A rosary.

Dillon be among them, she will surely be discovered. Meanwhile, you can pursue the devotions which you *tell* me I have interrupted; but, as some yearnings of suspicion lurk within my mind, Sir, you will not be surprised to learn my determination to confine you and your followers within this Chapel for the night;—I and my men will be your body-guard outside,” added Lord Ogilvie, with a smile of bitter irony.

“Your lordship’s consideration and forbearance are extraordinary,” returned Murty Oge, in a scoffing tone, and turning ghastly with rage; “but this—”

The O’Sullivan had laid his hand upon his cutlass, and the unblenching courage which formed a contrast to his many vices was on the point of urging him, despite of quadrupled numbers, to attack his foes, when Connell adroitly arrested his master’s arm, and, contriving to glare a furtive glance of deepest meaning on The O’Sullivan, he stepped before him, and, confronting Lord Ogilvie, thrust his hands into his waistcoat pockets, and curled his nose into a ludicrous expression, as, with a profound bow to the group outside the chapel, he jocularly said,—

— aimed ye
o' the cutlass the Mas
now to your duty, boys,
till the shine o' the morn

While Connell spoke,
door, and, as he uttered
contrived to drag his m
slam it on both, before T
aware of his intent. The
door was barricaded on the
of Lord Ogilvie, who, not
to extremities until he had
The O'Sullivan's guilt, wa
temporary imprisonment of
neers. Revolving a thou
thoughts, our hero, with ar
his chest, paced up and do
Michael's chapel, impatientl
morning's light to aid his futu
His Lordship.

N O T E S.

NOTE I. See page 86.

On the 19th of August, 1745, the Marquis of Tullibardine unfurled the standard of Charles Edward Stuart on a small mound in the centre of the secluded valley of Glenfinnan. Supported by a man at each side, he held the staff until the manifesto and commission were read. Both were dated at Rome, December, 1743. The standard was made of blue, white, and red silk, and when displayed was twice the size of an ordinary pair of colours: on a white space in the centre of it was inscribed the famous motto—" *Tandem Triumphans!*"

NOTE II. See page 92.

The most ancient family of *Airlie* traces its descent from *Dubican*, son of *Indechtraich*, Thane of Angus, who flourished in the early part of the 10th century. Gilbert de Ogilvie, second Earl of Angus, assumed his surname from the lands of Ogilvie, of which, together with those of Pourin and Kyneithin, he obtained a charter from King William the Lion, and was the common ancestor of this family, of the Earls of Findlater and Seafeld, of the Barons Banff, and of various other families of Ogilvie, seated in different parts of Scotland.

David Lord Ogilvie, the hero of the preceding pages, joined Prince Charles Edward Stuart in 1745; on which occasion he brought with him a regiment of six hundred men, chiefly

of his own name and family, for which he was attainted by Act of Parliament.

After the battle of Culloden, he effected his escape to France, and there, getting the command of a regiment called "*Ogilvie*," rose to the rank of lieutenant-general.

Attachment to the House of Stuart seems to have been hereditary in the noble race of Airlie, as the eldest son of the third earl (James Lord Ogilvie) engaged in the Rebellion of 1715, and was forfeited by Act of Parliament in his father's lifetime; but afterwards obtained a pardon, and died in 1731.
—*Scots Peerage*.

NOTE III. See page 152.

The following is a translation of the original Protest of Charles Edward Stuart, which was penned in French, and was presented to the members of the Congress held at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748.

" PROTEST.

" Charles P. R.

" Charles Prince of Wales, Regent of Great Britain, &c.—
To all the Kings, Princes, Republics, &c.—Nobody is ignorant of the Hereditary Right of our Royal House to the Throne of Great Britain. It is needless to enter into a detail of it here. All Europe is instructed with the troubles which have so often harassed these kingdoms, and with the wrongs which we have experienced. It knows that no length of time can alter the constitution of that country, nor form one contrary to its fundamental laws. It could not without astonishment see us remain silent, when the powers at war are holding an assembly for peace, which might, without regard to the justice of our cause (in which every sovereign power is interested), statute and stipulate articles prejudicial

to our interests, and to those of the subjects of our most honoured Lord and Father.

“For these causes, and authorized by the examples of our most honoured Grandfather, and of our most honoured Father and Lord, we, both in the name of our most honoured Father and Lord, who has given to us his full powers in confirming to us the Regency of his Kingdoms, and in our own and private name as natural heir of that Crown, protest, in the manner the most solemn, and in the best form that may be said, done, or stipulated in the assembly which is presently held at Aix-la-Chapelle, or in any other assembly which may be held in consequence of it in any place whatsoever, to the prejudice and diminution of the lawful Rights of our most honoured Father and Lord, of our own, of the Princes or Princesses that are or will be born of our Royal House.

“We protest in the like manner against all conventions that may be stipulated in the said assembly, so far as they shall be contrary to engagements already entered into by us. We declare by these presents that we regard, and will always regard, as null and void and of no effect everything that may be statuted or stipulated which may tend to the acknowledgment of any other person whatsoever as Sovereign of the Kingdom of Great Britain besides the person of the Most High and Most Excellent Prince, James the Third, our most honoured Lord and Father, and in default of him the person of the nearest heir, agreeably to the fundamental laws of Great Britain. We declare to all the subjects of our most honoured Lord and Father, and more particularly to those who have given us recently shining proofs of their attachment to the interests of our Royal Family, and to the primitive constitution of their country, that nothing shall ever alter the lively and sincere love which our birth inspires us with for them; and that the just gratitude which we have for their fidelity, zeal, and courage shall never be effaced from our heart. That so far from listening to any proposition that tends to destroy and weaken the indissoluble ties which unite us, we look, and always will look, upon ourselves

as under the most intimate and indispensable obligation to be constantly attentive to all that which may contribute to their happiness, and that we shall be always ready to spill the very last drop of blood to deliver them from a foreign yoke. We protest and declare that no defects which may be in this present Protestation shall hurt or prejudice our Royal House; and we reserve to ourselves all our rights and actions, which shall remain safe and entire.

“ Given at Paris this 16th day of July, 1748.

“ C. P. R.”

NOTE IV. See page 154.

In allusion to these political ensigns, we subjoin the following curious and amusing anecdote from a rare manuscript, written by the celebrated Right Rev. Robert Forbes, Bishop of Orkney, and called ‘The Lyon in Mourning.’—“In the morning of Tuesday, Dec. 20th, 1748, the Lyon, the crest of the Scots Arms, placed above the outer entry of the Parliament House in Edinburgh, was found dressed in a white wig and blue bonnet, with a large white cockade on one of the sides of the bonnet. When this was reported to the magistrates, they ordered a party of the town guard, under the command of one of the captains, to march up to the Parliament close, and to pull down the blue bonnet and the wig. For that purpose a ladder was got, but the person who went up the ladder could not, with all his strength, pull off the wig and bonnet, they having been well cemented to the Lion’s head: upon which he told the captain that it behoved to have a knife to cut them off. It being some time before a knife could be got, the mob (a very numerous one) cried several times ‘Huzza! huzza! the blue bonnet has won the day for ever!’ With the help of a knife the business at last was made out. In the foresaid morning it was likewise observed that the eyes of the picture of the Duke of Cumberland (drawn upon each side of a sign-post at the Crown Tavern,

in the entry of the Parliament close) had been scraped out ; upon this the mob of Edinburgh had a witty saying, viz. — ‘That Cumberland had grutten out baith his een, to see the Lyon better busked than himself.’ In the evening of the said day, a large bonfire was kindled on that point of Salisbury Craigs which is exactly opposite to the castle of Edinburgh. The bonfire flamed briskly for more than three hours, and several persons were seen dancing and skipping round it. The bonfire was seen by the inhabitants of Edinburgh, Leith, and the places adjacent. Throughout the whole night of the said day, December 20th, all the streets of Edinburgh were crowded with cabals and processions of people, inasmuch that it was dangerous for a red coat to appear in any street. There was one company, consisting of about 40 or 50, who marched in great order down all the Canongate to the Abbeygate, most of them being dressed in blue bonnets with white cockades, and in tartan cloths. They marched up the Canongate again in the same order as they had marched down, one marching on the head of them, and another immediately at his back, and all the rest advancing in their several ranks, at a proper distance from each other. In the centre they had white colours displayed, the tops of the standards being decked with ribbons flying like streamers of a ship. They huzzaed several times in their marching up and down. No riot or squabble happened in any of the streets of Edinburgh throughout that whole night. It is likewise worth remarking, that in the morning of June 10th (Friday), 1748, a large White Rose was seen fixed in the paw of the aforesaid Lion. A detachment of the town-guard was ordered to pull down the rose, and Provost Drummond honoured the action with his presence. Several of the soldiers struck the rose (it was of paper of cambric) with polls and Lochaber-axes ; but to no purpose, and at every stroke the mob huzzaed : at last a ladder behaved to be got, and the man who went up the ladder found enough of difficulty to pull the Rose out of the Lyon’s paw, for it was strongly fixed and wrapped about with brass wire.”

NOTE V. See page 166.

In December 1743, Cardinal de Tencin despatched messenger to the Young Pretender at Rome, to acquaint of the preparations made to invade Britain, and desire to come immediately to Paris. The messenger arrived in on one of the last days of December, giving out that going to hunt the boar, as he used to do every season. prince left Rome very privately on the 9th of January rode post to Genoa, where he embarked in a felucca proceeded by Monaco to Antibes, where he got again horseback, and rode to Paris to see Marshal Saxe and general officers appointed to serve under him in the expedition to England. Charles, according to the testimony of Chambers, "never was heard to express any satisfactory account of the numerous victories which France gained in England during this unfortunate war. He either affected to feel as a Briton, and, considering the honour of his country as his own, regretted every incident which tended to degrade her in the eyes of Europe. He even expressed himself in this manner to the royal family, and never permitted any Frenchman to follow the bent of his nature in his praise by depreciating the English, without extorting some reprimand upon the French, which at once silenced him."

LONDON :

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

THE
DEATH-FLAG.

BY MISS CRUMPE,
AUTHOR OF "GERALDINE OF DESMOND ;
OR,
IRELAND IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH."
&c. &c. &c.

" Hm Godlike Charles (such matchless glories past)
Conquer'd so oft, to be subdued at last ?"
ODE BY A SCOTCH OFFICER IN 1746.

" A race of rugged mariners are these,
Unpolish'd men, and boist'rous as their seas ;
The native Islanders alone their care,
And hateful *As* that breathes a foreign air." POPE.

" I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteady footing of a spear." SHAKESPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON :
WILLIAM SHOBERL, PUBLISHER,
20, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1852.



1844

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

FROM ITS ORIGIN TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY JOHN HENRY

LONDON :

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.



THE DEATH-FLAG.

CHAPTER I.

"Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!"

DOUGLAS.

"Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Oh! ye immortal gods, again within his power!"

Then farewell Hope!"

LANGTON.

"Desp'rate to the last, he partially succeeds."

ADDISON.

"Just be said and led by me, Masther *achree*! an' I'll lay my life we'll get out o' this throuble, an' gim my Lord Ogilvie a kick in his gallop, afore as many hours run away as I've fingers an' toes;" cautiously whispered Dan Connell in his most conciliating tone, as, twitching The O'Sullivan's sleeve, he endeavoured to calm that species of mental irritation which Byron has emphatically denominated "silent rages."

"How the devil can we do that?" asked Murty Oge, in the suppressed voice of one who was struggling with intense passion. Haven't you thrust me into this fog-bank of a Chapel, and forced me to sculk from my foes, when I might have made sail and beat them? By the soul of my Father, I'll face the——"

"Masther! Masther! only lend me your ear afore you're a dead man intirely;— Och! if you care a sthraw for your thrue-born fosther-brother, or for your own good, stop awhile till I spaak wid you," whispered Dan, his fears and affection getting more and more excited as he fell on his knees between his Chief and the door, and clasped his hands with greater vehemence than ever.

The action and words of his faithful servant made The O'Sullivan pause, and, translating the silence as a tacit permission to continue his *sotto voce* appeal, Connell, in very low, rapid, and earnest accents, said,—

"Shure if 'twas only my own four bones I was thinkin' of, I couldn't wish greater glory than to see mysef kilt along side o' the Earl o' Bearhaven! But wouldn't it be a burnin' shame an' a thousand pities to give the likes o' your Honour's Honour pop into

the fangs o' thim Philisthines outside, who by raison o' their numbers would in coorse thin bate us as sure as a gun! Don't be ruinating yourself, and the Cause, an' the Clan, thin wid any such notions; but considher how the Cutther 'ill be back at eleven o'clock,—only two hours off from this very time;—an' remimber you towld her not to stir a cable's length till you comed to imbark; an' bid Thady Flannigan keep 'The Rose' in wait—in' t'other side o' the island, where our innimies niver 'ill dhrame iv turnin' their eyes to see in the dark;—an' bethink you, Sir, that though all the best of our crew, as bad luck would have it, 'ill have gone from Dursey Island in Barney Donoghue's ship on the coorse to Oporto, that your Honour ordhered, yit we'll have six tight boys besides our two sels to man 'The Rose,' our darlint Cutther, to Bantry-Bay. So all we've to do is to wait wid the patience of Job till the middle o' the night, whin we'll let ourse'fs down through the little thrap-door, an' stale as asy away as a thief of a cat wud walk on a pipin' hot griddle o' praties—an' thin' all right, an' tight, an' nate, we'll catch up the women below in the Cave, an' be off in style to the

Cutther, that 'ill be back by that time, an' thin in the crack iv a fan we'll be over the saas to ould Ireland, afore thim schamin' blackguards (the divil be wid 'em!) are out o' their first dhramin' sleep. Now, Sir, don't I spaak sinse?"

The voluble Dan started to his feet, checking his whispered eloquence as he put the last question. The Rapparee in a low earnest voice supported Connell's proposal; and Father Syl, who had hitherto stood almost petrified with terror, now in the faintest breath added two or three quaking words in approval of the bold advice which had been given. Though the rolling eyes, fallen under-jaw, and shaking knees of the unhappy Priest gave a sort of mocking effect to his urgent entreaties, still to a certain degree they operated upon Murty Oge, who, suppressing the smile of humoursome contempt which curled his lip, fell into a fit of musing, and restrained his excited spirit sufficiently to reflect with coolness on the real nature of the circumstances that surrounded him. Had The O'Sullivan followed his predominant inclination, he would certainly have risked contest with foes whose numbers, in compar-

son with those of his own party, were in the unequal ratio of four to one; but as he opposed the chances of success to those of defeat, and remembered the hundreds who trusted to his guidance for the accomplishment of various bold enterprises, which, long since planned, were yet to be achieved, he mastered his first emotions, and, with a self-control worthy of being exerted in a better cause, determined to follow the advice of his companions. As The O'Sullivan came to this decision, he briefly whispered his assent to the wishes of his followers, who could scarcely forbear from audibly expressing their applause.

The hours seemed slow and dreary to the prisoners in the Chapel before the time arrived when they judged it prudent to essay the stolen movement they had planned. Hitherto, they had remained as still as possible, but when, according to their best calculations, midnight had arrived, they determined to attempt the proposed escape. The operation of raising the trap-door was almost as noiseless as any that had preceded it; but though our fugitives, after reaching the slab, which it will be recollected lay beneath,

used every precaution in coaxing the trap-door to a closing position, yet the creak that accompanied the process of elevating and depressing it had not been quite imperceptible to the ears of the inmates of the Cave, though the sounds failed to reach the more distant ones of Ogilvie. In consequence of this, Norah, with ready self-possession, extinguished the lamp before a ray of its dim light had gleamed upon the Pirates.

"Bad manners to you for a *glageen** iv a thrap-door; you'll let on our escape to thim outside, who, for sartin, wud ate us all up in a bit, if they smoked our intintions," cried Connell, in a voice so little modulated to the necessities of the case that The O'Sullivan seized his arm, and in a hollow whisper angrily commanded silence, at the same time ordering the Rapparee to remain as a watch beside the trap-door until he and his foster-brother gained the Cave; after which it was agreed that the Sentinel *pro tempore* should follow with the Priest to join their Chieftain.

The penitent Dan felt self-convicted of imprudence; and to atone for his uncal-

* A silly creature.

culating vehemence scarcely drew a breath while he obeyed his Master. Without losing a moment, The O'Sullivan rushed down the steps and ran across the cavern to a particular spot, which no darkness could prevent his practised steps from reaching. At once determining, and acting on a sudden purpose, Edith O'Moore stole after him, and so rapid and noiseless was her motion that ere a human being was aware of her intention she had glided from behind the back of The O'Sullivan, and passed unnoticed through a secret entrance he threw open, and which had been artfully concealed among the intricacies of the cavern.

Meantime, with a terrified grasp, Father Syl, who had just descended with the Rapparee, impulsively clung for protection to Dan Connell ; so that while the latter was trying to shake off his ponderous burthen, The O'Sullivan gained many yards in advance ; and, before his foster-brother reached his side, had flung the private entrance open, through which Edith O'Moore had escaped without discovery.

The starlight that shortly afterwards gleamed suddenly through the half-open portal fell directly upon Eva and her Nurse,

and betrayed their shrinking figures as, afraid to breathe, they were stealthily trying to creep into a hiding-place, at the moment when The O'Sullivan, angry at the delay of his followers, returned to the cavern.

"Do not, do not force us to go with you—in mercy do not!" cried Eva Dillon, as, seeing that all hope of personal concealment was gone, she clasped her hands and held them up in supplication, while she flung herself at the feet of the dreaded Chieftain; but on instinctively turning her head to the spot where Edith O'Moore had stood, the shock of missing her was almost too great for a frame previously exhausted by the highest excitement. The forlorn helplessness of her condition rushed at once on Eva's mind, and falling back into the arms of her expostulating Nurse, she attempted no resistance to the grasp of The O'Sullivan, when, darting forward, he gagged and blindfolded her, while Connell did the same to his Sister, whose further remonstrances were thus quickly silenced. By the time those praiseworthy manœuvres were performed, the Rapparee appeared dragging forward our valiant Priest, who, when thrown off by Dan

Connell, had slunk for protection to his former guardian ; and now gaping, puffing, and perspiring through every pore, waddled to the scene of action, his countenance fraught with a sort of serio-comic expression of mortal fear.

"The Saints protect us !" he stammered forth in great alarm.

"Follow, and be silent, as you value life," said The O'Sullivan in an authoritative whisper.

Thus exhorted, Father Syl obeyed. Murty Oge bearing Eva in his arms, and Connell charged with the heavier burthen of his Sister, then passed through the secret entrance, followed by the Rapparee and his Reverence, who, with ears lifted erect, like those of the frightened hare, and crouching much in the attitude which that animal assumes when apprehending a pursuit, could scarcely muster courage to obey the order he had previously received to fasten the subterranean entrance to the Cave. This indispensable act, however, he contrived to perform with due caution ; after which, in panting silence, he crept quite close to his companions as they stole with cat-like pace along a narrow

irregular track, under shelter of the rock which projected over the waters on one side of the creek that lay outside the Pirates' Cave.

At a short distance The O'Sullivan's cutter was moored, with her head to sea, and near the wind, awaiting the appearance of the Irish Buccaneers. Her boat, agreeably to the order which The O'Sullivan had given, was lying close to the shore, directed by two sailors. To those men their Chieftain made a sign for silence, that abundantly denoted the importance of his mute command, and the temper in which it was dictated. His wishes were understood, and instantly obeyed. Without even a whisper being breathed, the feeble resistance of Eva and her Nurse was quickly conquered; and, in a few moments the whole party were seated in the boat. The seamen performed their duties so cautiously that the sounds of the oars were nearly inaudible; and, ere many instants had expired, their little bark was brought under the bow of the adjacent ship. By the successful assistance of all hands, the terrified women were safely placed within the vessel to which Father Syl was hoisted with still greater difficulty.

The next moment, the Pirates were on board, and the boat was hauled up the side of the Cutter. Everything being in order, The O'Sullivan whispered the word "Heave!" No sooner was it uttered than the little vessel cut the parting waters, and with swelling sails swept through them towards Ireland; while, as if to screen her from detection, mists and clouds rolled over the face of the moon, and the obscurity of night suddenly increased to almost total darkness. Aided by this circumstance and a highly-favourable breeze, the vessel, as quiet as the grave, securely rode the open sea undiscovered by the anxious Lord Ogilvie, who, absorbed in his own thoughts, was pacing the side of the Skelig Rocks that lay exactly in a contrary direction to the one from which our voyagers embarked.

CHAPTE

"He was resolv'd to find th
That might secure th' eve

"Oh fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, b

"Women! help Heaven! Me
In profiting by them :—nay,
For we are soft as our comple
And credulous on false prints.

THE wandering course of ou
ducts us now to William S...

to discover the real object of his enemy's love, had been hitherto unsuccessful. Still content, however, on accomplishing his object, Sullivan, as a last resource, resolved to wait on Lady Tullibardine with a view to working out some information on the object that engrossed his mind. With consummate art and from unquestionable authority, he had ascertained that his person was unknown to the Marchioness, and that she was still ignorant of the dreadful fate of Edith Moore.

Through the same channel, he had heard of the mysterious disappearance of Miss Dillon, which the public inquiries just instituted made a common topic of discourse; and in connexion with the singular story that was bruited in different versions throughout Paris, Sullivan had been informed that the fair object of general discussion was the *otégee* of Lady Tullibardine. He further learned that the Marchioness was so much afflicted by the fate of her young friend, that she remained in the solitude of suffering at her *château*, declining to admit all visitors, and caring for no event which was not associated with her present train of feeling. It

so happened that in the hurried and garbled statement of our heroine's story which Sullivan received, no mention had been made of the Lord Ogilvie.

Unsuspicious, therefore, of many circumstances, which, if known, would have profoundly interested him, and little animated by those he had actually heard, William Sullivan, with a false strength which villany and passion often give, determined to obtain an interview with Lady Tullibardine. To account for his solicitude upon the point, he resolved to pretend to be the bearer of intelligence respecting Edith O'Moore. The sanction of her name, and the concealment of his own beneath a fictitious one, he trusted would effect the meeting he desired. While arranging this scheme, he recollected that a gold chain of very peculiar workmanship, bearing a still more singular medallion, which his ill-fated victim had worn on the night of her abduction, chanced to be in his possession; and his active imagination at once suggested that this trinket might be used to authenticate the tale he had invented for the ear of his intended dupe.

The design was no sooner laid than executed.

William Sullivan left Paris, and, with the utmost speed, adjourned to St. Brieux, where, merely waiting to make a prepossessing toilet, he proceeded to the Château de Tullibardine.

Taming his features and manners into their most pleasing expression, the Heir of Ross Mac Owen rode to the door of the Castle, and requested an audience with its noble Mistress. The aged butler, who answered the knock of Sullivan, gave a peremptory denial, on the ground which previous information led the visitor to expect. With becoming gravity and gentleness, highly to his advantage in the eyes of the family servant, our manœuvrer plausibly accounted for his importunity by stating his recent arrival from Ireland, and his anxiety to deliver in person a particular message to Lady Tullibardine, with which he had been charged by Miss O'Moore! That name at once appeared to soften the determination of the old domestic, who, after a few minutes' parley, retired to acquaint his Mistress with the plea on which the stranger urged his request. To the anxious Pirate-Captain time moved slowly during the next three or four moments. At last, however, the servant returned,

beloved Edith, resolved to
vidual who promised inform
of such interest to her heart.

Sullivan's eye took a quick
Lady Tullibardine when, a
presence, he introduced h
Sarsdale, the near relation
quaintance Mrs. Dorothy, a
quence, the cousin of Miss O
well-remembered chain and n
then produced and delivered to
ness as pledges of fond affect
latter, our visitor framing an ad
hood to promote his plans, by
sprain in the right wrist h
Edith from writing. The accid
being represented in a trivial
little alarm in the mind of L
dine, and the gratifying intell
her with

naturally delivered, that his acting completely imposed upon his unsuspecting auditors. A doubt of deceit or treachery never entered her mind, as, passing the chain of gold around her neck, she made the suitable acknowledgments, and requested her visitor to take a seat.

Though not quite in her *première jeunesse*, the Lady Tullibardine retained considerable beauty. While she listened to the fabrications of her new acquaintance, her ingenuous countenance expressed the several feelings that were successively elicited by his details; but the glow which lighted up her faded cheek almost with the richness of a youthful bloom soon passed away; and, as Sullivan took the proffered chair and concluded his narrative, she turned her tearful eyes on his, and said with much emotion—

“The good tidings, Mr. Sarsdale, which you bring me of my absent Edith are particularly cheering to me now, when ——”

Agitated even at this slight recurrence to the fate of her beloved Eva, Lady Tullibardine was obliged to pause; and Sullivan, as if he had learned by her countenance to comprehend the workings of her mind, and to catch the connexion of her thoughts, immediately

exclaimed, with well-feigned sympathy
“I have heard of the extraordinary circumstance to which, dear Madam, you are subjected with so much pain; how I wish that my services could be of use in clearing up the mystery attending it! The more I learn of the affair, the more settled is the impression which it has taken of my mind. I know every public means has been adopted to discover the fate of Miss Dillon and her servant; but perhaps the activity of personal friendship might ——”

“Alas! alas! even *that* as yet has failed,” interrupted the Marchioness; and the shudder that passed through her evinced the agitation which she vainly sought to conquer, while she said:—

“Your offer, Mr. Sarsdale, claims my warmest thanks; but as inquiries of the nature you suggest are now being made by one most deeply interested in the success, I will not trespass on the kindness of a stranger. Lord Ogilvie acting on private information, which, though it may prove of consequence, has sailed on the quest of my beloved young friend. God direct him!”

The mild eyes of Lady Tullibardine filled with tears as she uttered those words with a deep-felt reliance on the Power she invoked. An involuntary impulse made her in the same moment cover her face with her hands, and while large drops forced their way through the fingers that shaded her brow, she failed to observe the sort of half-start which even the duplicity of Sullivan had not been able to repress on receiving intelligence so unexpected as that which had been given. The main object of his visit seemed now to lie almost within his grasp, and, urged by overpowering excitement, he ventured to say, with an admirable show of feeling:—

“Heaven speed the undertaking!—From what you say, dear Madam, I judge that Lord Ogilvie was acquainted with your Ladyship’s fair young favourite?” added Sullivan, in an accent, half interrogatory, half assured.

“Yes, yes!” said the Marchioness, greatly agitated. Then, as if at the bidding of some sudden recollection, she added, endeavouring to speak calmly—“No one could know Eva Dillon without feeling interested for so sweet a being. Her mind—her manners—her disposition—her appearance, were all enchanting.

She comes as near perfection as frail humanity can reach; and is dear to me beyond what words can tell, almost as dear to me as the daughter I have lost! Would it not be strange then, Mr. Sarsdale, if Ogilvie, my own adopted son, who for some time past has known this beautiful and blessed creature did not share my feelings upon her account and bear down every obstacle to free our precious friend from mystery and danger?"

Notwithstanding the slight emphasis which was laid on the word *friend*, Sullivan felt convinced that he had now discovered the real object of his enemy's attachment. His breast throbbed with this consciousness, and swelled with anxiety to act upon it; but carefully concealing such an impression, a plotter, as if imbued with the very spirit of generosity, exclaimed:—

"It would be strange, indeed, if **Lord Ogilvie**, that renowned and gallant soldier had not tried to rescue, at all risks, the maiden you describe, and of whose merits I have often heard my cousin, Edith, speak, but, dear Madam, in an hour of alarm and dubious warfare, might not the sincere though humble efforts of a sharer in the

rightful struggle be of service? I would at least endeavour to do something worthy of the honour which association with Lord Ogilvie ever must confer. To win *his* friendship and *your* favour is a glorious emulation. On the plea of my relationship to Edith, I beseech you to forget the recency of our acquaintance, and to treat me like a friend.—Tell me then, whither is Ogilvie gone? and let me join his Lordship's enterprise, to triumph in its cause, or die!"

Uttering those words, Sullivan laid his hand on Lady Tullibardine's arm with an air of generous enthusiasm, in which his unsuspecting hearer recognised the indications of a noble soul; and meeting the eyes that were piercingly fixed on hers, she said,—

"Great as is my admiration of your manly spirit, Mr. Sarsdale, I cannot put it to the test you ask, for I know not to what place Lord Ogilvie went. He had only time to write these words," added the Marchioness with a sigh that spoke the depth of her anxiety, while she drew from her escritoir a scrap of paper, and handed it to Sullivan.

In eager haste, he read the following lines,

“I have heard what seems to be Eva’s fate—to stop to tell it would be
ness! My vessel waits—I go. Be of
courage, dearest Lady Tullibardine, and
for speedy tidings from your own devoted

“OGILVY

A rush of disappointment mantled the
forehead of Sullivan, and biting his lip
while his brows were drawn closer to his
eyes, he rose from his seat, and said, in a
voice studiously modulated to an agreeable
becoming resignation,—

“I must submit, dear Madam, to the
which in this matter seems determined to
destroy my hopes; since it is so, I must
pursue my former plan of travelling to

tribute to your comfort, noble lady, I could readily postpone my journey; but I know the nature of your feelings at this crisis, and am assured my presence would intrude upon their sacredness: since, then, it is destined that my worthless life cannot be linked in the cause to which I would have willingly devoted it, I must turn my thoughts elsewhere. It is at least some comfort to reflect that Edith O'Moore has as yet been spared the knowledge of this sad affair."

"Oh, I have often said so!" exclaimed the Marchioness, in broken accents;—"I will save her in that happy ignorance to the last moment. Do you not think it best to do so, Mr. Sarsdale?"

"Assuredly. It would be the height of cruelty to act otherwise; therefore, if I may presume to advise, I would counsel you to defer writing to Ireland as long as possible; indeed, until you gain definitive intelligence about Miss Dillon: meanwhile, I will write my dear cousin Edith, to thank her for the kind reception which her name and message secured for me. Hence she will feel no easiness at your Ladyship's silence. And now, dear Madam, I can only repeat my fer-

vent wishes for Lord Ogilvie's success, and my hope that all your anxieties will quickly end. With your Ladyship's permission, my first visit, after I return from Italy, shall be here— Until then, Farewell."

"Oh, Mr. Sarsdale, take my thanks,—my heart's best thanks, and be assured my house will be for ever open to you!" said the Marchioness, various feelings appearing alternately on her expressive countenance as she gratefully pressed the hand which Sullivan extended while bidding her Adieu. The Pirate-Captain seemed too much touched to speak, and only looking his acknowledgments, he bowed profoundly, and then covering his face with his handkerchief, as if to conceal his emotion, withdrew and left the Castle. His subsequent proceedings will be given in a future chapter.

CHAPTER III.

"The sunbeams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow."

ROGERS.

"Ah, Fear! Ah, frantic Fear!
I see—I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step—thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start."

COLLINS.

"'Twas his own voice—she could not err;
Throughout the breathing world's extent
There was but one such voice for her—
So kind—so soft—so eloquent."

LALLA ROOKH.


WE shall now return to Edith O'Moore; taking up the thread of our narrative at the moment when, amid the darkness and confusion which prevailed, she escaped from the Pirates' Cave. Having glided round the angle of a perpendicular rock, she crouched behind the shelter it afforded; but scarcely had she done so, ere, exhausted by emotion, she sank insensible upon the ground.

The white vapours of morning had begun to curl up the face of the Skelig cliffs before the ardent mind of Edith O'Moore awoke once more to suffering; and, as memory brought back the past, every thought, every feeling centered in one wish—to save her friends. She had heard the incautious words of Connell, which betrayed that some persons adverse to the Buccaneers were actually on the island; and the wild hope that, if she could escape to those individuals, she might induce them to effect the rescue she desired, had impelled her to contrive and execute the stratagem we have recorded.

When with returning perception Edith started from the chilling torpor which had succeeded the fever of excitement, she looked up with the stern glance of one who felt a despairing conviction that the time was gone when her efforts on behalf of Eva might have been successful;—she turned an inquisitive gaze upon the vast expanse of the Ocean, but its waters gave no tidings of her friends, for even the outline of The O'Sullivan's vessel was not visible.—Day had broke, and the dawn added a new torture to the lacerated heart of Miss O'Moore, for it told the flight

of many hours since she left the Cave. Her mind was filled with the darkest apprehensions, yet, as her thoughts continued bent on the accomplishment of her design, she longed to ascend the rocks in search of the persons who it was possible might still be on the island. Throbbing with anxiety, she strained her eyes to pierce the mists which, though promising to disperse, yet hung in fleecy wreaths upon the heights above her. The stupendous pinnacles of the Great Skelig could be faintly discerned through the passing vapours which were moving in graceful rapidity before the morning breeze. Startled at the scene that met her view, Edith, with a strange mixture of terror and interest, paused to reflect on what she had undertaken. The awe which filled her mind was increased when she once more turned her gaze upon the ocean billows, as crowned with snow-white foam they dashed their mimic mountains to the brink on which she stood in distressing incertitude.

It was during the dead of a dark night that Miss O'Moore had been landed on the Skelig Rocks, and conveyed into the Pirates' Cave. Until the moment of her escape she had been



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strictly confined to her subterranean prison, unvisited by any human being except her gaoler, Tim *Lauve Darrig*. This man, on the very morning of the eve which brought The O'Sullivan with *his* prisoners to the Skelig Rocks, had been obliged by the written order of William Sullivan to accompany a brother-pirate in a large-sized Hooker on some important business connected with their illegal traffic, and thus was absent when the Chief of Ross Mac Owen landed.—Tim, with the cunning which belonged to his character, had judged it best not to apprise Miss O'Moore of his intended short trip, contenting himself with leaving a double supply of provisions in the outer chamber of the Cave where he always deposited her food; and determining to return to the Skeligs on the following day, he left his captive without the slightest apprehension. It is but justice to say that this man, rude and sinful as he was, had always conducted himself with decorum towards his prisoner. Each morning he had been wont to bring provisions to the outer Cave, always entering and departing in silence through the trap-door, the secret spring of which was so artfully contrived, that no one

unacquainted with the machinery could have possibly discovered it.

Now, therefore, for the first time, Edith beheld the mighty scenery of the Skeligs; and, as she looked around, shrinking with timidity and struck with awe, she sank on the edge of a shelving rock, each moment more and more bewildered. The cries of the wild birds as they flew round the headlands, and the roar of the sea which a full tide impelled with wonderful velocity against the rocks, augmented the dread so natural in such a scene to the sex and years of Edith O'Moore.

While struggling to reflect on what she ought to do, she felt a sensation of sickness and despair creep over her; but the great law of nature which commands self-preservation as a duty, now lent its force in addition to the generous wish of saving her friends which still possessed her mind; for as the secret entrance to the Cave was fastened, she was reduced to the alternative of remaining probably to perish where she was, or of making a perilous attempt to scale the rocks, in order to gain the little piece of table-land on which the Chapel stood.

the features of the persons who were walking to and fro along the ledges of the cliffs above her, but she could discern their general movements ; and, as with the intense anxiety natural to her situation, she watched for the moment when a chance of attracting their attention might occur, the party swept round the angle of a perpendicular rock and vanished from her sight !

Wild with apprehension, Edith distractedly threw up her eyes, as if to supplicate that Heaven whose mercy she now almost feared had left her ; and, in doing so, her astonished sight rested on two figures, hitherto unperceived, and who, from the great distance at which they moved, looked like pigmies. It seemed as if nothing short of magic could have placed those persons on the aerial elevation where they stood, and Edith, grasping the projection of an adjacent rock, continued to gaze in speechless wonder, not only upon their position, but on the dangers which their actions indicated they were going to encounter—

The ascent which leads from St. Michael's Chapel to the top of the Great Skelig Rock lies in a sort of a natural funnel of stone, in which steps are cut to assist the

adventurous pilgrim, who can only arrive at his second *station* * by squeezing himself through this singular cavity, called "The Needle's Eye." The men on whom Edith's searching looks were fixed had worked their way through this shaft before she recovered from her swoon; but, having done so, they found themselves compelled to pause at a small flat place on the summit of "The Needle's Eye," which, only one yard in breadth, slopes down both sides of the rock towards the ocean. On this curious kind of isthmus the adventurous pair had anxiously waited for the disappearance of the vapours which precluded their further progress, though the obscurity of the horizon had only partially obstructed the movements of the party we first mentioned, owing to the comparative safety of their situation.

The glance of the basilisk could not have attracted the gaze of Edith more irresistibly than did those two figures;—their deliberate, and what to her seemed insane project for mounting higher up the almost inac-

* The particular places where the devotees, women as well as men, perform their orisons on the Skelig Rocks are called *stations*, and are marked by the erection of stone crosses.

cessible rock arrested her astonished sight and when, as the sky cleared, she saw them move to the further side of the flat and begin to climb a smooth sloping rock which, from the difficulty of its ascent, is termed "The Stone of Pain," Edith locked her hands in horror, as she thought on what might be the end of an exploit so presumptuously daring. The peril of scaling twelve feet high upon this kind of oblique wall, the ascent of which assisted only by a few shallow holes cut into it for the hands and feet, seemed indeed tremendous; for, if one false step was made, it was evident the climber would be dashed along the side of the isthmus, and precipitated fathoms deep into the sea.

The moment of ascension was one of intense anxiety to Edith; and, when she saw the difficulties of this frightful passage surmounted, her first sensation of terror subsided into one of absorbing interest which almost obliterated the recollection of her own extraordinary situation. This feeling continued unabated while, with inflexible determination, the two men made the remainder of their way up to that higher

summit of the Skelig Rock called "the Eagle's Nest," where Edith could still discern the objects of her chained attention poised on a pinnacle in the superior region of the air! They stood for some moments beholding the vast expanse of Ocean flowing all around except towards the east, where the lofty mountains on the shore appear like hillocks, when overlooked from the stupendous altitude we have described.

The morning sky, that formed a light back-ground to the distant figures, now revealed the hazardous movement of one of them, who, having traversed a path only two feet in breadth, got astride upon a narrow fragment of rock, called "The Spindle," which, projecting from the summit of the Great Skelig, leads to an enormous Cross at the extreme end of the neck of stone, along which the bold adventurer was edging forward over a raging sea! He had nearly reached the Sacred symbol, when, dizzy and exhausted, the poor Pilgrim lost his balance, and, falling headlong into the foaming abyss of ocean, sank for ever!

Edith's aching eyes could bear no more;—a thick film passed before her sight, and,

Her cry was responded to in the wildest amaze, and the next instant she was supported in the arms of Lord Ogilvie with the quickness of lightning, and moved forward many paces in advance of that followed.

“Edith!—Powers of mercy, is *this*!” he broke in amazement from his lips, as he struggled with the strong emotion which rushed through his frame, and he bowed his head over his equally astonished and exhausted friend, as though he would have held her thus for ever.

The dark eyes of the suffering woman closed, and were wild with varying emotion, when, amid the throng of past recollections and present feelings, she raised her face to the face of her deliverer;—for

—the pallor of the sepulchre overspread her cheek, and chased away the vivid blush which had passed over it, while, gently releasing herself from the encircling arm of Lord Ogilvie, she sank upon her former seat, and in a few broken, hurried sentences, related the dreadful scene she had just witnessed. Lord Ogilvie sympathized in the emotion it was calculated to create, but, as the poor Pilgrim's fate was irrevocably sealed beyond the aid of human power, he besought the agitated Edith to endeavour to be calm, and to relieve his torturing anxiety to know what *could* have brought her to her present *strange* and unaccountable position.

At this inquiry, Edith O'Moore placed *her* hand upon her breast, as though she *felt* her heart was bursting; then removing *it* she pressed her brow, as it were to collect her bewildered, agonizing thoughts;—the wretched smile which the next moment she compelled her features to assume went like a dagger to the heart of Ogilvie, who, having motioned his men to a distance, drew near his agitated friend, and, almost as distracted as herself, implored

her to be tranquil, and to relieve his overwhelming solicitude.

The dreadful crisis of the conflict which had shook the frame of Miss O'More almost to dissolution, was passed. Anxiety for Eva had assumed the place of some more powerful feelings, and, starting on her feet, she clasped her hands, and in the tumult of hope and fear exclaimed,—

“Ask not about *me* now, for moments too precious to be lost!—Eva! our precious Eva is in the power of lawless ruffians; they sailed hence to Ireland some hours ago, follow and save her!”

“What!—Oh! Heaven!”—Ogilvie was unable to proceed; his bosom heaved with agony unutterable, and he remained one moment still; in the next, with indignant firmness he sprang towards the group that stood at a short distance, and gave forth his orders for immediate embarkation, like a man who felt not only that everything depended on himself, but that he was equal to the emergency. His commands were executed almost as soon as issued. In the short interval that elapsed before everything was ready, a hurried, but most important ex-

versation passed between Edith and Lord Ogilvie. Since its general purport is known to the reader, to mention the particulars would be a useless repetition. Suffice it then to say, that though the pure mind of Miss O'Moore recoiled from relating what drove her to distraction, even to reflect upon, yet her agonized emotion, and the few vague words that escaped her trembling lips, when questioned by her friend, betrayed to him the fatal truth. Thoughts almost like those of delirium were within him while his mind dwelt upon the horrid destiny which had befallen the beloved companion of his early years—she for whom he had ever cherished a tender fidelity, pure and disinterested as a brother's love. His eye was wild, and his pale countenance grew flushed as he looked up to heaven with an expression at which Edith trembled. Whatever was the silent vow he then breathed, it seemed to draw away a portion of the torturing load which weighed upon his soul; he was again frightfully calm, and for some moments stood without the power to speak. Every feature was expressive of impassioned

agony during this short pause and when at length in a choked voice he slowly said, "Edith, your wrongs shall be avenged—my vow is registered on High!" the tear that rushed to his eye, instead of disgracing his manly spirit, served only to enhance its worth.

"Ogilvie, kind, generous friend! waste not a thought on them! *My* fate was written in the book of doom, and is fulfilled! Nought can redeem it!" said Edith, so overpowered with agitation that it seemed as if her suffering spirit was trying to break through its mortal prison.

Lord Ogilvie, terrified at the expression of her countenance, involuntarily extended his arm towards her, but, evading the proffered support, she exclaimed with momentary strength, "Avert the dangers that surround our Eva!—For *her* sake only I would yet preserve my life. When she is safe, Death the next moment would be mercy unto me! Oh, look not thus, for you already know—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Ogilvie in a stern voice; "curse on the degraded wretch who brought dishonour on your spotless name!"

Thought maddens me ! I am fit, and only fit, for action. To Ireland you think that both the Sullivans are gone ; *their* doom is *fixed* ! Edith, I will return for you directly."

Those words were hardly uttered ere Lord Ogilvie hailed the little boat belonging to his ship, which at this moment opportunely appeared, rowed by a couple of the crew, who were amusing themselves by fishing.

The summons was instantly answered, and as quickly bore his Lordship to his gallant vessel, which just turned into sight from behind an adjacent headland.

It was ready to make sail against an adverse tide, and a wind which had suddenly shifted to the most unfavourable quarter.

The dreadful workings of our hero's mind rendered him regardless of all minor impediments to his main design, and, though the sky portended a fearful change of weather, it could not deter him from an immediate navigation to the land that was supposed to hold his adored Eva and the objects of his just resentment.

"The gale blows strongly, but, Edith, you will not fear to sail?" inquired Ogilvie, looking uneasily at his fair friend, as, having quickly returned, he leaped upon the shore in order to escort her to his ship. His eyes glistened with anticipation, and his whole frame was in a tremour of excitement, while he awaited her answer.

"No, no!—Only, when we reach your vessel, place me in some quiet nook where I may remain alone and unobserved," was the low but resolute reply of Miss O'Moore, assisted by her friend, she stepped into the open boat which dashed onwards to his Lordship's French vessel "*Le Vaillant*," which lay at a short distance.

"Not quite alone, dear friend, as fortunately an aged female, who always acts as cook, is now on board. Rude and infirm she is, still to have the service of one of your own sex at command will be a comfort," replied his Lordship. The gentle pressure of the hand which accompanied the words told how thoroughly the delicacy of Edith's feelings was understood and respected.

The grateful girl, as she withdrew her ha-

gave the mute answer of a melancholy smile, and in a few minutes she found herself the occupier of a small cabin in "*Le Vaillant*," to which she had been conducted by Lord Ogilvie, who, having induced her to partake of some refreshment, placed every comfort which he could command around her, and, committing his beloved friend, with many injunctions, to the special care of her female attendant, he withdrew.

The fluttering of the sails, and the rush of the billows which dashed against the side of the vessel, were the only sounds that disturbed the solitude of Edith, who, offering up a fervent prayer to Heaven, threw herself upon her bed, and, equally exhausted in mind and body, fell into a sleep, which even the increasing tumult of the Ocean had not power to disturb. Lord Ogilvie took his station on the quarter-deck, and, with feelings we should vainly attempt to describe, watched the steadiness and skill with which the Commander of the ship endeavoured to steer towards the coast of Ireland, as if in defiance of the Spirit of the Storm.

The intelligence of the reader has doubtless conjectured long since the astonishment

with which our hero had discovered the escape of The O'Sullivan and his confederates when, at the dawn of this memorable day, he opened the door of St. Michael's Chapel to hold a parley with his supposed prisoners, previously to the search he meditated, and afterwards performed in the double hope of discovering his Beloved One and his enemies. How in the course of that pursuit he met Miss O'Moore, and heard those circumstances which, accounting for the escape of the Buccaneers, verified his suspicion of Eva being in their power, is already told. In concluding this chapter, therefore, it is only necessary to say, that the two persons whose bold exploits had so enchained the mind of Edith were adventurous devotees, who, in compliance with a custom prevalent at the period of our tale, had come from Ireland to perform certain prayers and penances at the various stations, which, if followed by an ascent to "The Spindle" of the Great Skelig Rock, were supposed to atone for almost every sin. The melancholy fate of the first of those poor fanatics has been already detailed. His more fortunate companion had nearly shared the same doom, for the sudden shock he felt on

using the startling catastrophe almost
ed him of power to retain his own most
us position. By a violent effort, how-
ie clung in desperation to the shaft of
Spindle" until in some degree recovered,
hen, having effected with remarkable
uity a descent more difficult, if less
rous, than the ascent, the surviving
im fortunately arrived in safety at the
art of the Great Skelig Rock before the
toms of the approaching storm had
l, to which Lord Ogilvie's vessel was
ually exposed.

CHAPTER IV.

"Quoi!—Biron, votre Roi, l'a-t-il ordonné?
Edouard, est-ce vous d'huissiers environné?
Est-ce vous de Henri le fils digne de l'être?
Sans doute, à vos malheurs j'ai pu vous reconnaître,
Mais je vous reconnais bien mieux à vos vertus!"

OLD FRENCH JACOBITE SONG.

"Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger and fear and the like—
A tight water-boat and good sea-room give me,
And 't ain' t to a little I'll strike."—DIEDIN.

It was nearly dark when William Sullivan arrived in Paris from the Château de Tullibardine.

During his ride to the Capital, he had leisure to indulge the throng of gloomy ideas which the inefficacy of his interview with the Marchioness inspired. Still brooding over his disappointment, he mechanically wandered on through many of the narrow streets of the French metropolis, until, sufficient time having passed to make him feel the unsentimental sensation of hunger, he turned into an hotel and ordered dinner. As soon

the cravings of the inner man were satisfied, the Pirate-Captain fell again into a reverie, during which various plans for discovering Lord Ogilvie's route successively presented themselves to his busy thoughts.

Alternately approving and rejecting his schemes, he at length was forced to acknowledge that the point of the bold game at which he had arrived rendered his next move decidedly unpromising that it was useless to present to attempt the issue. But his ever active mind could not remain unoccupied. He felt that life must offer some stimulus, or that he should sink beneath the load of anxiety which oppressed him. Under the power of a ban which prohibited a return to his native land, dreading the displeasure of his uncle, and filled with malice, disappointment, and revenge, that rendered him capable of almost any crime, it was impossible for William Sullivan to continue inactive. Villain as he was, the voice of conscience could have risen to appal even *his* audacious spirit, were it not kept in the excitement which perpetual action only can create. His mind was resolute, but his determination was not the settled purpose of philosophy or

reason. It was the sentiment of a desperate nature that would hold to its design with the obstinacy of unshrinking guilt, yet which dreaded a state of inaction from the fear of Conscience,—that inward monitor, which, when it has time to speak, *will* lift its voice within the breast even of the most abandoned! Familiarized as he was with guilt, Sullivan sometimes felt the sting of remorse when the image of Edith O'Moore rose like an appalling phantom to his "mind's eye;" and it was only amid the turmoil of excitement that he escaped those maddening sensations, which, were we able to descend into the depths of a vicious spirit, we should often find its insupportable attendants. But the reflections of Sullivan, acute as they were, did not bring repentance; and, occupied by a thousand plans, he endeavoured to banish remorse by weighing the probable advantages and dangers which the execution of his varied speculations seemed to present. While trying to mature the thoughts that in rapid succession crossed his dark and scheming mind, he walked about the room with quick and agitated steps; at length, as if resolved to calm the tumult which prevented him

from fixing any decisive measure, he approached an open window and seated himself close to it, feeling refreshed by the evening breeze, which, as he rested his head on his hand, blew across his heated temples. While in this position, he heard a voice beneath the window sing the following words in a low and cautious tone :—

— “ trahir Edouard, lorsque l'on peut combattre,
Immoler à Brunswick le sang de Henri Quatre,
Et de George, vaincu, sutir les dures lois :
Ô Français ! Ô Louis ! Ô protecteurs des Rois !
Est-ce pour les trahir qu'on porte ce vain titre ?
C'est en les trahissant qu'on devient leur arbitre ;
Un Roi qui d'un héros se déclare l'appui,
Doit l'élever au Trône, ou tomber avec lui.”

Sullivan started from his chair, and looked into the street. The vehemence of the action probably alarmed the singer, for he suddenly ceased his chant, and, rushing down an adjacent alley, disappeared. All the measures of the Irish Buccaneer were conducted with the quickness and intrepidity that marked his character. The words he had just heard roused his restless spirit, and, banishing all its previous qualms, seemed to his fevered imagination absolutely ominous. Interpreting them as a presage of success in

the political manœuvring which he instantly determined to adopt, Sullivan, in order to decide upon the prudence of becoming an ally, an opponent, or a neutral in the cause of Charles Edward Stuart, resolved to go to the Opera that moment. It was the nightly resort of the young Prince, where the attention of the audience was always fixed on him with admiration and interest. There, comparatively heedless of what was passing on the stage, the fair sex might be seen shedding tears of pity for his misfortunes, while whispers in his favour were heard throughout the theatre from the male Parisians, who condemned the conduct of their King, and revered Charles Edward as a hero lineally descended from their renowned Henry IV.

Of all this our Buccaneer had heard, but he also knew that the Sovereign and Ministry of France wished for nothing more than the destruction of "the Young Pretender," as they now in secret called him, and that ~~the~~ were exasperated by his continuing at ~~Paris~~ in defiance of the repeated messages to ~~leave~~ it which he had received from the French government. This conduct on the part Prince Charles, Sullivan was aware ~~that~~

been equally resented by the Earl of Sussex and Lord Cathcart—the two English noblemen who had arrived as hostages from Great Britain for the performance of the late definitive treaty of peace at Aix-la-Chapelle—one of the main articles of which was, that “France should finally acknowledge the right of the House of Hanover to the Crown of Great Britain, and that, in terms of a treaty entered into in 1748, she should utterly renounce all alliance with the Pretender and his family, and not permit the residence of these persons upon her dominions.”* But the admiration of the Parisians had been won for Charles Edward, not only by the valour of his exploits in Scotland and the fascination of his manners and person, but also by his conduct to Cardinal de Tencin, when it was hinted that Ministers might succour the Stuarts, if, in case a restoration to the English Crown were effected, Ireland were made a province of France.

Non, Monsieur le Cardinal, tout ou rien ! point de partage !”† had been the spirited

* See Chambers’s clever History of the Rebellion in Scotland in 1745, 1746.

† Historical.

understanding every
had met the public ear

His equally decided
de Maurepas, on being
pulsive measures if he
the wishes of the Fre
formed the favourite to
every circle of soci
Ministres! les Ministre
claimed, with a thrill
disdain; "*si vous voule*
le Comte, dites au Roi
suis né pour rompre to
Ministres!"*

It did not require m
perceive that under such
ters must speedily con
ascertain whether it pro
able to the Prince, w

absolutely proved. His mind was in a tumult of thought while crossing several narrow streets he pursued his way to the Opera-House in the Palais-Royal. A dead silence pervaded the obscure and almost deserted alleys through which Sullivan had walked ;—great, therefore, was the contrast presented to his eye when, on turning into the Rue St. Honoré, he found it occupied by *gens d'armes*, and completely thronged. A subdued murmur ran through the assembled concourse, but no one seemed sufficiently hardy to utter his suspicions aloud. All, however, appeared to indicate that something momentous was about to happen, and Sullivan was on the point of trying to discover the real cause of what was going forward, when his attention, in common with almost every individual present, was attracted by the appearance of the Prince's coach, which *en route* from its master's splendid Hôtel on Le Quai de Theatin had just entered the Rue St. Honoré on its way to the Opera. Two pages, sumptuously dressed, walked at either side of the handsome equipage, and the footmen wore the Royal livery of England.

“Prince, return! they are going to arrest you;—the Palais Royal is beset!”* cried a man closely muffled in his cloak, who stood near William Sullivan, and within the shadow of a house which the moonlight at the time threw back upon the street. Afraid of being taken for the speaker, our Irish Buccaneer turned round in order to arrest him, but the warning was no sooner uttered than the person who had given it disappeared. Perceiving this, Sullivan, as the surest way of avoiding danger, plunged into the thickest part of the crowd, and the manœuvre was so adroitly executed, that he was soon far beyond his former station, and close to the Prince’s carriage.

Notwithstanding the intelligence Charles Edward had just received, corroborating the contents of an anonymous letter put into his hand while walking in the Tuilleries that morning (the fatal 21st of December, 1748), and which gave every particular of the serious measures determined to be executed against him in a Council of War called the same day, the Prince’s equipage never stopped until it reached the passage of the Opera-

* Historical.

House. The court of the Palais-Royal was invested with twelve hundred of the Duke de Biron's regiment; a double guard stood with their bayonets fixed at the entrance to the Theatre; the passage of the Opera-House was filled with serjeants and grenadiers in cuirasses and helmets; the *guet*, or City police, were stationed in the streets, and were making the coaches file off at the moment when Prince Charles, seeming neither surprised nor disconcerted, alighted from his carriage. He was instantly surrounded by six serjeants of the intrepid Grenadiers, dressed in grey clothes; but, accustomed to be gazed at and crowded round, as an object of popular curiosity, the youthful Prince thought, or affected to conceive, that such a feeling caused the present inclination to obstruct his steps. With that graceful dignity which was peculiarly his own, Charles Edward Stuart endeavoured to pass on, but scarcely had he moved his foot ere a serjeant advanced under pretence of dispersing the crowd. At this concerted signal, a group of soldiers started forward, some of whom seized the Prince's attendants, who were imme-

keeping off the crowd
Breaking from one of :
officers stationed there,
dreuil, a Major in the Fre
approached his Royal H
his hand upon his should

“Prince, your arms ;
name of the King !”

With his person erect,
totally unchanged, Charle
sively replied—“The ma
violent.” Then sending
proud inquiry, he stood pe
midst of the group, wh
quailed beneath his stea
next instant restored the
so necessary to De Vaudi
companions now closed ro
and renewed his

they are justifiable or not, but the disgrace cannot affect *me*, it can only affect your Master!"*

"Sir," said De Vaudreuil with studied politeness, "interests of national import oblige me to perform a commission by no means pleasant to my feelings, but—"

"It is very mortifying for *an officer*," interrupted Charles Edward in an unfaltering voice, while a bitter smile curled on his lip.

Galled at the taunt conveyed in those words, De Vaudreuil quickly turned to his men and said, "You know your duty;—do it!"

An expression of malignant exultation gleamed from the speaker's eye, as the soldiers in obedience to his order searched the Royal person and took possession of a pair of pistols, a poignard, a penknife, and a book found thereon. They next tied both the arms and legs of the Prince with crimson silk cords, ten ells in length, which had been prepared for that purpose.

The resolution of the youthful Stuart was proof even against this insult. He stood calmly contemplating the numerous coils

* Historical.

which were twining round his limbs, and nothing could be more striking than his whole appearance, when, in a commanding tone of bitter irony, he at length exclaimed—"Have you bound my Englishmen as you did me? An Englishman is not used to be bound—he is not made for that purpose."* Then coolly surveying the cords upon his person, he sternly added, "Have you not enough now?"

"Not yet," replied De Vaudreuil, casting a menacing glance upon his victim.

The Son of many Kings returned this look, and as he did so, his spirit flashed in pride and scorn from his eye.

A murmur of mingled applause at his conduct, and of indignation at the treatment he received, ran through the spectators of the scene, who were thronged at the other side of the barrier; and when Prince Charles, bound like a felon, was put into the hired coach that was in waiting, accompanied by three officers of the French Guards, symptoms of revolt and violent disapprobation were discernible in the assembled crowd. To escape the bursting of the popular storm,

* Historical.

the utmost despatch was used. Two armed *Mousquetairs* rode on each side of the carriage with a hand upon the door; six Grenadiers with fixed bayonets mounted behind, and a large body of soldiers surrounded it on foot. Regardless of the shouts of indignation uttered against them, those functionaries fulfilled their commission by proceeding with their prisoner at a rapid pace towards the suburb de St. Antoine. The moment the cavalcade moved onward, the Duke de Biron, Colonel of the French Guards, who, disguised in a coach, had waited to see the success of the enterprise, stepped into his chair, and went to report the transaction to the King.

An animated picture of human feeling in its various shades was exhibited by the course who had witnessed the arrest of Charles Edward Stuart. Many an eye sparkled with the light of indignation, many a brow was darkened by displeasure, and the confusion that prevailed is easier imagined than described, when the multitude mingled indiscriminately with the *Mousquetairs*, City-police, hatchet-bearers, locksmiths, and men with scaling-ladders and battering rams, who were in attendance to take the young

Prince by *escalade*, in case he should have housed himself to stand a siege.

Amid this excited crowd, William Sullivan's countenance evinced perhaps the strongest expression. His brilliant eyes followed every motion of the multitude as if his whole soul was absorbed in contemplating the passing scene, and his active frame, obedient to the impulse of his impetuous spirit, struggled through the thickest part of the crowd, while the scornful smile that lurked about his compressed mouth betrayed a strong degree of contempt, mingled with daring resolution.

As Sullivan thus stood, each limb and feature expressing the determined mien of a freebooter, a hand was laid upon his arm, and a low deep voice whispered distinctly in his ear: "These are bad omens for us, Captain Sullivan; all is over with the Stuarts! Charley Ned will be kept a prisoner at Vincennes, to which those land-lubbers of Guards are conducting him, and all his retinue will soon be at anchor within the Bastille! I'm tired of the smell of land, and am longing to shove me from shore. As a gallant searover I'm sure you're the same. Will

you stand on my tack, then? for as France has found out that we hang up false colours, if we don't keep a sharp look-out, she will clap us both close under hatches without money or cargo."

Sullivan, who at the beginning of this familiar address had turned his eyes upon the speaker, recognised the Jack Jeffries already mentioned, an American pirate, the descendant of one of those celebrated Transatlantic Buccaneers who formed a distinct confederacy, which, until near the close of the seventeenth century, was formidable to the greatest powers in Europe. With this man Sullivan had been long acquainted, and he was (as we have seen) the person who had been employed to play the spy on Miss O'Moore in France.

"Hah! my old friend," whispered the heir of Ross Mac Owen, suddenly affecting much pleasure at the unexpected rencounter, "this is dangerous surf to float your opinions on; what you say is too true, but——"

"Drop our lead then in quieter waters," returned Jeffries, winking his small piercing eye with an expression which could not be mistaken, as he put his hand under Sulli-

HERE WE HAVE SUFFICIENT TO DO
the American, doffing his cap, and
his brow with the Indian silk handkerchief
he drew from his breast; "but,
we can't ride at anchor, for dan
brooding about us. Let us carry a
over the main then, if we wish to
of shoals."

"I don't exactly understand you
plainly," said Sullivan, his voice a
to hesitate a little.

"You give me the launch and
Captain"—returned the Transatlant
raising his keen eye to the face of
panion, while his lips slightly curl
added in a cool but dogged tone,
smuggler, Sir—you are the same,
outlaw to boot! Never mind *how*
out the pickle you're in, but let me
I know all about it;—a clear sea lie
us, through which we can steer
foes. Your ship, the well-known
Flag,' I saw last week in the ha

Brest. She is ready by your order for every and any cruise. Let us then gain her, and make sail forthwith for Turkey, and afterwards for Barbary. We may chance to fall in with an Algerine corsair, or may capture the frigate of 'The Fathers of the Trinity,' * which about this time will be on the high seas with its ransomed slaves, and a cargo well worth our possession. What say you to this, Captain Sullivan?"

"That you have spoken like a frank, gallant seaman," returned the Irish Buccaneer, suppressing the impulse of pride and resentment which at the beginning of his companion's speech had cast a fiery glow on his fine features. "No fish hates the land more than I. Sir, you have kept a proper look-out, like a true sailor as ever trod plank: for without aid of sea-glass we may look to a chase, if we don't heave away. Your proposal is somewhat abrupt, but it promises good. By this hand! I'll take you on board my own gallant ship, and with her brave crew we'll teach these proud Algerine Corsairs to start at the sound of *our* names and the sight of the unconquered 'Death-Flag!'"

See note I. at the end of the volume.



swarthy lineaments of 1
feeling an inward reve
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caneer, Jack Jeffries sho
the hand, and consente
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posed. With this resolu
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called together, and the
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the expected prizes we
William Sullivan and his
signed in the name of all.

Immediately after the
tled. the American

good faith. The next moment the 'Death-Flag' weighed anchor, and, crowding her canvass, stood off to sea in the direction of the Land of the Sultan, a fair and fresh breeze attending the commencement of an enterprise thus promptly resolved upon, and as promptly begun.

- *How—sad reverse*
I wage with sorrow
Oppress'd with grief
Not aught of joy
Far from the scene
From parents far, a
• • •
Now drops and He
By Treachery chill'd

MEANWHILE, the
Edward Stuart had
prison—the Châtea
the governor—Le
stood ready to receive
The good man b
holding the Prince, w
blenched honour und
indignities and misf

soul by your unexpected reception—and never will I confound the *friend* with the *governor*! Embrace me—for my bonds,” he added with mingled jest and sarcasm, glancing at his coils, “prevent my anticipation of the compliment.” The Governor advanced, and, evidently much affected, laid his hand upon the shoulder of the Prince, and in broken accents involuntarily exclaimed,—


“This is the most memorable day of my life!”

“Alas! Du Châtelet, fate makes us all the victims of necessity”—interrupted the Prince with equal feeling: “Since the battle of Culloden, I have indeed been hunted like a wild beast—but like a wild beast I have at least had ample ground to range over!—Yet *de vivre et pas vivre est beaucoup plus que de mourir!*” he added, in a tone that was indescribably affecting.*

The Governor, unwilling to trust himself in further conversation with his heroic prisoner, simply inquired whether Charles Edward Stuart had any arms about him.

“On the word of a Prince no other than

* The whole of the substance of this conversation is historical, and the above melancholy French motto was that of the unfortunate Prince.—See *Jesse's Memoirs*.



marquis Du Châtelet
marshalled his Royal
the top of the Tower
steps were mounted e
seven feet broad and ei
It was furnished only
and one rush-bottomed
“ I have occupied w
witness ‘ Cluny’s Cage!
in an accent of mingled
The Governor turned
the tears that again ru
eyes at this well-merite
famous conduct of the
The next moment, Du C
an air of profound resp
tunate victim, and left the
No sooner had the de
agonized Prince—relinqu

and, clasping his hands in silent agony, he burst into tears!

Neil Mac Eachan, the humble friend who, with the heroic Flora Macdonald, had accompanied his Royal Highness in his hazardous wanderings through the Isle of Skye, who had never left him since, and was now the only attendant permitted to share his imprisonment, here advanced, and, kneeling at his Royal Master's feet, fixed his uplifted eyes upon his countenance with a depth of silent sympathy more touching and expressive than any language could have been.

The Prince understood the mute appeal, and, laying his hand affectionately on the shoulder of his devoted servant, he looked into his face; while in a voice full of intense and condensed emotion he fervently exclaimed, his thoughts apparently reverting to his late magnanimous though disastrous enterprise, and to the cruel results of a heartless if not treacherous policy—

“Ah, my faithful Mountaineers, you would never have treated me thus:—would I were still with you!” *

* Historical.

CHAPTER VI.

"Sudden the lurid heavens obscurely frown,
And sweeping gusts the coming storm proclaim."
TIGHE.

"Beat on, proud billows ; Boreas, blow ;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof ;
Your incivility doth show
That Innocence is tempest proof."—L'ESTRANGE.

THE signs of an approaching tempest, under which Lord Ogilvie had commenced his voyage, were almost immediately verified. A great swell came on rapidly, and increased to such a pitch that at times the green waves appeared like liquid hills above the stem of the ship. The wind rose to a perfect hurricane, keeping in an adverse point ; and though the Commander of the vessel, in obedience to the impatient wishes of our hero, used the greatest exertions to make way towards the Irish coast, he was quickly compelled to take in all sail, and, putting his helm hard up, he turned before the furious gale, which bore the ship with frightful ve-

ity further and further from the desired
urse, until at last she was blown far into
e Atlantic Ocean.

Though in a state of torturing anxiety,
ord Ogilvie preserved his self-command.
ong familiarity with the sea had accus-
omed him to the strife of angry elements,
nd had made him well acquainted with
autical affairs. Now, therefore, instead of
ting as most landsmen would have done
t such a crisis, he joined the crew in obey-
g the mandates of their Commander, and
ith a precision and promptitude scarcely
rpassed by the practised mariners them-
selves, executed orders which no one inex-
perienced in Naval emergencies could have
rformed.

But vain were the efforts of the gallant
aw. Victims to the irresistible power of
e elements, their resources and skill were
utlessly exerted in an unequal encounter.
Violent were the surges and the storm,
at to steer for any port was quite impos-
le. The black and giant clouds flashed
th sheets of flame. Peal after peal the
under rolled; the wind howled, sounding
e the shriekings of the Spirits of the deep;

and such a sea was running as the oldest mariner on board had never witnessed.

Much time and labour were consequently spent to no purpose, and winds and waves thus seeming to conspire against Lord Ogilvie, the ship flew at a prodigious rate in a direction diametrically opposite to the point he wished to gain.

During the first and middle watches of the night, many fears were entertained for the safety of the vessel; but towards morning the waves abated, and though the wind still continued contrary, its violence was considerably lessened. With an interest bordering upon agony, our hero vigilantly watched those symptoms of a subsiding storm. The moment there was a prospect of a comparative calm, he descended to Edith's cabin, and, stooping to the keyhole, rapidly communicated the cheering hope which the appearance of the elements seemed to justify; and in agitated accents asked how Miss O'Moore had borne the terrors of the recent hurricane. The words she gave in answer were full of thankfulness to Heaven, and assurances of that courage which nothing but a confidence in One mightier than the storm could give.

Though the speaker's voice betrayed the extent of self-command that had been necessary for the utterance of her broken accents, yet, convinced of Edith's real fortitude, Ogilvie was more than half disposed to credit her assurances, and, consenting to leave her to the solitude which she requested, he returned to the deck. An examination of the ship, which was then taken, proved that she had suffered no damage of any consequence; but, as the direction of the wind still prevented her from holding her course, it was determined she should lay to until the weather proved more propitious.

Towards the dawn, a light breeze sprang up, but it veered so much and so suddenly, that it was a matter of extreme difficulty to attempt to steer towards the desired point. The sea, however, abated considerably; therefore, though the weather was very unsettled, the helmsman gathered fresh hopes of making a favourable way. The necessary preparations were accordingly commenced for the continuation of the voyage.

CHAPTER VII.

“ Ay, now the soul of battle is abroad—
It burns upon the air ! The joyous winds
Are tossing warrior-plumes, the proud, white foam
Of battle’s roaring billows.”—HEMANS.

“ Yet more !—the billows and the depths have more !—
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast !
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.”—ID.

INSPIRED with fresh hope, the crew of ‘ Le Vaillant ’ were engrossed in their respective duties, preparatory to resuming their course upon the seas, when suddenly the look-out on the starboard-bow cried

“ Sail ho ! ”

“ Ha ! a ship, where is she ? ” exclaimed Ogilvie, springing forwards ; when, snatching the glass from the man’s hand, he discovered a distant vessel, which, from the course she was pursuing, seemed determined to bear down upon his own.

In silent self-possession our hero for a few moments intently examined her shadowy form : then beckoning to the Captain, who immediately obeyed the summons, he whispered his suspicions, which a closer survey all but confirmed in the minds of both.

From the position of the Stranger she had the advantage of the wind, and running before it with crowded canvass, she swept over the waters, her prow directed towards 'Le Vaillant,' on board of which the news of her approach was quickly spread.

With all a sailor's steady coolness, the French Commander ordered his ship to be cleared in case of an action, and hoisted his colours.

When this and other nautical preparations had been duly made, the Officers of 'Le Vaillant' grouped together on the quarter-deck and eagerly scanned the object of their curiosity, while they discussed the various conjectures it occasioned.

'Le Vaillant' was a finely-built Brig, mounting twelve guns; her crew were only seventy in number, but Lord Ogilvie had brought fifty armed men on board to assist in the encounter he expected at the Skelig

Rocks, and she was well supplied with ammunition.

Many of Ogilvie's little band had formerly belonged to the Naval service, in which they had served under Lord Lewis Gordon, so that the great proportion of the fighting part of the ship understood the ordinary evolutions of a combat on the sea. Therefore, though possessing a comparatively small armament, and labouring under other disadvantages, the bold mariner who commanded 'Le Vaillant,' actuated by the calm determination of one accustomed to depend upon his own resources, resolved to await the moment when he might with precision ascertain the designs of the stranger-ship and estimate her force. In the meantime, with the coolness of an experienced son of the ocean, he made every preparation which existing circumstances rendered prudent. A chosen number of topmen mounted in the shrouds armed with muskets; each well-trained sailor took his proper station, and Lord Ogilvie's band, with pistols, dirks, and swords, drew up in a strong line, prepared to perform their duties.

About two hours were thus employed,

when, every necessary arrangement being completed, all on board the 'Vaillant' in anxious silence watched the face of their Commander, as he continued to gaze attentively through his glass upon the unknown ship, which, now considerably nearer, was no longer indistinct even to the naked eye.

"She is a well-built, airy Brigantine, and carries a large mainsail; i' faith, she skims the Ocean like a gull!" cried the Captain, handing the glass to Lord Ogilvie, who, all eye and ear, stood close beside him.

Looking through the telescope, and after a keen examination, Ogilvie quickly said, "Our ship is not inferior to her in dimensions, but in all we are little more than one hundred men; still we bear stout hearts and well-armed hands to balance inequality of force. How fast she goes gallantly cutting through the sea! She outsails any small craft I have ever seen. Captain, do you think she carries armament?"

"If she does, it is most carefully concealed, for I can see no ports," returned the commander, again reconnoitring through his glass. "Hah! She has hoisted the French flag, so she would seem our friend. Faith,

friend or foe, she is a gallant bark! As buoyant as a feather, she dances on the waters, and will soon be within hail; then we shall know how she is manned, and of what stuff her crew are made."

As the morning advanced, a clearer light was spread across the Ocean, and the wind lulling into fitful gusts, each moment the weather grew more calm. The foaming crests of the great waves, as if at the command of some wizard of the deep, settled into long smooth billows, that swept quietly across the broad Atlantic. Every face in the attentive crew was fixed in anxious scrutiny upon the distant ship. The dark lines of her tall and taper masts were distinctly visible, and soon, from the uncommon velocity with which she scudded through the sea, the tracery of her sails, spars, and rigging were given to the naked eye through the beautiful though fluctuating colours of the dawn. Another half-hour brought the whole vessel within perfect view, as, lifted on those dark masses of the water into which the late unruly waves were quelled, she rose against the back-ground of the morning sky, and, as if endowed with life, sprang forward,

her sails set, and the French flag flying. It was evident that if she continued to hold on her present rapid course, she would soon be within gun-shot. Nearer and nearer she approached, end on, and spreading all her canvass up to the royals. Considering the distance she had yet to run, she came almost within hail in an inconceivably short time.

A gun was fired to windward from 'Le Vaillant,' as a kind of challenge. This was answered by a shot from the Stranger, as she swiftly continued to advance, majestically sweeping through the waves, and leaving a long track of glistening spray behind her. The sun was shining on and illuminating the sides, spars, and tracery of the gallant bark, while her white sails, reflecting the light, gleamed like silver.

"Now is our time!" cried the captain of 'Le Vaillant,' catching up a speaking-trumpet, through which, in a voice that was carried to the distant ship, he hailed her.

The Stranger gave no answer, except the equivocal one of a closer approach, and a gradual reduction of her sails.

Twenty minutes more brought the two vessels sufficiently near to enable the crew of

each to scan their respective characters and strength ; when, to the astonishment of those on board 'Le Vaillant,' it appeared that the stranger-ship, a Brigantine, was worked by only a dozen hands, and contained but that number of persons. Not a voice nor sound was heard within her, and the few men visible upon her deck scarcely seemed to move. A tall and noble-looking figure, wrapped in a long cloak, and whose face was much concealed by a fur cap slouched across his brow, stood in the most conspicuous part of the approaching vessel, his arms folded on his breast, as, now borne on by breeze and current, she steered rapidly and boldly forward.

"Stand to your guns!" cried the Commander of 'Le Vaillant,' in a stern voice. Those words were followed by the brief orders which are customary previously to an action ; but the expression of the speaker seemed to indicate that they were given more in the spirit of nautical caution than from an intention to attack twelve unarmed men.

"Speak ; are you friends or foes ?" shouted the Commander of 'Le Vaillant' to the

Brigantine, which, undismayed by his resolute manner, still continued to advance.

The stranger-captain flung his cap into the sea, and, dropping his mantle, revealed the erect and daring figure of William Sullivan, armed with the weapons of Naval war!

"Foes! Victors!" burst from his lips, as, drawing a cutlass, he brandished it above his head, while simultaneously with his inspiring cry and act a mass of armed pirates leaped from beneath the empty hammock-cloths which had concealed them, and, thundering forth "No quarter!" rushed to their guns, the helmsman at the same moment giving a broad sheer-to, which, quick as lightning, ranged his ship alongside of 'Le Vaillant,' from which a fire was opened instantly.

A desperate but ineffectual attempt was then made by sending a larboard broadside right for the head of the French ship, while as rapidly the well-known sable '*Death-Flag*' of the Irish Buccaneers, with its skull and cross-bones, and the Celtic motto, in allusion to the "Manus Sullivanis,"

bꝛac buaðana ꝑcað

(i. e. Victorious hand of the battles!), etched

in white, rose to the extremity of the gaff, and floated like a funeral pall in place of the false colours they had hoisted !

“Fire!—Fire on!”—cried the French Commander.

The word was hardly uttered ere a tremendous volley of small arms was poured in from the tops and the deck of ‘Le Vaillant,’ which raked the Brigantine fore and aft.

This the Pirates instantly returned with another broadside of their guns, which swept the enemy’s deck. In this manœuvre both vessels got entangled, and availing himself of the circumstance, the Commander of ‘Le Vaillant,’ in a voice that rose clear and high amid the roar of combat, shouted forth, “Throw in the grapnels! Board and conquer!”

“Down with the Pirate dogs! Down with the robbers’ ‘Death-Flag!’” burst from the seamen of ‘Le Vaillant,’ in an animating cry, which was succeeded by a close and steady opening of musketry.

Shrouded in flame and smoke, the Pirates rushed through the thick white cloud created by the common fire, and, favoured by it, reached the point at which the vessels were

entangled, when, tossing in their ready grapnels, they caught the rigging of 'Le Vaillant.'

A savage cry of triumph followed this success; and Sullivan, with some score of armed Pirates, rushed over the broad planks which had been thrown from 'The Death-Flag' to 'Le Vaillant,' and leaped upon her deck. As he did so, he fired a shot that slightly grazed the left shoulder of Lord Ogilvie, who, reckless of the trivial wound, upraised his drawn sword, and closed with his foe. At this moment, the cloud of smoke which rested, air-borne, between the combatants, drifted suddenly away, and revealed them face to face.

There was a single instant during which the bright wild eyes of William Sullivan became frightfully bloodshot, and actually glared, as in ferocity, hatred, and amaze, they fixed upon and recognised his foe!

In the next, a yell of rage burst from his mouth, and "Well, met at last! For life or death!" escaped it, as with a convulsive spring he aimed a desperate lunge at Ogilvie, who, parrying it, bent a look of burning scorn, while, grappling with his enemy, he

shouted in a voice which for a moment drowned the roar of combat,—

“Villain! Smuggler! Outlaw! Vengeance for Edith O’Moore!”

The few rapid and passionate sentences which followed were lost in the war-shouts and execrations of the Buccaneers, many of whom, armed with short pikes and hatchets, at this instant gained a footing on the poop, while others, scrambling over planks, stumbled against each other, mingling threats and curses with the rush of sounds which burst forth from all quarters like a whirlwind. The narrow deck was soon so crowded by the pouring-in of the Pirates that for a few moments the combatants could do little else than grapple man with man, all attempt at aiming free blows being baffled by the denseness of the living mass that heaved and pressed together; but soon splash after splash in the deep sea, occasioned by the dead and dying it received, told the fatal effects of a spirited and well-directed fire poured from the quarter-deck of ‘Le Vaillant’ by the heroes who defended her.

The oaths and cries of the expiring wretches just dashed into the waves were

hardly less appalling than the wild exclamations of revenge which burst from the ferocious Pirates, as, with a daring intrepidity worthy of a better cause, they kept possession of that portion of the ship gained in the outset of their fierce encounter.

The assailants, however, as yet had vainly tried to force their passage one step further. The red deck was slippery with blood, and streams of fire glared through volumes of smoke which obscured the two joined ships, and narrowed the horizon around, as they rolled along the sea.

Still the hostile crews fought on like Lions, for they knew the struggle was for life or death. Curses, threats, and words of command, mingled with wild shrieks, and gurgling groans for help, which rose from out the sea from struggling wretches, who vainly screamed for rescue to the busy combatants above.

The *mêlée* which followed baffles all description. It was, in fact, for some minutes a mere brute grapple; but the intrepidity of the topmen of 'Le Vaillant,' as they poured down volleys of fire which raked the deck, and were seconded from those upon it, soon

compelled a clearance of the cumbered vessel; and the dash of the wounded and the dead into the Ocean that yawned to receive them quickly told the means by which that partial clearance had been made. Though 'The Death Flag' was in a great measure abandoned by the Pirates, still a sufficient number of them had remained with Jeffries (who now commanded the Brigantine) in order to direct the discharges of her ammunition, while those collected on the forecastle fought, either by throwing hand-grenades or firing muskets, thus doing nearly equal damage to friend and foe.

The action now grew closer and closer. Still disparity of numbers was greatly in favour of 'The Death Flag.' This advantage, however, was perhaps more than balanced by the ferocious energy, the savage fury, of the Pirates, whose frantic, undisciplined acts, as with axes, boarding-pikes, and hatchets, they hewed a passage through their enemies, perplexed, though it could not dismay them.

While those important movements were occurring, our hero and William Sullivan, wholly engrossed in single combat, and almost heedless of what passed around them,

sword in hand, fought on and on. The expression of Sullivan's features had become absolutely devilish ; his eyes glared with the couchant fire of revenge, and the brave self-possession and adroitness of his foe, while it stimulated him to superhuman efforts, lashed him to the ecstasy of a madman. Infuriated with rage and shame at a desperate thrust which Ogilvie had aimed successfully, every power seemed nerved into new strength, and in a voice mounting into as unearthly a screech as ever fell on mortal ear, he shrieked forth,

“Victory again! By Hell and Heaven, it is your last! Minion of Eva Dillon”—

“Wretch, name her not!” cried Ogilvie, making a forward rush with his uplifted sword.

With a cat-like spring, William Sullivan evaded the stroke. His broad chest heaved with throes of rage that awfully worked within, and starting back a few steps to make a lunge more sure, he raised his reeking sword high in the air, as if resolved to cleave his foe in twain, when, with a shriek of horror, a female threw herself between the combatants.

“Hold! Hold!” Her tongue refused to make another sound, and falling at the feet of Ogilvie, Edith O’Moore lay senseless there!

William Sullivan cast a bewildered stare upon her prostrate form, and in amaze reeled back against the bulwark. The next instant he burst into the laugh of a demon, and with a cry of execration, sword in hand, made a forward rush, heedless of the mainboom that was before him. His head struck violently against it, and, losing his balance, his gigantic form was flung heavily across the deck.

“Place him in irons. Take him to the hold, and aid him there!” shouted Lord Ogilvie in a voice of thunder.

The order was instantly obeyed. The strong rude man, stunned into insensibility, lay powerless as an infant, and felt not the chains that quickly bound him limb to limb.

“Edith!—dear Edith! what madness brought you here?” gasped Ogilvie, as he stooped down and raised her on his bended knee, regardless of the scene that raged around.

Her bewildered senses only half revived, Edith, with eager hands, sought to clasp his

neck.—“Beloved!—adored!” unconsciously escaped her.

Even at that moment, Death in a thousand shapes surrounding him, those words brought consternation to Lord Ogilvie’s heart—*that* heart where Eva Dillon reigned supreme!

His chest became palpably convulsed, and the blood mounted to his pallid temples in a fearful rush. He could not speak, but bending one look of deep and saddened tenderness on the again insensible Edith—a look such as we might suppose a pitying angel to bestow on frail and suffering humanity—he flung down his sword, and throwing his unwounded arm round her waist, he bore her through the roar of muskets, and the dying and the dead, unharmed, and almost unnoticed, to the narrow cabin stairs, which fortunately lay at no great distance.

“She *would* go up—I could not keep her back!” cried the terrified female we have already mentioned as belonging to the ship.

“Restore, and guard her as you would your life!” said Lord Ogilvie, as he laid the fainting girl on a couch. “I must return to the deck.” The next instant found him in the thickest of its fight.

Having forced his way through the strong struggling current of friends and foes, our hero stopped one moment to ascertain, through voluminous clouds, their actual position. He found the vessels slightly separated, and engaged yard-arm and yard-arm. Thought and act were simultaneous. Quick as the lightning's flash he mounted by the shrouds, dashed across the main-yard, and, unperceived through the dense smoke, gained that of the Brigantine. The next instant he flew to the main-top gallant mast-head, struck the hitherto unconquered 'Death-Flag,' and rushing from the shrouds, leaped with the Pirates' banner aboard 'Le Vailant,' and waving it high above his head, in triumph shouted—

"VICTORY!"

Three cheers reiterated the inspiring cry. The crews of both ships, thrown into confusion by the intrepid act, crushed, and strove against each other, in a furious attempt on one side to board the Brigantine—on the other to defend her.

In this stage of the combat, a sailor, stimulated into even more than his usual hardihood

by the intrepid example of Lord Ogilvie, posted himself, provided with combustibles, on the extreme end of the yard, and at the very instant when the Brigantine succeeded in disentangling herself from her antagonist, and was shooting a-head through the sulphurous smoke around her, and the bullets that whistled over the heads of her crew, this man dropped a hand-grenade with such precision, that it passed directly through the main-hatchway of 'The Death-Flag.'

The Pirates, with the carelessness that ever belongs to an irregular force, had left some cartridges and a large barrel of powder lying near, and actually in a line with their guns.

The grenade fired the train! A blaze of light streamed into the air, running up the rigging of the masts, and shrivelling the canvass like a scroll, while simultaneously wild shrieks for help rose from a crowd of Barbary captives and Turkish prisoners, who burst from the holds and through the flaming hatchway of the deck of 'The Death-Flag.'

Their white-turbaned heads, Oriental costumes, and wild gestures as they shook the chains that shackled them, added to the effect

of the magnificent spectacle, contrasted as they were with the martyr-like appearance of their companions in captivity, "The Fathers of the Trinity," who, though seeing death before them in this frightful shape, stood intrepidly erect, around a tall Ecclesiastic who held the sacred symbol of the Cross on high.

A female figure, clothed in a long white cloak, clung to the arm that uplifted it; and as this singular group, with masts and rigging blazing round them like illuminated pillars, burst through the fierce and sudden light upon the view, a cry of amazement broke from the crew of 'Le Vaillant,' whose gallant tars, headed by Lord Ogilvie, sprang forward to the rescue, while the life-boat was instantly lowered for the same purpose.

The scene that followed was terribly sublime. It was an affecting sight to witness the energy those men put forth to help their foes, and save them from an Ocean grave, hazarding their own lives in dragging them into the boat through clouds of lurid smoke, and amidst the tumbling of splinters, ropes, and fiery pitch, which with fearful velocity fell into the hissing waters. Many

of the impatient Pirates plunged out of the ship into the sea, fairly covering its surface, while others lay weltering and beating against the boat, endangering its safety and possible return to 'Le Vaillant.'

With the just and chivalrous feeling which ever distinguished him, Lord Ogilvie now directed his main efforts to the rescue of the Turkish and the Barbary prisoners. He had already succeeded in placing the one female captive (evidently a European) with "The Holy Fathers" in the boat, which, filled to overflowing, was in such peril from the increasing conflagration, and the struggling wretches who, in the energy of despair, clung frantically to her side, that Ogilvie, as he swung himself aboard, compelled his men, by efforts almost superhuman, to force her through the boiling sea in preservation of their lives.

It was a bloody struggle, but a triumph. The spirit of the sailors could not quail, and in a few moments one loud "Hurrah!" told that those they rescued from the jaws of death were safe on board 'Le Vaillant,' which the next instant shot to a distance from 'The Death-Flag.'

At the same moment a man was seen mounted aloft upon the stern of the latter, boldly brandishing a two-handed broadsword.

It was Jeffries, the American Pirate, who stood thus boldly, undaunted and alone, upon his burning ship! Its main-mast tottered—the solitary Buccaneer was blown high into the air; the blazing substances projected with him fell back with a horrible crash upon the deck.

The whole vessel was convulsed—she reeled from her prow to her keel, and, as if struck by an earthquake, burst asunder!

The explosion was magnificently awful. Detonations like the sound of thunder rolled over the illuminated sea, while immense columns of fire, as if from the crater of a volcano, rushed impetuously upwards, and the next instant were quenched in the Ocean's depths; not a spar, splinter, nor vestige remaining to tell the fearful tale of the destruction of 'The Death-Flag!'

The silence that followed was intense. Each man seemed to hold his breath, and on the mass of rude dark faces that were clustered on the deck of 'Le Vaillant,'

an expression of awe predominated even above the energy of triumph.

The voice of her commander broke the spell, as he gave the necessary orders to secure the ship, which were speedily fulfilled. His practised eye at a glance perceived all that should be said or done.

Trusty hands were at the helm. The Barbary and Turkish captives, with "The Holy Fathers of the Trinity," rejoiced in their unexpected freedom; the Pirate prisoners, though well secured, were treated with the humanity which always marks a gallant spirit. The wounded men were tended with the greatest care; the deck was cleared of the dead who had been trampled under foot; and such obedient alacrity characterized the conduct of the crew, that in an inconceivably short time all was hushed and still, as though no naval battle had occurred. Ogilvie, amid the enthusiastic thanks and attentions of his comrades, had had his slight wound dressed, and under the influence of an opiate, administered by his surgeon, now slept profoundly.

His hammock, by his Lordship's orders, was slung outside the door of the cabin oc-

so providentially r
Buccaneers.

Those lawless me
prisoners and booty
ditions against the
when, on the high
and attacked the vesse
to the shores of Irel
God, with the slaves
Fortune then and for
in favour of 'The Dea

After the crew and
the conquered ship ha
that of the victors, the
left a prey to the winds

Great had been the
Buccaneers, but, as we
short duration, for soon
had captured were not

CHAPTER VIII.

"Gone, gone are the days when the western gale
Awoke every voice of the lake and the vale,
With the harp, and the lute, and the lyre!
When Justice uplifted her adamant shield,
While Valour and Freedom illumined the field,
And thy free-born sons made the foeman to yield
With a sword and a plumage of fire!"

THE EMERALD ISLE.

"Fairies, sprites, and angels keep her!
Holiest powers, permit no wrong!"

SHELLEY.

WHILE William Sullivan pursues his schemes, we are at liberty to return to Eva Dillon. Strong in resolution as we have described her to be, still she was momentarily overpowered by fears for the fate of Edith O'Moore, and by terror on her own account, when she reflected on the ominous success which again attended the measures of the man whose present power seemed but a presage of his eventual and complete triumph. It was only natural that in the first instance Eva Dillon's energy should

fail, so that she sank beneath the woman's fears which rent her bosom. But, after a strong mental conflict, during which she invoked the aid of the Great Being who alone could help her, she regained her firmness ; and, though agitated by relapsing terrors, was enabled to sustain her resolution, and to impart a portion of it to poor Norah, whose impotent lamentations, uttered in all the vehemence of grief and passion, she at length succeeded in repressing.

The original disposition of the O'Sullivan-Beare was not without qualities which in early life might have been improved into virtues ; for, as is frequently the case with Irishmen, there was a strong mixture of incongruous attributes in the composition of a character that had been moulded to its present shape chiefly by the operation of external circumstances. Amid the tumultuous energies of an ambitious and ill-regulated spirit, a wild sort of generosity sometimes seemed to work, and, unlike his polluted nephew, whose only redeeming point was indomitable courage, Murty Oge in certain moods of mind was accessible to feelings which, though transitory in their

duration, occasionally gleamed through the mists of vice and error which obscured his disposition. This was especially the case whenever a consciousness of mental strength was shown either in man or woman. He looked on the darings of the mind with sympathy; they commanded his respect, and brought out some glimmerings of that spirit of good, which, being one of the great elements of our nature, is almost indestructible, and is often shown amid the presence of every kind of moral confusion.

There are, with rare exceptions, no characters entirely abandoned to the fearful energies of sin; for over the most darkened mirror of the human mind gleams of virtue *will* sometimes suddenly pass, with bright, though transient lustre. Awed by Eva Dillon's majestic spirit, and touched by her innocence, a rising respect for her called up the few good feelings which vicious habits had not quenched within the breast of the Chief of Irish Buccaneers. As from beneath his contracted brow he fixed a deep glance on his young and beautiful victim, he instinctively acknowledged her purity in contrast to his own guilt; and, actuated by

one of those sudden movements of the inner man to which we have alluded, Murty Oge obeyed the momentary impulse, and abstained from profaning Eva's ear by declaration of his passion. With a deep composure which astonished all around him, he continued to pace the little quarter-deck of his ship, apparently absorbed in his own thoughts, and seldom addressing a word to his companions.

Our heroine's mind grew comparatively calm as she witnessed the altered conduct of The O'Sullivan, and, though she deemed it probable he was acting a part of specious dissimulation, she was grateful for the respite it afforded to her harassed feelings, as well as for the time which it allowed for reflecting on the uncertainties of her painful situation.

The wind having been full in favour of the ship when sailing from the Skeligs, she sped with so much swiftness, that before the change of weather we have mentioned had begun she was floating in the deep expansive harbour of Kilmakalogue. This haven is formed by one of the finest indentations of the Kenmare river, which, thirty

miles in length, is most picturesquely situated, the noble range of the Kerry mountains with their lofty peaks being visible through verdant valleys, as, gracefully receding behind each other, they present a magnificent perspective until lost in the distance. Pursuing her course, the vessel sailed up the majestic river (or rather bay, for it is in fact an inlet of the sea) until she was abreast of Ardea Castle, the ancient seat of The O'Sullivans,* which, built on the summit of a lofty cliff that starts up abruptly from the waterside, commands the whole of the splendid prospect in its vicinity. The bold romantic situation of the edifice and the objects around it exhibit every variety of picturesque scenery. Towards the head of the Kenmare river several islands of singular beauty, abounding in red, white, and purple marble, are reflected in the broad water, many of them nourishing the arbutus and all kinds of shrubs within their picturesque recesses. Creeks and coves, craggy rocks, verdant glens, stupendous mountains, sometimes rising from the very edge of the water, — forests, extensive morasses, and

* See note III. at the end of the volume.

cataracts tumbling over cliffs covered with trees of every description, are among the varied objects which, amid this singular solitude, Nature in one view presents in sublime irregularity.

If Eva's mind had not been engrossed by harrowing fears, she must have derived the highest pleasure from contemplating a landscape so congenial to her refined taste. But, a victim to the keenest anxiety, she had little perception for outward appearances, excepting as they might be supposed to bear upon her future fate. Thus, as the Cutter flew along the river, her eye had been little more than momentarily interested; but when, having anchored in the middle of the channel, opposite Ardea Castle, The O'Sullivan announced his design to land, Eva, by an increased pressure of Norah's arm, and a sudden quickness of breathing, manifested that all her agitations were renewed. Curb-
ing those new fears, however, and not daring to offer fruitless resistance, she obeyed The O'Sullivan in descending with Norah into the small boat, which, having been lowered from the Cutter, waited to receive them. Father Syl crossed himself devoutly, and

uttered sundry edifying thanksgivings when he found himself safely stowed in the boat, and at the termination of a voyage which had caused him so many frights on "flood and field."

Without speaking a word, The O'Sullivan sat down beside our heroine; Connell and the Rapparee having seized an oar each, a few strokes of their paddles sent the little bark dancing to the verdant shore. As the rowers neared it, impassioned exclamations in the Irish language were distinctly heard, and almost in the same moment a figure was seen under the brow of a projecting rock close to the brink of the water. The back of the man was turned to the river, and his form was bent over something on shore that was covered with a frieze cloak, and which he seemed to be attentively considering. The position of the person thus employed concealed his face, but, as Murty Oge was now in that part of his territory where feudal devotion to himself existed to the utmost extent, he felt almost positive that he beheld a friend. Caution, however, seldom left him; therefore, ordering a sudden halt, he raised his finger to his mouth and gave

the shrill peculiar whistle which had often served as a note of re-union to hundreds of his clan. The kneeling figure sprang to his feet, and lifted his clenched hands, while his eyes seemed starting forth as with an expression of surprise, anxiety, and pleasure, he fixed them on the boat.

"'Tis our good kinsman and namesake, Murty *Tongue Arrigud*," said the Chieftain, as he motioned to his men to oar again.

"By the powers 't is his own purty self, for all the world as thin as a gridiron, an' as yallow as a kite's claw! Fellow me his like for a scholard an' a beauty from the top o' the north to the kingdom o' Kerry!" cried Dan Connell; and, dashing to land, he hastily roared out, "Here we are! here we are! Schoolnasther agra! comed back to ould Ireland all of a suddent from off iv a cruise, wid (success to our timbers!) a bit iv a prize that's well worth a hailing."

Instead of returning Dan's vociferous ejaculations, He of the Silver Tongue impressively waved one hand, while, raising the other to his lips, he stood perfectly still, assuming an aspect so lowering and an air of mystery so profound, that Connell, as the

boat touched the shore, exclaimed in evident amazement,

“*Curp-an-dioul!* if it doesn’t bang ould Nick to see your Honour fugling away, wid your thumb on your nose, an’ your chin poked out, an’ your cheeks sucked in, insted o’ resaaving us all wid a sprightly ‘Hurra! Boys!’ an’ *caedh mille fealtha** to the O’Sullivan-Beare, the great Earl of Bearhaven, from your own ‘silver tongue’!”

Without noticing this expostulation, the schoolmaster strode to the water’s edge, and, seizing the arm of his Chief, who had just sprung to the shore, he cautiously whispered some words in his ear. The grim visage of the latter was marked by a dark surprise, as he listened to his kinsman’s communication, and, despite of the firmness of his nerves, his eye became disturbed, while, in a manner somewhat irresolute, he ordered Connell and the Rapparee to assist the females to land, and to wait with them his further directions. Then, plunging one arm into his breast, he walked aside with his kinsman, and continued a whispered conversation, which, from the appearance of the speakers, seemed

* A hundred thousand welcomes!

equally energetic and important. The confident assurance of Dan Connell instantly settled into a profound silence, and, though he obeyed his master by placing our heroine ashore, while the Rapparee did the same for Norah and the Priest, yet his eyes continued fixed with fearful interest on the distant figures of his Chief and the renowned Silver-tongued schoolmaster of Kenmare.

A low cry of horror which burst from Eva Dillon, and was echoed by Father Syl, made Connell quickly turn round his face, which, notwithstanding his natural callousness, expressed both sorrow and surprise, when it rested on a dead and mangled body, which it was evident had recently been washed to land. The head and shoulders were bare; the rest of the figure was wrapped in an old Irish mantle, and, stiff and cold, the corpse was stretched upon the ground precisely where Murty *Tongue Ar-rigud* had been first discovered by his countrymen.

“Wurrah! wurrah! Tim *Lauve Darrig*—Tim o’ the Red Hand!—is this the end you’ve come to at last?—to be dhrowned like a cat, an’ lift dead on our hands in no

time at all!" exclaimed Connell, as with unusual emotion he looked on the hard and bloodless face of his former comrade, and extended one arm towards it, while with the other he held the affrighted girl, who, trembling in every joint, was obliged to lean against him for support.

"Daniel Connell, now look to the jewel o' the earth that you hould in your arums as white as a sheet, an' lave the dead man to take care iv himse'f; an' if you've a spark o' tindher feelin' about yees, an' wouldn't put a nail in my coffin, why take us away from that sight o' sights!" cried Norah, gasping for breath; and, no longer able to suppress the outbreak of her agitation, she caught her brother's shoulder between her hands, and gazed into his face with a depth of expression which even his rude soul could scarcely resist.

"Don't be afeard iv the dead, ye poor foolish crathurs! Shure his 'Red Hand' can't hurt yees now!" cried Dan Connell, quickly bearing Eva to the other side of a rock which Father Syl, guided by the instinct that always made him shun disagreeable objects, had already reached. The rock behind

which the priest had squatted himself completely screened the corpse from view ; and, as Connell reached the level spread of ground that lay between it and other pilings of stone which shot up here and there in curious configurations, he placed Eva by her nurse's side, and could not avoid relaxing his features into some rude sympathy with their agitation, as clinging close together they crouched upon the grass.

While this little scene was passing, Murty *Tongue Arrigud* briefly informed The O'Sullivan of the abduction of Miss O'Moore by his nephew, as well as of the public search that was now being made through the whole country for the delinquent, and which only a few hours since had been instituted within the walls of Ardea Castle. Of the heir of Ross Mac Owen's fate—further than his having sailed from Ireland with his victim accompanied by Tim *Lauve Darrig*—the schoolmaster could give no account ; but having stated that the tide had just washed up 'Tim's corpse, he suggested that in all probability William Sullivan had either shared his companion's fate, or, being landed on the Continent, was safe from the ven-

geance of the law. With his usual persuasion, the narrator then proceeded to advise The O'Sullivan to prove *his* innocence by waiting instantly on Mr. Puxley, in order to declare his reprobation of his nephew's conduct, and his own total ignorance of it until the present moment.

The whole of this communication had not occupied ten minutes. At its conclusion, The O'Sullivan suddenly withdrew the hand with which he had latterly veiled his face. It was pale as ashes, but calmly stern, when, without giving any expression of his feelings, except what his countenance betrayed, he thanked his kinsman, and assented to the wisdom of his plan, as well as to its adoption.

The Chieftain then, by an ingenious tale, accounted for the past residence abroad and the present return of Norah Connell, who, from a report sedulously spread by her brother, years ago, was supposed to have died on a pilgrimage to Lough Dergh. With the same brevity, The O'Sullivan communicated a story devised between him and his special confidants, and which, under the seal of secrecy, was to explain the equally unexpected appearance of Eva Dillon. It

had been arranged that to the few individuals whose services it might be necessary to employ, our heroine should be represented a person mysteriously connected with the tunes of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, placed by him beneath the temporary care and custody of The O'Sullivan-Beare. No attachment to, and connexion with her charge, were explained with a clever nuity and a disregard to truth equal to which dictated the whole of the Irish C narration ;—nevertheless, the story was so consciously devised, that it imposed completely on our learned pundit. Perceiving this, O'Sullivan signified his desire that the few should be lodged immediately in Ardea C where, under the strict *surveillance* of M *Tongue Arrigud*, he wished them to remain concealed until affairs became more settled.

This proposition commanded unqualified assent from the village pedagogue ; and he gave it, he raised his eyes from the brass buckles of his brogues, where in addition they had lately rested, and fixed them with an air of ludicrous importance, on his kinsman. Then drawing up his tall person to a perpendicularity as erect as a sign-

he jerked the suit of rusty black that hung in threadbare folds about his gawky figure, and placed his hands within the gaping pocket-holes of his nether garments, while his sallow visage lengthened until it almost seemed as if sufficient light were admitted through the stretched parchment of his meagre cheeks to count the teeth within. Having assumed this imposing aspect, Murty *Tongue Arrigud* cast a complacent look on his spindle shanks, which, clothed in bright blue worsted stockings, won the admiration of every urchin in the Barony, and then stalked after The O'Sullivan, who, with a less dignified step, had already joined the party by the river's side.

Immediate despatch seemed the object of the Chief of the Buccaneers. Consigning Eva to the guidance of his kinsman, and Norah to that of the Rapparee, he ordered them to ascend the lonely bridle-path, which, in zig-zag windings, led up several mountain swells towards the rocky platform on which the edifice of Ardea Castle stood. While the *partie carrée* slowly and silently pursued their toilsome way, The O'Sullivan—who, with Father Syl and Dan Connell, kept considerably in the rear—re-commenced a recital

of the conversation he had held with the Schoolmaster of Kenmare, and communicated to them the important news he had received.

At this unexpected intelligence, Connell was taking fire, when the monitory eye of his Master, fixed on him in cold and stern caution, made him check his temper, and, fully conquering it, he entered, with his characteristic quickness, into every prospect connected with the present emergency. Plunging at once into business, he commended the intentions of his chief, and signified his own determination to accompany him to Ross Mac Owen the moment our heroine and her Nurse were lodged in Ardea Castle, which, as it had been searched already by the Military, seemed from that circumstance, and its isolated situation, the safest retreat that could be chosen. For many reasons, it was considered advisable for Father Syl to appear at Ross Mac Owen. The Priest, thinking it a much better domicile than Ardea Castle, willingly acceded to the proposal of partaking its good cheer, and promised to remain quite passive during any arrangements which his companions might deem necessary. Clapping his hands in token of approbation, Dan, with

the agility of a deer, ran in pursuit of the advanced party, who, after twenty minutes' clambering, had just reached the bottom of a flight of steps which, cut rudely in the rock, ascended to the main entrance of the castle.

"Hundhers o' welcomes to the fine ould roof iv Ardea, my *cushlas*! * an' well may ye bide here a while wid' his Honour, Misther Murty *Tongue Arrigud*, to keep ye good company, an' give ye a thrifle o' larnin'; an' this nate an' ginteel Rapparee to guard ye from harum, an' to bring ye your mate an' your dhrink dog chape, all *gratis* for nothin', till the Masther an' I come back, wid Fader Syl, from the berrin' iv Tim *Lauve Darrig*, that broth iv a boy that lies down in the glin as dead as mutton—the curse o' the crows be off iv his corpse!"—cried Dan, as, having scampered to the uppermost step, he tossed his cap in the air, and cut a caper two yards from the ground. Then placing himself full in the arched and open doorway which afforded ingress to the castle, he prepared to do the honours of reception to our heroine as though he were its veritable Master.

A host of contending feelings gave energy

* My dears!

to the efforts Eva made to preserve an appearance of composure ; and, aware of the inutility of shrinking from what could not be avoided, she ascended firmly to the side of Daniel Connell. Then turning round, she faced the whole landscape, and silently bent her searching looks in all directions to survey the localities of the place she clearly perceived would henceforth be her prison. Peculiar loneliness and striking loveliness were the characters of the scene. The Castle possessed no outworks, nor any great architectural beauty. It was a rude strong edifice, which alternately bleached and blackened by the action of the elements, looked, to a fanciful eye, like a part of the high and craggy cliff on which it was erected. At one view, a sweep of hundreds of leagues on sea and land was taken in. The lofty and nearly impassable range of the Bearhaven mountain in all the sharp effects of light and shadow rose in fine contrast to the verdant glades through which the Kenmare river, environed by hills and glades, swept on its course until it reached the everlasting sea. At the point where Ardea Castle stands, that river, which in some places is seven miles in breadth

assumes the appearance of an estuary ; and as it dashed among the cliffs and crags, the hoarse murmur of its waters resembled that of the ocean, and rather increased than broke the sense of solitude. When Eva, in the mood of excited feelings which the scene produced, turned to look at Norah, she caught her eye fixed on the ancient Castle with a depth of expression such as she had never witnessed.

But little time for observation, however, was allowed, as Connell, having entered the black and open doorway, called on Eva to do the same. She obeyed, and, closely followed by her Nurse, stepped into a long dark passage built in the body of a thick wall, which, after many windings, ushered them into the arch-roofed and pillared hall of the Castle of Ardea. It was a spacious stone-floored chamber hung with very ancient armour, that now, completely rusted, intermingled with tattered banners, broken shields, and trophies of the chase, among which the enormous antlers of the Irish elk were picturesquely conspicuous. Everything looked monotonously dark, the light that was partially admitted being barely sufficient to define interior objects. No Minstrel, as in

...more the carved re
umphant echoes. No
the board round which
hundreds of devoted C
raise on high the spar
quaffing, in a rude but
of their liege lord, the t

All now was silent
former Chiefs of Arde
Eva Dillon stood in the
hall, she involuntarily
between the present and
ings as agitating as th
unaccountable. In the
Norah seemed to sympathise
as she stood stationary
Mistress, she held her
quivering with a kind of
her brow bent as if she lo

acting by stealth, laid her trembling hand on Eva's arm, and, giving a peculiar look of caution, quickly whispered—

“ *Chorra ma chree!**—this ain't the *first* time *you* wor here!”

“Norah, you say so? Oh! can it be true! Tell me—tell me all!” whispered Eva in reply, and utterly astonished.

“Umph! by-an'-bye may be I'll spake more about it,” murmured the Nurse, with equal mystery and fear; then, crossing herself devoutly, she began to repeat an *Ave Maria* in order to answer the inquiring eye, which, the moment faint whisperings met his ear, was turned on her by The O'Sullivan. This hint was quite enough for our observant heroine, and taking it for granted that silence was her safest course, she merely bowed her head as the chief of the Irish Buccaneers, with unusual courtesy, committed her to the charge of his kinsman of “the Silver Tongue,” and having promised to see her in a few days, raised her hand to his lips and took his leave, accompanied by Father Syl and Daniel Connell.

Eva and her faithful companion were then

* i. e. Pulse of my heart!

conducted up a long flight of stairs to their future chamber. It was a small square room built in one of the turrets of the Castle which faced towards the sea. Narrow castellated slits in the deep massive wall at some feet from the floor, answered the purposes of windows. In one corner lay an ancient Irish Harp, all the strings of which were broken, and a worm-eaten but curiously carved table, with a few chairs equally antiquated, served to furnish the gloomy and desolate apartment, or rather prison. The adjoining chamber was as destitute of comforts as that we have described ; two antique-looking beds, an iron lamp, and an old oak chair being all that it contained.

Mr. Murty *Tongue Arrigud* bowed profoundly to Eva as he ushered her into this untempting domicile ; then, under plea of ordering refreshments and other conveniences, he withdrew, turning the rusty key on the outside of the massive door. As his retiring steps grew fainter, the two despairing females heard those of the Rapparee pacing up and down the room which lay on the exterior of the entrance to their prison. At this sign of the vigilance with which

they might expect to be watched in future, hope nearly fled from their hearts, and sinking on their seats they gazed wistfully upon each other, looking the fears they dreaded to express by words.

CHAPTER IX.

"O all ye gods ! how this inflames my fury !
I scarce can hold my rage : my eager hands
Tremble to reach thee."

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS.

"This is the man should do the bloody deed ;
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast."

SHAKESPEARE.

FULL of a thousand bold plans for the execution of his projects, The O'Sullivan-Beare reached Ross Mac Owen.

His iron nerves seemed braced to even more than their usual rigour. Every idea of his complex and daring mind was strained into deep revolving thought, which even the privileged freedom of Dan Connell or the unsanctimonious jocularly of Father Syl dared not interrupt, as, seating himself before the huge chimney of his favourite apartment, he sternly signified in a few brief words his desire to be left alone.

His followers obeyed, and the Chief, as if relieved by their absence, gave himself entirely up to the consideration of his present position, and the arrangement of his future plans. His first movement was to examine the letters which had arrived at Ross Mac Owen during his absence. Among the varied communications, one arrested his attention in a peculiar degree. It came from a distant relative who resided in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and conveyed the startling intelligence that Mr. Puxley had given information to the Government, which stated his strong suspicion—almost amounting to conviction—that Murty Oge O'Sullivan of Ross Mac Owen had been privy to the infamous abduction of Miss O'Moore, and that, at all events, he had to a certainty enlisted a number of men for the Irish Brigade in the French service, in which it was asserted he had recently been appointed to a Captain's commission.

"Hah! he lies!" muttered the Chief through his clenched teeth, as he clutched the paper he held. "So falsehood, as usual, directs the minion of the Hanover rat, and 'Treason lurks even among my own 'Wild

Geese.'"^{*} As he uttered those words, he burst into a loud laugh of derision that assorted well with the reckless bravo air which indescribably marked his attitude and bearing.

"Ho there!" he shouted, after a moment's pause. "Ho there!"

The well-known summons brought the trusty Dan directly to his side.

"Ah! thin, what 's the matther, Masther jewel, wid ye *now*?" demanded Connell in the strained attitude of close attention, as he involuntarily asked the question, on perceiving the frightfully-excited appearance of his Chief.

"Matter enough!—ay, matter which may peril both our Cause and lives!" ejaculated The O'Sullivan, his lips foaming with passion. "That comb of the Devil, Puxley!" he added in a tone of vehement exasperation, "has reported me to Government as being cognisant of that vile and silly exploit of my nephew—the abduction of Miss O'Moore, which, as *you* well know, I never even heard of until our return to Ireland; and has also by bribery

* The singular *sobriquet* by which such recruits were invariably designated.

and corruption discovered the whole secret of our Volunteer Associations, and reported it to Government; for which black deed my heart's curse on him!" he shouted, with a face livid with rage, and striking the table violently as he spoke. "I now renounce at once and for ever all idea of temporizing with this jackal of the German Elector, as I intended when I left the Castle of Ardea—for his first information to my enemies is a *lie*—a deep, a damned *lie*; and his second must upset my best-laid schemes!"

There was a momentary pause, during which Connell fixed a deep and scrutinizing gaze upon his master. As he did so, an exulting smile of frightful import lighted up his face, which became pale as death, when, springing from the opposite side of the table to that where The O'Sullivan stood, he grappled at his throat, and, putting his mouth quite close to his ear, he hoarsely whispered—
"Puxley must be *murdered*!"

The O'Sullivan's large and lustrous eye glared still more wildly than before, his face became of ashy paleness, and his whole person and countenance assumed an aspect as highly excited as that of insanity.

"*When—where—how* shall the deed of Death be done?" he demanded, in a suppressed but steady voice of demoniacal determination.

"In the lone path that laads through the Glin to the devil's turf, where the Hathens' Church is built!" replied Connell, even at such a moment making the sign of the Cross to atone for having named the heretical object.

"That is the *where*—now for the *how* and the *when*!" muttered The O'Sullivan with unflinching ferocity, and in deep accents which sounded like the murmur of the thunder-cloud before it bursts.

"Lave the *how* to *this*!" shouted Connell, extending to their utmost stretch the fingers of the huge hand which he steadily held forth.

"At your peril, defraud me of *my* prey! By *my* hand the bloody Exciseman dies! But I am no *murderer*, and it shall be in fair and open combat," uttered The O'Sullivan-Beare, in a low, concentrated voice, almost inarticulate with wrath.

"*Thannu-mun-diaoul*! Thin be it so. Yit remimber, sorra' a son o' Adam but your blessed se'f should bar me o' the glory o' that

deed!" ejaculated Connell, grinding his teeth with rage at being obliged to relinquish it, even to the Master he adored.

"'Tis well," cried The O'Sullivan, breathing one deep and fervent curse, as he locked his associate's hand within his own in token of their fearful compact. "The *where* you have rightly fixed—the *when* shall be on Sunday next! And now I wish to be alone," he added, waving his hand with a sort of savage dignity towards the door, in intimation that he desired to digest in solitude the full details of the atrocious enterprise which engrossed his thoughts.

His confidant, in obedience to the mandate thus received, bowed and immediately withdrew.

CHAPTER X.

"Oh! how shall we declare the fatal truth—
How wound thy tender bosom with alarms?"

TIGRE.

"Psyche, dismayed, yet thoughtful of escape,
In anxious silence to the portal press'd;
And freedom would have hail'd in any shape,
Though seen in death's tremendous colours dress'd."

IDEM.

PASSING over all the minor circumstances, inconveniences, and *espionage* to which Eva Dillon and her faithful Nurse have been subjected since they last claimed the attention of the reader, we return to Ardea Castle. The learned pedagogue and his assistant had never relaxed an iota of the vigilance towards their captives which the Chieftain had enjoined, as the most sacred duty to himself and to the interests of his Clan.

Thus circumstanced, Eva and her attached companion could hold no confidential intercourse, except during the hours which it was supposed they devoted to sleep. The prin-

rt of every night, therefore, was devoted to whispered conversations relative to the present, past, and future; but despite all her efforts, Norah, seeming to have rather few involuntary yet memorable utterances at the moment she entered the Ardea Castle, had hitherto obstinately refused to explain them to the anxious and devoted nurse Eva Dillon.

Though profoundly disappointed by this guarded reserve, yet finding every effort to break it ineffectual, our heroine, with her usual sweetness of temper, resigned the matter for the present, trusting that eventually her beloved Nurse would prove less intransigent to her wishes. In daytime, they enjoyed the privilege of walking through the beautiful scenery immediately surrounding Ardea Castle, but the invariable presence of the nurse on such occasions of "the silver-tongued" master of Kennmare and the ferocious doctor prevented any confidential discourse on their actual situation, or discussion on the means for escape which naturally and almost wholly engrossed their thoughts. The room they occupied in the turret of the castle was very small, close, and low-

inmates that the great
was passed at the na
the only source of ve
ment. Outside the
sitting-room beyond,
the Rapparee relieved
through the night.
with unwonted radia
Nurse, when, having
their sleeping chambe
being heard, they, a
shaded their burning
close to the aperture b
were intromitted, Eva
cient, high-backed O
carved, her pale cheek
and her eyes fixed on

Litanies, she would drop her rosary and sway her body backwards and forwards with a slow, monotonous movement, covering her face with her hands as if to exclude external objects.

The solemn night-wind swept in fitful gusts around the Castle, but, as yet, so gently that it sounded like what we might imagine would be the sighs of departed Spirits, if permitted to witness and to mourn over the sorrows and the errors of the loved on earth. Eva Dillon's eyes seemed to dwell abstractedly on the silver-tinted clouds that, every moment changing their picturesque shapes, flitted athwart the sky, which was gradually assuming a more lowering aspect.

"An' what is *ma Colleen* thinkin' iv? Is it o' the purty klipstick* they've putt us in, bad luck to 'em an' more's the pity?" ejaculated Norah, in a deep whisper, as suddenly she withdrew her hands from her dark, earnest eyes, and fixed them inquiringly and full of melancholy meaning on her young companion.

Eva Dillon smiled faintly, as looking down with sweet affection she replied—

* Dilemma.

were with the Edith O' with Lord Ogilvie, the youth, and with her who est Mother unto me. I pretty German legends used to tell against yo added, trying to recover tionately stroking back had escaped beneath the confined them. "Wel dark, majestic scene are which is rising into w every moment—that cres with tall fir-trees silver capricious light, which so clearly to the view, an leaves them fading, vai

Bard or Seanachie of our Isle of Saints,
wrote what you shall hear, instead of its
being the composition of your wayward
child !” she added, playfully tapping Norah’s
cheek, and the next moment, in a more se-
rious tone, repeating the following lines,
which, in imitation of the German, she
named, *à l’impromptu*,—

THE MAGIC CHASE.

1.

Over the woodlands swiftly fly
Wandering leaves along the sky.
Yes !—now ’s the time for frolic fun,—
The Magic Chase has just begun !

2.

Hark to the Hag’s laugh !—Ha, ha, ha !
The wild shriek tells—’tis Chiseba !
She ’s caught the torrent on the rock !—
She ’s crack’d its neck !—list to the shock !

3.

The Spectre of the Brocken stands
Upon the crested hill : his hands
Shrouded in mist—outstretch’d on high,
Gigantic mingle with the sky !

4.

Soft moonbeams make his flowing hair ;
Stars—the bright poetry of air—
Clustering round him in the skies,
Watch on with shining, sleepless eyes.

5.

See! see! beneath, above, around,
How Witches, Elves, and Sprites abound!
Hailing their Lord of Sov'reign will,
The Spectre of the Brocken Hill!

6.

Come, see our own Ghosts on the top
Of yonder grey and mystic rock,
With labels nail'd to every back
By hellish fingers.*—Hark! the crack

7.

Of forest branches, loudly tell
The Spectre's Storm is working well.
Hark to the horns that through the sky
Proclaim the viewless Huntsman nigh!

8.

See! see! high perch'd on yonder rock
That mystic bird—the Yellow Cock—
His red nose twisted all awry,
Screeching infernal revelry!

9.

Away! away!—'tis frolic fun:
The Magic Chase indeed 's begun!
Away! and in unhallow'd fray
Join the Wild Chase.—Away! away!

“What think you? Now am I not a
raal poet, dear Nurse mine?” asked Eva,

* This alludes to the well-known superstition that mortals who are bold enough to ascend the celebrated Brocken Hill on a particular night, called in German *Wal-purgis Nacht*, have the privilege of seeing their own ghosts, with a billet pinned to their backs bearing the name and date of death.

ith a sportiveness assumed for the nonce to drive away the cloud of care and wrapt recollection that had gradually gathered upon Norah's brow, and mimicking the national accent which was so richly hers in patriotic preservation.

The dark eyes of Norah flung their lightning round her as, looking almost like a Sibylline Pythoness, she threw back her white coif, and, falling suddenly on her knees, clasped her hands together, and whispered in a low voice of deepest solemnity, and as if quite unconscious of any previous conversation—

“Eva, light o’ my eyes an’ darlint o’ my soul! I’ll spake,—*I’ll spake!*—An’ Mary, Mother o’ Heaven! forgive an’ absolve me, if the Confission that for years has been tearin’ at the fibres o’ my heart (an’ which, no doubt, I ought to make in sacret in Holy Church before a Priest, if I had but ’casion) is tould at the last to *you!*” she added, grasping Eva’s arm with the violence of a mental agitation that distorted every feature of her speaking countenance.

A strange perturbation, almost equally intense, shook the frame of Eva, which trembled between hope and fear, as a sudden sus-

Is it of my parents—
—that you at length
own dear Nurse?" she
choking accents, as a
quent tears fell over the
flung her own.

"It

There was a solemn
various emotions distortion
of Norah, while
scarcely less disturbed.
ceasing the strange room
have before described, cast
a ball at the feet of Eva
ing every attempt to resist
position, she clasped her hands
fixing her eyes upon her

lov'd an' niver wronged ye, since you was a babby at my breast; that is,"—(and here an expression of deep anguish crossed her features)—"I niver *maned* to wrong ye, tho' may be I *have* widout the intintion, by raason that till this blissed hour I've kipt the oath they made me take! But *now*"—here a fearful wildness gleamed from her uplifted eyes—"I see their wickedness, their schames, their life's crimes! An' by this Holy Cross o' bades," she added, holding up the large black crucifix that hung at her side, "I'll tell ye all the thruth I know; an' thin, in fastin', prayer, an' pinance, I'll pin my faith on the intercession o' the Mother o' Heaven, an' all the blessed Marthyrs, for the absolution o' my sin!"

"Do not tell me *if it* BE A SIN!" gasped Eva faintly, and laying her hands across her Nurse's lips.

The old woman eagerly kissed the cold white fingers, while, moving them from her mouth, she said—

"It can't be *mortual* sin, *agra*!—it can't be that *now*—but even if it *was*, I'd peril this poor sowl o' mine, an' live in Purgatory for a thousand years, sooner than let ye sink

one step furdher in their hellish pitfalls!" As she whispered those words, she sank her head upon her breast, muttered an Ave Maria, and then, having reverently signed the Cross in the palm of her hand,* she stretched out her bare arms in an attitude of supplication, and said in a voice which, though extremely low, was emphatically distinct,—

"My own heart! listen to me now, an' if ye can help it, don't spake a word, good or bad, to break the thread o' my discoorse."

The agitated Eva bowed assent, and Norah thus continued :—" 'Tis about sixteen summers, or as good as may be, since I was woke up out o' my draamin' sleep in the middle o' the night, by my broder Dan Connell, an' whisked off afore him on a horse as mad as himsef, widout spaakin' one word, to this sefsame Castle iv Ardea, where you and I are sated now in the bright moonshine.— We niver crack'd cry till we comed to this sthrange ould place, an' here, shure enough, was The O'Sullivan-Beare, an' in a mortual pucker he looked, whin, widout spaakin' a word, he hoisted me off iv my four-footed

* A custom with the lower Irish on momentous occasions.

baste, an' thin pulled me by the right hand, fust up one stair, an' thin down another, an' thin up agin, an' on, an' on, till we comed to a fine clever * bed-room:—‘Here’s the Nurse I promised come at last!’ said the Masther to the beautifullest lady I ever set my two livin’ eyes upon, who was stretched on a grand testher bed, wid a sweet little new-born babby beside iv her. Her face was as white an’ as cowl’d as the grave-stones whin the moon shines over ’em, an’ her tongue was as silent too!—That lady—that angel on airth—*Cushla machree!*—was——”

“MY MOTHER!”—ejaculated Eva, almost choked with agitation, as she seized the extended hand of Norah, and pressed it to her throbbing heart, without power to add another word.

“You spake God’s thruth,” solemnly whispered the sympathizing Nurse; “an’ you was the small, tendher crathur that lay on her snow-white bussom, wid your dear little hand acrass it, lookin’ for all the world like a cherub o’ God asleep in the arums o’ one iv his Saints! An’ as I gazed on your own

* i. e. Large.

blessed Mother lyin' there wid all her beauty on her sweet pale face, I saw that Death was hard by, an' was come to dale his last blow!—so I riz her up in my arums, an' hugged her close to my warm heart—('t was *young* thin, dear!)—an' I poured some dhrops iv a cordial down her throat, an' my hot tears fell fast on her frozen cheek, as I call'd her by every fond Irish name, an' pray'd that Heaven might be her bed, if God would take her away!—but she heeded me not at all at all, darlint! but fix'd her sweet eyes on The O'Sullivan-Beare, who stood lookin' like a dumb-foundhered dare-divil close by her side. The angels o' Heaven that wor all round her bed (tho' by rason iv our sins we couldn't discarn 'em *) gave her strength to start up from her pillow all iv a suddent; an' thin, in a voice, the sweet sound o' which I'll niver hear the likes iv agin in this base wicked world, she laid one hand on her babby, an' fixin' a last look on the Chief, gasped out in long heavy brathings that burnt every word straight into the memory o' my heart—'Swear to befrind my Child,

* A prevalent Irish superstition regarding the death-bed of a holy person.

for the sake iv him who lost life in defend-
ing yours! *His* death has been *mine*—you
towld it so suddinly—so——but I forgive
—my heart is broken!’

“ ‘She raves!—she’s deminted!’ said
the Chief, pushing me all a one side. ‘Be
off!’ he cried, pointin’ to the door: ‘Be off
this minute!’ but Norah Connell wasn’t
the mhoodawn* he tuck her for;—an’ so,
widout wid or by your lave, I dropped on
my two bended knees, an’ prayed for the
sowl o’ the dying saint—for she was *that*,
if ever there was one upon airth!—An’ thin,
as the Chief riz her up still more in the
bed, she laned on her elbow, an’ struve
an’ struve to spake, an’ at last these words
forced their ways out—‘Swear to purtect
my Child!—an’ *if* my faithful servant ever
returns——’ Core o’ my heart! at that self-
same awful minute the death-rattle saazed
on her throat, an’ not another word could
she spake; so just layin’ her hand on her
sleepin’ babby—that’s *you*, dear!—her eyes,
like two fallin’ stars, flashed a wild light,
that towld how her poor dying heart was
wringin’ to know if he’d take that vow; an’

* Silly creature.

thin The O'Sullivan, all in a fluster, as if to get rid o' that pint an' to come to anither while there was time, said, signing the Cross, 'I *do* swear!' an' thin, rushin' up to the dyin' lady, agin an' agin, through his set teeth, as if the diaoul (purfect us!) put words in his mouth, he stormed an' thundered out—'But why that IF? Don't ye *know* that your servant is dead? Why thin that IF? Spake! Do you hear? Spake!'

"Bud gettin' no answer at all at all, he repaated his quistion, an' shuck the arum o' the dyin' darlint, as if, for all the world, 't was one iv his Cutther's cables; an' so mad entirely was he, that sorra a one o' him tuck note o' my prisence the laste taste in life: but whether he did or did not was no great matther, seeing as how I wouldn't have stirred a stump for the best he that ever throd on shoe-leather! An' thin, all iv a suddint, a bright light seemed to shine out round the blessed head o' the dyin' lady, an' raisin' her hand, she pointed to heaven, an' smiled like an Angel, as she soon was to be—for I heard the music o' God above her!*

* The imaginative Irish of the lower orders believe and assert that this often happens when a peculiarly virtuous person expires.

an' thin, turnin' round wid all the world iv
a Mother's love baaming out iv her dyin'
eyes, she dropped gently down jist close to
her Child, an' brathed her last sigh on your
tiny lips, an' I felt that her glory was on
me!"

As Norah solemnly uttered those words
she covered her face, and large drops which
fell between her long thin fingers silently
told the agitation the recital of this well-
remembered scene created.

Not a sob, word, nor cry had escaped from
Eva Dillon during the narration, and when
Norah uncovered her features she was terri-
fied at the fixedness of the young maiden's
face, which had become like marble, while
her frame shook dreadfully, and her eyes
werestill riveted upon her Nurse, as if under
the spell of a fascination she had not power
to break.

"Queen o' the Saints aboove us!" whis-
pered Norah, starting to her feet, as she
looked on the noble countenance over which
such a marked change had passed, and caught
her nursling to her breast in a sudden burst
of terrified fondness: "What's over her?
Eva! deep pulse o' my life! for the sake

o' the ould heart that's rock'd you to sleep
wid its batings ten thousand o' times!—for
the sake o' the Saints an' the Angels o'
Heaven that crowd round your Mother in
glory—SPAKE !”

At this appeal, torrents of tears gushed
from Eva's eyes, which, losing their stony
look, kindled into deep and profound excite-
ment, as in a low husky voice she repeated
the word “MOTHER !” and straining her
Nurse still closer to her breast, softly faltered
out—“*Go on !*”

“*Avourneen ma chree !*” whispered Norah,
as she looked long and tenderly on the
sweet face that lay on her shoulder, while
the warm tears of affection fell in showers
from her cheek upon it ; “I have n't much
more to tell, an' supposing I had, how *could*
I go on, my own darlint, whin my discoorse
is brakin' your fresh young heart, like the
storm that snaps the stim iv the rose ?”

“Nurse, dear Nurse,” faltered Eva, up-
raising her head, and making a violent effort
to subdue her emotion as she sank again
upon her seat ; “I *will* be more calm ; but,
oh ! to hear I had so sweet a Mother ! to
know that I have lost her for ever ! and still

bewildered as if in a fearful dream
 at most concerned her, is hard—most
 to bear! She was—she *must* have
 what my heart could wish! Yet still *who*
 my father, or, I should rather say, *her*
 father, for *that* a voice from Heaven tells
 me he was?”

“As sure as there’s a God, you spake the
 thruth,” rejoined Norah, solemnly—
 “it’s iv a light-o’-love† are you! I’d
 not wid my blood—an’ yit, pride o’ my
 heart my sowl! wid all that I’ve done to
 me the *whole* o’ the thruth, it has always
 slipped away from myself like a slippery

stone. Surely, surely you must know *some-*
 one? Oh Nurse, sweet Nurse! tell
 me, tell me all!” gasped Eva, clasp-
 ing her hands in fervent entreaty, while a
 flush passed over her blanched cheek,
 and her eyes once more sparkled, as
 she paused to listen in silence and anxiety.
 “I say my say at any rate, *asthore*!
 I know, why shure ye can judge,” an-
 swered Norah, as, reseating herself on the
 bed, drawing herself up to her former

illegitimate.

† An unchaste woman.

position, she muttered over her beads for a few moments, and then, with increased earnestness, thus, in a cautious whisper, she took up the thread of her strange history. "Well, whin The O'Sullivan-Beare saw the sweet crathur was dead entirely, he bolted out iv the room, an' left me to lay out the body; an' whin I moved it, what should I find but a long black ribbon tied round the neck, an' fastened to it war two beautiful picthurs, one on aither side iv the gowld framin'; an' one o' thim war as like as two eggs to the darlint that lay stretched out stone dead afore me! an' t'other was the picthur iv as fine a *moral** iv the figure iv a man as the finger o' God ever made; bud the face, which no doubt was as noble, no mortal could see, by raisin o' the glass bein' smashed an' crushed in, an' the ivory broke all to atoms where the faatures wor painted, which I take it was done by the dying darlint laaning her elbow upon it, whin she struggled to raise hersef up in the bed to make her appale to the Chief an'—"

"Nurse! Nurse! you took those pictures—you have preserved—Oh! give them!" gasped Eva Dillon, her agitation becoming

* Model.

so irrepressible that she could not persevere in silence.

"Surely I did, an' more than that, I cut off an ocean* iv the gowlden hair o' your blessed Mother, an' fastened it wid the black ribbon all round the picthurs, intindin' to give 'em both to the Chief; but what I seed aither made me clare an' clane change my mind, an' keep 'em all to myself, unknownst to a sowl; an', light o' my eyes! here they are safe an' sound now, this blessed minute, whin the Queen o' Heaven (praise an' glory be hers!) diricts my tongue t' unlock my owld heart, an' spake out like a Christin woman, to circumvent all the divilish lies an' intintions an' schames, even iv my own born broder, an' what's more, iv the Chief o' my Clan.—An' for why would I not, whin I know for sartin (and she shuddered at the thought) that they're bent on the ruination o' the dear one I've nursed at my breast, an' who'll live in my heart till death an' judgment, whin I hope to see God face to face at the last great day?"

Anxiety and agitation that seemed to torture every feature out of its proper lineaments were fearfully depicted on our heroine's

* A great deal.

bosom, and breaking the sealed cover, luxuriant tress of hair fell on Eva's glistening in the strong moonlight sheet of waving gold. In agitation to for utterance, the trembling girl caught the precious relic, and fervently pressed to her quivering lips. The next instant grasped the miniatures from Norah's hand, and, as if her whole soul was in her gaze, gazed in solemn tenderness alternately pictured images of those who gave her

Even a *Mother's love*—that most intimate and unselfish of all human ties, that sacred feeling which, from the cradle to the grave, lavishes its hoard of rich affections, whether in joy or in sorrow, in health or sickness, ay, oftentimes *in sin*, upon the beloved ; to whom, should all the world forsake a *Mother* clings with a measure

ethereal expression than now shone from Eva Dillon's eyes, while, riveted on the miniatures before her, she seemed full of an absorbing interest that abstracted her from all other objects of external life. In sympathy and silence poor Norah watched the progress of the power she had evoked, her eyes shining through her tears, and her heart throbbing in anxiety, while, with instinctive delicacy, forbearing to require a word from the mournful and agitated girl before her, she softly said: "Look on! look on! as long as ye like, dear blood o' my veins! 't would break the heart widin me to disturb ye—tho' may be," she added with affectionate hesitation, "ye'd like to know all the little that's now left to be tould?"

"I would, dear Nurse, I *would*," faltered Eva in a deep exhausted voice; and, unable to say one word more, and almost suffocated by her emotions, she passed the ribbon of the miniatures around her neck, and placed the tresses next her heart.

"Well thin. After I dacently laid out the beautiful flower o' the field that was soon to be laid in the dust, I tuck ye up (and a sweet wee crathur ye was!) in my own two arums, an' wint down fair an' aisy to the

kitchen in this sef-same Castle iv Ardea, to give ye the milk o' my breast (for my own poor babby, that was born after its fader's death, died only three weeks afore, which you see was one o' the raasons that made the Chief an' my broder confabulate to bring me to suckle yees), an' whin I went on an' on through this great barrack iv a place, widout meeting a sowl, I fairly wondhered, but what struck me all iv a heap entirely was, whin, at last finding the kitchen (bad cess to it!), I saw stretched out stiff in a chair a dacent young faymale, an' not another Christin good nor bad! Whether the crathur was only sleepin' or dead, I know just as little now as thin; but this I *do* know for sartain, that I shuck her agin an' agin, but sorra a bit iv her moved hand or fut, no more than if she was dead as a herrin'; so at last I bawled in her ear an' axed her for the love o' Heaven to wake up and spake; and at that blessed minute Dan Connell, my broder, walks in, an' says, says he,—

'Don't be afther bothering that poor crathur, that's worn out entirely wid the watchin' an' throuble she had at the birth o' that babby you 're howldin', but just lave her, Norah, to sleep her sleep out, an' come

off wid me to the Masther, who's waiting, as mad as blazes, to see ye both in the parlour.' An' wid that, what did he do but drags me an' the babby, *a-lannan!* that lay on my bussom as if 'twas my own, up the stairs, an' niver cracked cry till we was both to the fore o' the Masther; an' there shure enough he was marchin' up an' down in a sort iv a silent *tantarara*,* an' Och! by my bades, what a heart I had whin he fixed his one great eye (an' faix *that* is a piercer!) right full on me an' the poor fairy thing in my arums. An' 'twas blazing, it was, like a bonfire whin he wint on spaakin' a power o' words that only seemed to consale what he meant, for afther all his palaverin' circum-bendibus iv a story, I couldn't for the bare life o' me make out whether he intinded to say he was fader to the weeny darlint I held—(that's you, dear!)—or no; tho' 'twas fairly hinted he *was* by himself an' by Dan; an' so, whin my Chief pushed a big Bible that lay on the table right forenent me, an' towld me to swear on *The Book* niver to let on† he was fader to the child, seein' as how the Holy Church hadn't sanctioned that same; an', moreover, at no time

* Rage.

† To tell.

at all, at all, by my fear o' bell, book, an' candle-light, to brathe to one livin' sowl what I'd seed in the Castle, one way or other, but jist to bring up the babby in the thrue Roman faith, an' to lade her to think him her guardian, by name Captain Smith.

"Well, so frightened an' flustrefied was my poor sef that I tuck that same oath, an' shure that's what's cuttin' into the core o' my heart, *a-cushla-ma chree!* Och, now! don't ax me to stop till I come to the end o' my story," whispered Norah impetuously (seeing that Eva was about to speak), "an' 'tis as short as I can I'll make it, an' no spinning out! An' so, you see, afther much more o' their blarneyin', I was towld that we two crathurs o' faymales (that's you and myself, darlint!) would be packed off at screech o' day in the schooner wid Dan Connell to foreign parts; an' that in a strange land beyant saa we'd have lashins o' money from time to time, an' a nate purty house to cover our heads, in which you'd be brought up a right thrue Roman,* till such time as the Masther would trate us back to ould Ireland! An' faix, 'tis but justice to say that wid all their sins an' quare doings they sent us the yellow boys in

* Roman Catholic.

saison, an' 'tis happy enough, dear knows! we wor in our own doat iv a weeny place, which the darlint Martchioness made as good as a fairy land inside an' out, to say nothin' o' the beautiful harp an' guitar, an' oceans o' books in all the tongues of Babel, that she gave ye. An' for that same bright grassy spot, wid its wildherness o' flowers, like fallen rainbows on airth, an' its owld green trees, and warm, soft sunshine, shure we had but a thrifle o' rint to pay! Thin, wasn't my own Star o' the world just as good as a residerer almost up at the grand castle of Tullibardine from the minute whin the Martchioness (pace be wid her!) saw ye by chance playin' on the bright green forenent our own little door, an' tuck sich a fancy to have ye for company for darlint Miss Edith, an' to tache ye the larnin' an' musicks, till ye know'd betther far nor the lady hersef? Thin, hadn't ye that dear crathur Miss O'Moore to bear ye sweet fondness each day o' your life, all one as a Shister (my curse on the villain who blasted that rosebud o' beauty!)? to say nothin' o' Lord Ogilvie, who for the last two years was so often up at the Castle, an' who, tho' a raal haro, had no more pride than a child; an'

may be 'twasn't his Lordship that, beyant the beyants, adored my own Eva, an' I'll be bail does so still, for that matther, wherever he is on the face o' the airth! An' now, *avou-
neen*! I've said my say, an' towld my sin, an' my sowl is the lighther!"

As Norah muttered these words, she passed one hand in a hurried manner over her brow, and then wreathed her long fingers together in earnest prayer, but with such noiseless action that the silence of the chamber was unbroken.

The storm of emotions which Eva Dillon, with amazing self-command, had restrained during the last half-hour, now burst forth in a convulsion of feeling, but after the first tumult of her agitation had passed away, she rallied her overwrought spirits into some degree of calmness, and convinced that a crisis had arrived which presented a great and extraordinary occasion for the necessity of action, she said in the lowest voice, but with a firmness that would have done honour to a character more matured by time and experience than her own,—“Thanks, more than words can tell, dear, kind, devoted Nurse! I *feel*, but must not even try to speak them; for now that I know all, it seems as if a voice from Heaven warns me

that our only chance of safety lies in speedily escaping from this place of wretched memories! Ay, this night, if it were possible! How strange, how mysterious was the emotion that crept over me when I stood in the centre of that great old hall! *Now* it would almost seem as if the spirits of my ancestors crowded, phantom-like, around me there! One of them—the dearest!—might at least have looked from heaven on her deserted child, and I have *felt* her invisible presence.”

“Thru for ye, sweet child,” whispered Norah in assent, and springing upon her feet; “but how could we ever”——

At this moment the moon, which had long been overcast, became completely obscured, while the dead calm we formerly mentioned, and which sometimes is the precursor of a tempest, was broken by the crash and fall of a mighty thunderbolt directly above the Castle of Ardea.

“The Saints purtect us! what’s *that*?” cried Norah, crossing herself in terrified amazement; while Eva, equally alarmed, and starting to her feet, rushed into the outer room, without power to answer the question, and clasped her hands in mental prayer. At

the same instant, a guttural voice, attempting steadiness in its accents, exclaimed, in the adjacent chamber,—“Och! thin, bad cess to ye for a candle! to tumble down topsy-turvy in that sort iv a way, laving a Christin man in the dark, because, all unknownst, he strikes his arum agin yees whin started out iv his sleep by a hullabloo would wake up the dead. Murdher! Murdher! Is there no one to gim me a light? Och! Masther *Tongue Arrigud eroo!* cute as ye are wid your larnin’, ye can’t tache a body to see in the dark, so at laste have the manners to hand me a tallow boy!” shouted the Rapparee, as he stumbled through his room in search of the door, while, from the tone of his voice, and his reeling gait, it was evident he had been indulging largely in anti-temperance principles,—a circumstance which probably contributed to his temporary oblivion of the vicinity of his prisoners.

“Whist! Whist! be azy, darlint,” said Norah, rushing to Eva, who was going to speak. Not a word for your life! ~~but~~ just stale back to the inside room agin, an’ bring out our two long purple cloaks wid the hoods, an’ thin keep out iv sight in that far-

off corner, till I beckon ye to come behind me, an' thin if I don't put my *comether** on that tipsy limb o' the Divil, may be my name ain't Norah."

Implicitly trusting to her Nurse's sagacity, Eva Dillon softly retired to the inner chamber, and, bringing instantly the two large mantles, took the concealed position her Nurse had enjoined. The previous moment Norah had carefully screened their candle, so that scarcely a ray could pierce through the crevices of the door, and then with the other knocking vehemently at it, she screamed out—

"Och! thin, you born *gomeril* an' big blackguard! what upon airth are ye stamping about on your two crubeens in that sort iv a way for, wakin' an' frightin' two dacent faymales from undher the blankets, sich a thunderin' night? What's the murder now I say, an' bad cess to ye?"

"Whisha, 'tis myself that forgot yees intirely, Maram Norah—bad manners. it was, shure enough—an' I went sliddherin' an' bawlin' to Mither Murty below there, seeing my own little rush is gone to the cradle o'

* *i. e.* If I don't deceive.

Moses! I'll be bound 'tis sound asleep the Schoolmasther is this blessed minute—as sound as the rock o' Cashel, thanks to the raal *potheen*—an' 'ill niver come near me, the dirty cur! Arrah, Norah dear, won't yees open your door an' give out a light, if ye plaze, whether ye have one or no?"

"Open the door! *Ethen*, Misther Rapparee, honey! don't be makin' a fool o' yoursef an' me too intirely. Shure, 'tis well ye know the kay is outside; an' that if ye can't find the way to your mouth in the dark, why, all ye have for it is jist quitely t' unlock the door, an' thin, wid all the pleasure in life, won't I lend you the loan iv our iligant light in a jiffy, an' much good may it do ye!"

"It's mighty surprisin' I niver thought o' that afore; but how will I find my way to ye, Misthress Norah?"

"Och, thin, if that ain't a quare quistion, an' a mighty quare one too, for *an Irishman* to ax, as ever I hard in my born days. Throth, 'tis more *gumsha* nor that I gave ye credit for, Misther Rapparee. To ax *how* to find a daughther o' Eve! Faix, it flogs Banagher!" whispered Norah in an affected titter.

"Arrah, thin, don't be keepin' me waitin' an' foolin', but jist gim me the light at wanst, or the curse o' Cromwell be on ye!" cried the petitioner, losing patience and temper at delay.

"But how 'ill I find my way to ye, Misther Rapparee?" chuckled Norah, with comic mimicry repeating his former question. "Och, 'tis a dhroll thing in airnest how ye want me to open my door, tho' ye have the kay, or else to walk through stone walls to your beautiful sef, as if the divil run a huntin' wid me." Here another burst of thunder interrupted the stream of Norah's eloquence.

"Tundher-a-noons! Ah, you darlin' ould jade, be azy now, an' gim me the tallow-boy, if 'twas only to let me see your bright eyes, an' the big black bottle that 'ill take the cowl'd out o' my heart that's down in my brogue, this divil iv a night—there's a dear."

"So that's the way wid ye, is it? Och thin, since ye're so polite, Sir, shure in dacent manners I couldn't deny* ye; so jist wait a minnit till I get at the rush that's burnin' in our bit iv a closet quite conva-

• Refuse.

nient; an' thin I'll putt it cheek by jowl wid the kayhole to lighten your peepers, an' thin may be you'll find your way to me, ould as I am, an' allow that I'm fit to howld a candle to the likes o' ye an' your friend the black dioul, anyhow!"

"Make haste thin, an' stop your jaw, an' good luck to ye!" bawled the Rapparee, giving a ponderous kick to the door he had just accidentally reached, but which resisted all his efforts to open it.

"Wisha! the dickins take ye, have patience while I go for the light," returned Norah, who had purposely prolonged the preceding dialogue in order to gain time to muffle Eva and herself in their large dark cloaks and hoods, which having done, she, with almost magical celerity, secured and secreted a few necessaries in a small basket, now hid beneath her mantle, while, breathless with haste, she exclaimed,

"Shure if that baste iv a shelf where I putt the candle isn't as high as the Hill o' Howth! Faix, I thought I'd niver get at it at all, at all! Here now, here 's the light at last," she added, holding it to the keyhole, having first screened the trembling Eva, who,

silently comprehending her intention, stood directly behind her ; “ an’ Misther Rapparee, you’ve nothin’ to do but to turn the key to the right. Och, that’s iligant,” cried Norah, as the door flew open, “ an’ here’s the candle, you jewel iv a boy,” she added, as holding it out to the Rapparee she contrived at the instant he took it to give a sly whiff which extinguished the light.

To glide noiselessly by the more than half-intoxicated man and to gain the turret stair occupied scarcely an instant. Eva Dillon and her Nurse flew rather than ran down the steps, and, ere their former guard had half recovered his surprise or his senses, the agitated pair had reached a subterranean passage leading to the sea, which Norah well remembered having traversed with Dan Connell, when by order of Murty Oge she secretly left the castle years before. This passage now gave egress to herself and the lovely girl, who had then been, to use the faithful Nurse’s phraseology, “ a weeny bit iv a babby at her own throe breast.”

— "What anx
The birth of plots
O 'tis a dreadful ir
Fill'd up with hor
Destruction hangs

A LOVELIER mo
which was destine
unfortunate Mr. P
autumnal sun shed
landscape than that
the ground for its p
The celebrated c
from different sprin
close to the broad, be
almost perpendicula
"Hungry *Hill*," was
violence of

be seen from it, mapped out, as it were, with every creek and estuary; and beyond its eastern boundaries of mountains, Cape Clear and a large portion of the southern coast of Ireland are visible, while in the opposite direction Kenmare River and the splendid Kerry Mountains open to view, and complete the romantic beauty of the landscape.

The singular cascades of Hungry Hill shoot through an extraordinary natural groove which divides a colossal rock on the top of the upper fall, and then rush down the precipice in a splendid sheet of water more than ten yards in breadth. This expands as it leaps onwards, until, bursting against a mass of stone midway down the steep, the waters, from the velocity of their fall and resistance to such a barrier, rise in volumes of vapour up a third portion of the mountain. While the sun's rays played over those mists in flashes so radiantly reflected as to produce the iris tints and forms of mimic rainbows, the visual deception was so great and the brilliance so intense, that it seemed as if unearthly light was flung abroad by some invisible agent, to render the effect upon the eye almost overpowering. From rock to rocks innumerable this remarkable

cataract dashes from its first natural terrace, till, having reached a second, its jets of water cascade in the form of arches so enormous that herds of goats feed tranquilly beneath them.

Shooting along the minor declivities of Hungry Hill, those stupendous streams roll on through scenes of awful beauty, till they mingle with the wide blue expanse of the Bay of Bantry.


Mountains of gigantic elevation guard that celebrated harbour from the western storms, and within one of their most enchanting recesses lies the exquisite valley of Glengariff. Its verdant embowered glen clothed with flowering arbutus, holly, birch, and a thousand deciduous trees that grow, as it were, out of the clefts of the rocks in unpruned luxuriance, present the loveliest contrast to the surrounding bold and craggy mountains.

Seven hundred yards above the level of the bay, Hungry Hill, with its stupendous cataract, is visible from Bearhaven,* though fourteen miles distant from that locality.

* "Bearhaven," writes Mr. Weld, "was formerly defended by a strong castle, and was a place of no small importance in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the Irish chieftains

The Gnoul mountain, with its narrow gap and splintered peak—the Esk, and a long chain of noble crags, which, as the traveller winds on his way, burst every moment into sight in endless combinations of novelty, immensity, and beauty, oppose in strong relief the luxuriant vegetation and widely-stretching woods that clothe the eastern side of Bantry Bay. Its fine indentations concentrate the harbour of Glengariff into a form so perfect, and so depressed at the base of the mountains, that it looks like a small silver lake beneath you, though in reality of considerable size. All this, and much more than pen or pencil can depict, render the scene we have attempted to describe a masterpiece of Nature, scarcely surpassed among the lovely combinations which, with no unsparing hand, she scatters over earth. And yet, alas! even in such a spot the demon of Sin was abroad to abuse the gifts of God by converting this majestic creation into an arena for human blood.

maintained a frequent intercourse with Spain. The town stands in a convenient and pleasing position, on the banks of a small inlet of the sea. The only objects of peculiarity here seemed to be the tombs in the churchyard, which were of a pyramidal form.”



the heather, looked, listened, and
forward like frightened deer as t
a magnificent tree were cautio
aside by some one breaking on t
The O'Sullivan, with two silver-l
in his belt and a large cutlass
emerged from the shadows acc
Dan Connell and a few of his ar

"The Exciseman ought to
yonder path," said The O'Sulli
rately pointing to one which led
ing road that conducted to the vi
of Bearhaven. "On, boys! O
me to the Great Rock, behind wh
lie in ambush till he comes. Bu
he added, turning sharply round
ing his followers in his most
tone, "he who stirs one inch to
of my vengeance, or to aid me i

you here to act in case that Puxley's cursed gang appear. Cleave *their* skulls and welcome if they attack us!—but leave HIM to me!"

"*We will!*" fiercely ejaculated the Buccaneers as if with one voice, and signing the Cross.

"Then follow me!"

The command was obeyed in perfect silence, and without the utterance of another word the party proceeded until they reached the perpendicular rock indicated by their Chief. This rock in a single shaft shot upwards to the elevation of many feet, a little to the right of a very broad slab of table-land that stretched to the verge of a frightful declivity, clothed with tangled shrubs, and which slanted to a wooded hollow of profound depth below.

At the extremity of the level ground that intervened between the stone shaft and the precipice, one of the most singular of the many picturesque shapes with which this region of crags, clouds, and waters abound, presented itself. An enormous mass of dark grey rock enclosed, like a barrier, that side of the table-land which lay towards the sea,

and so closely as to leave only a narrow path to wind round the projecting shoulder of the adjacent mountain. This towering eminence not only shut in the area we have described, but curved downwards to the edge of the dark cleft below, and in such a fantastic shape, that when the eye looked through the aperture thus formed as through a sort of natural telescope, nothing caught it but the dark blue sky beyond, and a small portion of the mountains in perspective. Such was the singular locality through which Mr. Puxley was obliged to pass, if, as was supposed, he visited the house of God on this particular day; and, as the Irish Buccaneers crouched behind the lofty shaft, where in obedience to their chief they were to lie in ambush, each man held his formidable cutlass ready for action, but without giving utterance to the thoughts of blood that filled his heart.

The O'Sullivan placed himself so that his keen eye could espy the object of his meditated vengeance the moment he appeared, and scarcely had he done so when at some distance Mr. Puxley, alone and on horseback, was seen slowly descending the moun-

ain-path through a woody ravine, about three miles from the church to which he was tending his way to prayer.

“The Exciseman is alone. At your peril lie concealed, and stir not an inch. No—not if you saw me weltering in my blood!” whispered The O’Sullivan deliberately to his men. On hearing those words, the Pirates seemed disposed to parley; but a glance at their Chieftain told it would be vain, and, in displeased and disappointed silence, each man kissed his cutlass, and signed the Cross, in token of acquiescence.

CHAPTER XII.

"Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed."

ADDISON.

"Tis fix'd—
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the pow'r
Of gods or men to save thee!"

LEE.

"Here 's blood—
Here 's blood and murder!"

CATO.

"Oh, my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!"

SHAKESPEARE.

"She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace
Till his heart heav'd beneath her hidden face."

BYRON.

MEANWHILE, the unconscious object of such accumulated hatred advanced at a slow pace, and seemingly absorbed in thought.

The O'Sullivan by a violent effort restrained his impatience until Mr. Puxley neared the place of his concealment, when, wildly rushing from behind the shaft of rock,

he uttered one fearful curse, and stood—
a pistol in each hand—right before his
victim.

So startling was the abruptness of this act
that Puxley's horse reared and threw his
master; then, flying as if on the wings of the
wind, the affrighted animal galloped furiously
away, striking fire with his hoofs
from the rocks that hemmed in his narrow
path.

Mr. Puxley leaped to his feet unhurt.

"Villain! would you attack an unarmed
man?" he asked, with unflinching self-pos-
session.

"By the soul of my father—No!" shouted
The O'Sullivan, thrusting one of the loaded
pistols into Puxley's hand; "And now, liar,
defend yourself, or meet the death you've
worked for and deserved so long!"

With those words he started back a
few paces—raised his pistol—and, with
steady and determined aim, ejaculated,—
"Fire!"

The suddenness of the act deprived the
unfortunate Puxley of his usual self-com-
mand, and panic-struck, he failed to draw
the trigger of the weapon he received.

It dropped, without discharging, to ground, unknown to The O'Sullivan who fired, and shot his victim through heart!

The next moment he fell dead with groan at the feet of his murderer!

The Chief rushed forward and bent over body. When thus leaning down, he ascertained that life had fled for ever, and that Puxley's pistol had never been against himself, the flush of his face succeeded by a livid hue—his glazed seemed starting from its socket, and expression of his features became fear convulsed.

On the dark countenances of the Pi who crowded round him, savage fury mixed with wild triumph was depicted, as stood motionless gazing on the principal actor in the scene.

The O'Sullivan dropped his pistol, clasped his hands upon his forehead, and in silence he looked down upon the bleeding corpse, it seemed as if a feeling of remorse entered his iron bosom. If it *did*, effect was only momentary, for the instant, turning with a steady and determ

air to his followers, he said in a low, hoarse voice—

“Speak not a word!—conceal the body behind the rock till midnight; *then* take it to the Hooker, and plunge it fathoms deep into the sea.”

As Dan Connell and the Buccaneers obeyed the first part of this order, and were in the act of drawing away the corpse, the discordant shriek of a bird of prey startled from its dark haunt was heard above the hills, and the next instant a body of armed men poured in through the natural arch we have described. This unexpected party appeared, from their position, more numerous than they actually were, and struck such astonishment though not dismay into the hearts of the Pirates, that for an instant they paused in their guilty task. At the same moment, the armed strangers turned abruptly round the corner of the rock which, as we have already mentioned, hung in a fantastic arch over the furthest end of the broad spot of table-land within some feet of the precipice beneath.

The road which lay between this singular screen of stone and the steep beside it was

almost instantaneously occupied to the verge by the unknown group. How many additional men were at the other side of the crag could only be conjectured, but the short space between it and the angle of the mountain was—as seen through the rocky arch—completely filled. All had passed with the rapidity of lightning, and, before the Irish Buccaneers could rally round and warn their Chief, who, wrapt in thought, stood sullen and apart upon the ground which reeked with Puxley's blood, Lord Ogilvie, with his band of armed men just landed at Bearhaven from aboard "*Le Vaillant*," surrounded him.

"Hah! Murderer—thus I arrest you!"—cried our hero, as with one glance of horror and amaze, comprehending the whole scene, he seized The O'Sullivan's shoulder with an iron gripe. The strength seemed almost superhuman with which the Pirate-Chieftain shook himself free from the mighty grasp, while drawing his cutlass and whirling it with a fearful sweep, so as to make two or three desperate cuts, he shouted forth;—

"So!—as the beagle tracks the hare,

thirsting for blood—ye dare me in my own mountain pass!—Have at ye *all*!” thundered The O’Sullivan as (seeing defence was useless against forces so superior to his own) he with effective vengeance dashed his blade at random amongst his foes, and, ere they suspected his intention, sprang down the precipice, which was so overgrown with brushwood, that no eye could penetrate its matted surface.

No step less practised than that of The O’Sullivan could tread the dangerous pass down which he had so suddenly disappeared, hid by the thick trees of that dark ravine.

Bullet after bullet was fired after him, with what success no man could tell; while the Pirates, endeavouring like their leader to escape, all parties engaged in a *mêlée* of broil and disorder which only served to stimulate the fury of the fight.

Dan Connell, with the rage of a madman, and so taken by surprise that for the first time in his life he fought without skill or method, flew at the throat of Ogilvie, as if a demon had entered into him. The thrust was parried, and after a short struggle for life or death Connell was secured.

"Put him in irons with our prisoners!" cried our hero to a body of his men, who with their united strength found it no easy matter to force the redoubted Pirate backwards; "and," he added, still more imperatively, "stop the women's horses in the rear until I can be with them."

Then turning round with his usual self-command, Lord Ogilvie once more stood his ground against the desperate ruffians, who, some trying to fly, others to assault, still made HIM the special object of their vengeance. Maddened at the capture of Dan Connell, and hoping to effect a diversion that might further his escape, the Irish Buccaneers struggled in different directions to make for the various mountain-passes which they knew so well—success attending them in some instances, death in others.

The ground, under such circumstances, was soon almost entirely cleared. Ogilvie, excited to the utmost, and whose impatience was intense to return to Edith O'Moore and the pseudo Algerine captive (the individuals about whom his order had been given), now rushed through the archway and round the shoulder of the mountain beyond. There

he beheld Dan Connell gazing in unspeakable amaze on William Sullivan! and so panic-struck at the unexpected sight, that he no longer resisted the efforts of Lord Ogilvie's men, as they forced him, manacled, to the side of his celebrated Clansman, who, also in irons, was surrounded by a guard.

Amid the intricate windings of the glen below, Ogilvie's quick eye espied at some distance the Holy Fathers of the Trinity, with Edith O'Moore and her female companion mounted on the horses hired for their use at Bantry, and environed by a small body-guard of his most trusty men on foot.

In obedience to a previous order from our hero, who wished to reconnoitre in advance, this little party had halted where they now stood. Two or three saddled horses, which, in case of an emergency, it had been deemed prudent to procure, chafed under the restraint imposed upon them by the men to whose care they had been consigned, thus seeming to participate in the alarm which the sound of distant shots created among the group.

With rapid steps, Lord Ogilvie descended

the sinuous rocky path which led to the deep hollow, surrounded by scowling mountains, in the middle of which his friends were stationed. He strained his vision, aching with anxiety, to ascertain that all in that quarter was tranquil. As he did so, the sound of a shrill whistle and the report of pistols fired in the direction of the party who engrossed his attention, filled him with such alarm for its safety, that he rushed at all risks down the tortuous pass.

At this critical moment, the horse of Edith O'Moore staggered and fell, as a bullet from an invisible assailant entered its side. At the same instant our hero, through the smoke and tumult, could but just distinguish two cloaked figures rushing from behind an adjacent rock, one of whom, regardless of danger, and as if smitten with lightning, threw itself over the prostrate body of Edith O'Moore, and shrieked aloud for

“MERCY!”

That voice—that head, from which the hood had fallen—could never be mistaken; and though the sudden apparition almost deprived him of his senses, Ogilvie, ere he

clasped her to his heart, had recognised his own, his idolized Eva !

The hills around echoed the discharges of several pistols issuing from the pirates, who, concealed from human ken, thus, even in the act of flying from their foes, took ambushed vengeance. The contents, however, passed harmlessly over the heads of the agitated group, and in a few moments all was once more comparatively silent.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of Earth in them than Heaven."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"A happier smile illumines each brow,
With quicker spread each heart uncloses."

MOORE.

THE whole of the unexpected and energetic encounter we have just described occupied less time in action than it has taken in narration; and the chief personages of our drama were, one and all, so bewildered by its rapidity and strange coincidences, that it was long ere each could absolutely realize the truth of the scene or the change effected in their relative positions.

We shall not trespass on our reader's time by recounting the hair-breadth escapes through which Eva Dillon and her faithful Nurse had passed in safety, on their route to the memorable spot where, in amazement

no words could paint, they beheld, the cave they had just reached, the late figure of Edith O'Moore, and the ger that assailed her from the random ts of the flying Buccaneers.

Neither shall we dwell on the heroic act Eva Dillon in risking her existence in defence of her friend ; nor yet on the amazement and the tide of strong emotions they mutually winced at such an unexpected meeting, when, rising from the ground, they sprang into each other's arms, weeping such a passion of tears as only hearts like theirs could cause to fall ; while Norah, with overpowering ejaculations, threw herself upon her knees, and wildly twined herself around them both.

Still less shall we attempt to describe the sensations of our heroine, when, clasped in the first moment of astonished recognition to the heaving breast of Ogilvie, he whispered, in a voice that quivered with condensed feeling, "Can I believe my senses?—Can it be SHE? Yes—yes—it is my own, my noble-hearted Eva!"

In the silence of that long embrace, life, danger, all the world were forgotten. Their young, pure hearts, stirred to the very depths,

were filled with happiness, which neither the sufferings of the past nor the dangers of the future could shadow for a moment.

Emotions such as those were not likely to find utterance. Silence was their most natural eloquence—breathings from the soul the best interpreter of their passionate devotion.

Who, indeed, that ever loved with that faith, all-sacrificing and divine—that idealizing principle which exalts humanity above the trite of life, and leads the soarings of the spirit to purity and truth,—could require *words* to express such emotions? No. Virtuous love is the faith and devotion of the heart, and its secret feelings ask no voice to reveal, no language to depict, the light of their intensity.

The glorious aspects of beauty and of grace, the brilliant dreams, the pictured thoughts which combine and harmonize within the lover's mind, scatter the germs of fancy and of feeling prodigally round him. Forms of happiness haunt his path, and even when dangers threaten it, bright visions of the future cheer him on. His heart clings to the belief that time will realize his

hopes. His worship, like some holy spell, preserves his affections from the blight of fickleness or falsehood, and, by its refining power, retains them from every species of debasement.

Love such as this is, indeed, a beautiful, a hallowed thing: so gentle, yet so strong—so passionate, yet so pure, it is exalted by the increase of its own power, and as deathless as the soul that nourished its existence into all that is sublime in the respondent harmonies of human nature. Nor does such an affection, rare and engrossing though it be, restrain the spirit within the current of its own emotions, so as to arrest it in the eddy of a chilling selfishness. On the contrary, a devoted heart has sympathy to spare for others, and can understand *their* joys or sorrows even while throwing the radiant hues of love over the object of its individual homage. Thus the comparison of similar emotions re-acts upon the principles of truth within us, and, like drawing by the agency of light, represents *the real* by invisible rays emitted from the lens of memory or reflected through the prism of feeling.

How different the passion at which our

pen has glanced from that which the mere libertine dignifies with the name of Love!—Of the “earth, earthy”—selfish in its nature, ignoble in its tendency, inconstant in its nature, the being who becomes its heartless votary lives only for himself in the fleeting fancies of the present, regardless of his duties as a Christian and a man, and equally indifferent to the agonies he may have caused his victims in the past, or of their hopeless misery in the future.

CHAPTER XIV.

"This was the noblest Roman of them all.

• • • • •

The elements

So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world—'This was a *man*!'"

SHAKESPEARE.

"Och hone! by the man in the moon,
You taze me all ways."

SAMUEL LOVER.

"What fire is in my ears?—Can this be true?"

SHAKESPEARE.

THE recollection of the imperative points of duty yet to be performed soon restored Lord Ogilvie to his usual self-possession; and, as his friends witnessed his exertions in promoting the comfort and safety of the party for the remainder of their journey, they gradually followed his example in practising that degree of firmness and forbearance which was obviously the most praiseworthy line of conduct under existing circumstances.

When once, however, fairly *en route*, Eva, mounted on the steed which had previously been ridden by the female stranger, drew it close to the horse of Edith O'Moore; and thus placed beside each other, the devoted friends were enabled to indulge those confidential outpourings of the spirit which absence, and the extraordinary fatalities that had attended them since their separation at the Skeligs, rendered so delicious.

Their conversation was joined in by Lord Ogilvie at every moment he could command from the onerous duties that claimed his attention; and he soon gained a brief but imperfect sketch of all he longed so much to know. As they spoke in Italian, and in the lowest possible tone, there was little or no risk of their being understood by the persons surrounding them; therefore, they continued their revelations with perfect unreserve, and ever-increasing interest.

As the reader is acquainted with the relative adventures of the party in question, we shall not occupy time or patience by a recapitulation of them. We, therefore, content ourselves by simply stating that Norah, haunted by the remembrance of all the perils she had

passed with Eva during their flight from Ardea Castle, while proceeding to Cork, in order to seek protection from the law, waxed exceedingly wroth on finding that her present position not only prevented her giving an account of their dangerous wanderings through hill and dale to Eva's companions, but also deprived her of hearing the particulars of the escape of Edith from the Pirates' Cave. To the great annoyance of poor Norah, she had been condemned to ride a-breast with the *soi-disant* female captive from Algiers, at some distance from her Mistress, and her almost equally beloved Miss O'Moore, so that conversation with either was impracticable.

The wisdom of such an arrangement Nurse could by no means admit; and he little stock of patience being soon completely exhausted, she sharply exclaimed: "Why, thin, isn't it a crying shame to banish me here, cheek-by-jowl wid a stranger woman, not able to budge a peg, an' widout being let to have, in sich a droll* buzziness, as much as a bit iv a chat to empty my heart wid my darlints, or even a word wid the Haro himse'f?"

* Extraordinary.

- We have too many serious affairs on hand just now to think of lighter matters, my good and trusty Norah," said Lord Ogilvie, kindly patting her shoulder, as, *en passant* from giving some orders to the rear-guard, he heard her earnest vociferations. "We are all safe, as you see, thank God! and by-and-by we shall have talk enough. Meanwhile, I pray you, peace and silence if possible," he added with a faint smile, as he spurred his horse, and returned to head his party.

"By the Book!"* cried Norah, slapping her hand on the horse, to the back of which she had been lifted, *nolens volens*, behind a stout young soldier, whose waist she was compelled to grasp for support, "if that ain't beyant the beyants. Ethen, now, isn't it barbarians they are in airnest to be sticking me here behind you, ye great armed fire-ater! that I'm obleeged to embrace in this undacent manner to save me from fallin', while we're rampagin', an' romanchin', an' gallivantin' about the counthry in this quare way. Och! murther! ain't it enough to dhrive me out

* A common oath with the low Irish, meaning the Roman Catholic Mass-Book.

o' my sinses to do that same, let alone to see how I'm putt all o' one side, wid this strange wild hathen from forrin parts, that looks as much man as woman," she added in rising wrath, and with an air of offended dignity, as she glanced contemptuously at the trousers and half-Turkish dress of the unknown female, which the parting of her long white cloak revealed, and who, placed in a position similar to her own, seemed so provokingly quiet, and lost in thought, as scarcely to heed the flow of Hibernian eloquence which fell from the lips of her indignant companion.

"It's no use to make all this noise, and to be throwing your eyes to the van-guard, for all orders must be strictly obeyed," bluntly ejaculated her equestrian guide.

"Thank'ee for nothin', Masther Jackanapes, and just keep your jaw* an' advice, you *mod-hawn*† o' the world, till they're axed for," returned Norah indignantly; and then (as many greater personages have done before and since) she fell into a fit of sullen silence, mistaking it for a powerful demonstration of dignified self-respect; a mood which, strange

* Conversation.

† An idiot.

to say, lasted until the party reached their destination.

This was accomplished without further accident, and Lord Ogilvie, through his prompt instrumentality, had soon the happiness of seeing Eva, Edith, Norah, and the female who accompanied them, welcomed in amaze beyond expression by our old acquaintance Mrs. Sarsdale, to whose house he conducted them, in accordance with the plan he had previously arranged with his travelling-companions. Mrs. Dorothy's handsome villa-residence lay at some distance from Cork, for which city our hero (accompanied by the Fathers of the Trinity and the *cidérant* captives) was bound, in order to deliver William Sullivan and Dan Connell into the hands of justice.

A few words gave the necessary explanations; and, as every instant was fraught with vital importance, Lord Ogilvie, exchanging hurried adieux, left all that was most dear to him beneath the hospitable roof to which he had been so safe a guide.

Resolving to surrender himself at once to Government as the well-known adherent of the exiled Stuarts, and to trust his own fate

to its future generosity, our hero journeyed rapidly onwards in order to secure the custody of William Sullivan and Dan Connell in the goal of Cork, and to lodge informations in that city in regard to the assassination of Mr. Puxley, as well as on other subjects of nearly equal importance.

CHAPTER XV.

“How my heart,
After long desolation, now unfolds
Unto this new delight—to kiss thy hands,
Thou dearest, dearest one of all the earth—
To clasp thee with my arms, which were but thrown
On the void winds before!”

HEMANS.

“Sisters in soul! they hold their long and deep communion;
Mingled emotions gushing through their hearts.”

OLD PLAY.

“Oh! can such joy be mine?—
Am I indeed so blest?”

SMITH.

It may be easily imagined that the astonishment of our old friend, Mrs. Dorothy Sarsdale, was, as we have stated, perfectly unbounded at the sudden re-appearance of her niece, whose extraordinary fate the most strenuous exertions, public and private, had previously failed to elucidate. It would be vain to seek for words to describe the amaze and horror which filled her bewildered mind on learning the sad sequel to the history of Miss

O'Moore, with which the reader is already acquainted. Step after step of that wretched record was chronicled with misery and crime; and, as the good old lady wept over her niece's wrongs, or burst forth into passionate resolves for just, speedy, and public revenge upon their author, her whole soul seemed so absorbed in the one subject that it was some time before she could emancipate her thoughts sufficiently to inquire into the history of her other guests, or to ascertain the circumstances which led to their domiciliary visit. Lord Ogilvie, from the necessity for despatch in conveying his prisoners to the gaol of Cork, had been unable to utter more than a few hurried words, which could scarcely be called explanation, subsequently to his own introduction to Mrs. Sarsdale. Both our heroines were so agitated and exhausted that their attempts at relieving the good lady's garrulous anxieties and curiosity were only just sufficiently coherent to lead her to sympathize in their distresses, without enabling her to comprehend them as fully as it was natural she should desire. Impatient and irritated at not having all mysteries explained at once, Mrs. Dorothy,

with the somewhat petulant authority in which age is privileged to indulge, turned for all further explanation to Nurse Norah, who, in ecstasy at the appeal that unexpectedly restored the self-consequence which recent events, according to her estimate, had rather "shorn of its beams," instantly recovered the voluble powers which her injured dignity had cast into abeyance. Scarcely waiting to be questioned, she burst forth into her wonted flow of unsophisticated Irish eloquence, which, if it savoured too much of the defects incidental to that peculiar species of rhetoric, had at least the merit of partially assuaging the curiosity of her interested auditors. Norah was proceeding rapidly in her energetic narrations, heedless of the interjective "Oh my's!" "Ah now's!" and "Goodness me's!" which continually broke from the astonished Mrs. Sarsdale; when, casting her eyes accidentally on the pale cheeks and wearied faces of her beloved Eva and Edith, she insisted, in her undisputed authority of "dear old nurse," on their retiring to seek the rest they required so much.

To this Mrs. Dorothy consented, under the proviso that the moment they were settled

for repose, Norah should return to resume her wild and wonderful disclosures of the past. The objects of the Nurse's tender care very quickly released her from the duties of the chamber, during her performance of which Miss O'Moore gave the anxious and faithful creature a hasty sketch of her own providential escape from the Skeligs, and of the events that followed it.

The consequential step of the now self-satisfied Norah was still audible on the staircase without, when the two friends, beloved and beloved, rushed into each other's arms, panting to give utterance to the feelings which pressed and crowded round their hearts.

Eva Dillon was the first to speak. Earnestly looking upon Edith's cheek, from which the blood had almost completely fled, she released herself from the long embrace, and said with a deep-drawn sigh ;—

“My own, my dearest one, in our rapid ride, surrounded by observation, and not free from danger, we could only exchange brief narratives of the perils through which we have mutually passed since we parted at the memorable Skelig Rocks. Say then, have

you told me *all* that is most interesting about your precious self?"

The pale cheek of Edith flushed at this question; for a moment, her lips unclosed like those of one who pants for breath, while the hand that remained disengaged from Eva's clasp visibly trembled; but the next instant she seemed to recover her usual self-command, as, fixing her deep earnest eyes upon the sister of her heart, she said—

"I think, dear, I have told you the chief events of my deliverance from the Skeligs, and of the fearful battle on the sea, which ended in the capture of the wretched Sullivan. Matters subsequently occurred that may be of momentous import to the future; but, before I proceed to their details, say, have *you* told *me* all the extraordinary disclosures of Norah at Ardea Castle as respects your own mysterious history?"

"I am sure I have," responded Eva, quickly; "now then, give me the particulars I pant to know."

"Eva, dearest Eva!"——

"What ails you, Edith? What more has happened? Oh, tell me all!"

"Come nearer to me, darling," replied

Miss O'Moore, drawing Eva closer to her on the sofa where they sat, and twining one hand round her friend's waist, while with the other she parted the tresses on her noble brow, and affectionately kissed it, as she said—

“Did you remark with much attention the European woman who silently rode in the rear with Norah, and who, as I told you, had been doomed to slavery for years at Algiers, was released by ‘The Fathers of the Trinity,’ then captured on the seas by the atrocious William Sullivan, and subsequently saved with her companions from the burning ‘Death-Flag’ by Lord Ogilvie?”

“I cannot say that I remarked her beyond a passing glance,” returned Eva, simply; “my whole soul was so engrossed in hearing your adventures, and detailing mine, that I had neither time nor thought for any one on earth, excepting you and my own——”

Ere the name of Ogilvie was spoken, the blood had completely fled from Edith's face, and a spasmodic movement was perceptible in her throat, as she leaped back upon the sofa, and for a moment closed her eyes; but, in the next, she conquered her intense emotion, from

whatever source it sprang, and, allowing no time for Eva to express the alarm depicted on her features, she said with a faint smile as she upraised her head :

"Fear not, it was but a passing weakness; I am in truth fatigued, and as you seem so too, sweet love, perhaps it would be better to postpone all further confidences till to-morrow."

"On no account," said Eva, eagerly; "that is if *you* are equal to the relation *now*."

"I am, fully; what I have to say will task your tenderest feelings, Eva, though, if I conjecture rightly, the strange tidings I have heard will act auspiciously upon your future life."

"Lead me, then, quickly from suspense to hope; does what you have to say concern our beloved Lady Tullibardine? Oh, speak! Will you not?—Edith, is this kind?"

"I mean, at least, to be so, dearest," replied Miss O'Moore, passing her hand rapidly across her brow. "And yet all that I have heard seems so like a bewildering dream, I scarcely know how to frame it into anything like a regular narration. What I

have to tell, *does* concern our best friend the Marchioness, and, if I mistake not greatly, *you too, sweet girl.*”

Eva's eyes looked as if they would start from their sockets, as, riveting them in intense anxiety, she sat stooping forward, every feature fixed in an expression of devouring attention.

Making a great and visible effort to systematize her recollections, Miss O'Moore, after a short pause, said in hurried and irresolute accents,—

“If I do wrong in raising hopes that may be quite fallacious, dearest Eva, I know you will forgive me. Dispel, then, I entreat, all signs of agitation from your countenance, and prepare for a confidence in which I shall require your judgment to assist my own in deciding whether my suspicions be right or wrong. As you may suppose, the *ci-devant* female captive of Algiers has been constantly beside me since her rescue from the power of Sullivan; we met in mutual mystery and danger, under circumstances that naturally banished conventional distinctions, and led us into frequent conversations, which on her side gradually assumed a confidential

bearing. You will easily believe reserve as to the wretched past was strictly maintained by me: consequently, Jessie Campbell (such is this Scotchwoman's name) knows nothing of my history beyond what she has witnessed. With the fineness of perception, however, which in all ranks is so characteristic of our sex, she soon perceived that the subject of her constant inquiries created an interest in my mind which could have no common origin—that subject, Eva, was—*The O'Sullivan's*."

Miss O'Moore paused, but receiving only a gesture of surprise and impatience too great to be expressed in words from Eva Dillon, she said,—

"Upon discovering that in some way or other my new companion was connected with the past history of The O'Sullivan-Beare, I frankly told her that, being personally interested in, and knowing much of it, I was willing to assist the inquiries she confessed she was bent on making the moment she arrived in Ireland, provided that without any mental reservation she would confide the whole of what she knew to my discretion.

"Surprised and delighted beyond measure

at having thus unexpectedly secured an important ally, she immediately revealed to me the following facts ——”


Edith O'Moore again hesitated, and fixed a questioning glance upon her auditress.

“Go on—go on!” cried Eva, with a degree of impatience very foreign to her usual manner.

“I will. In January, 1732, Jessie Campbell was in Ireland, attending as a confidential servant on the Lady Janet Murray, only daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Tullibardine, then on a visit to her cousin, the wife of a Field-officer in Cork, whose invitation she received in France, and had accepted at the urgent entreaties of her parents, who (the Marquis being attainted for having joined the insurrection in 1715) were, of course, compelled to remain in exile on the continent.”

“What!—Do you speak of the lamented child of our beloved friend?” eagerly demanded Eva Dillon, every feature beaming with intelligence and interest.

“The same,” replied Edith, making an evident effort to appear perfectly composed, as, drawing Eva still closer to her side,



visit, became acquainted
loved. Dermond O'S
of Ardea Castle, and
O'Sullivan-Beare, who
openly denounced, and
racter the honourable
chieftain of Ardea pro
trast. Despite of this,
much attached to the
Owen, whom he fre
large sums of money,
formation that never w

"But Lady Janet-
of *her*?" inquired Eva
anxiety.

"She, like a true w
despite of circumstanc
loved again; she knew
freed all their hearts."

sense of filial duty, Lady Janet Murray at length yielded to the repeated solicitations of her lover, and, accompanied by a devoted female servant, fled with him to the most sequestered part of Glengariff, where their private marriage was solemnized by Father Syl, and witnessed only by the present O'Sullivan-Beare, Dan Connell, and the faithful Jessie Campbell, who resolved to share her Mistress's fortunes whether for good or ill. At this period, a litigation was pending about the Ardea property, attempts having been made to wrest it from the lawful possessor.

“Until the termination of this suit, peculiar circumstances rendered it absolutely indispensable that the marriage should be concealed from every human being, except the Priest who performed the nuptial rite, and those who witnessed it. The Lady Janet therefore felt compelled to submit to the sad step of simply writing a most touching letter to her parents, detailing the progress of her attachment and ultimate marriage, without revealing the name of her husband.

“In this letter, after supplicating forgiveness, she solemnly promised to communicate

every particular of her union with the man of her choice (whom she justly represented as in every way worthy of that distinction), the moment the formidable obstacles were removed which for a time prevented her revealing his name and station.

“This epistle, in the unbounded confidence with which the writer treated Jessie Campbell, was read to her before the latter, under every prudential precaution, and at the supplication of her Mistress, privately proceeded by sea to France, to convey the all-important packet to its destination.”

“But surely Lady Tullibardine never received it?—Surely—”

“Do not interrupt me, dearest, and you shall soon know all. The successes at that period of the Irish Buccaneers upon the seas so much excited the jealousy of the Algerines, that they meditated a descent on Ireland, and had actually sent out a vessel of observation to reconnoitre the coast.* Accidentally meeting with the ship in which Jessie Campbell had embarked, they attacked and conquered her, taking all on board as prisoners to Algiers, where Lady Janet’s faithful servant

* Historical.

consequently was detained for several years in sad captivity. At the expiration of a long dreary period of slavery she was released by the 'Fathers of the Trinity.' The vessel in which she sailed with her liberators for Ireland, under a determination to ascertain the fate of her still idolized Mistress, was in its turn encountered and captured on the Atlantic by the 'Death-Flag.' Her commander, William Sullivan, having stripped his conquest of all the valuables she possessed, set the Algerine schooner adrift, having first imprisoned her former crew in the holds of his own ship.

"Thence they burst forth to the astonished view of that of '*Le Vaillant*,' at the moment when '*The Death-Flag*' was fired, from which—as I briefly told you yesterday—they were rescued by the gallant intrepidity of Lord Ogilvie and his men. I have now narrated nearly all that I have heard from Jessie Campbell; but combining her communication with the fact we personally know of Lady Tullibardine's reluctance to speak at any length upon the subject of her departed daughter, we surely may conclude that the strenuous efforts which doubtless were made

to penetrate the mystery of her fate proved completely unsuccessful."

"On one occasion only!" gasped Eva, in great agitation, from a nascent suspicion so powerful as almost to impede her speech,—
"I recollect her alluding in our presence, and as if involuntarily, to her daughter's death, which she said was communicated anonymously from Ireland, to Lord Tullibardine. And do you remember, Edith, how great was our surprise at then hearing for the first time that Lady Janet Murray died away from her parents and in that country?"

"Perfectly; and I also recollect that owing to the extreme agitation of the Marchioness, we refrained from inquiring in what part of Ireland the sad event took place, and that we mutually concluded it must have occurred in Dublin. Now, however, we know that such was not the case; and, from a comparison of the facts related to me by Jessie Campbell, I more than suspect that the present O'Sullivan-Beare, to forward some sinister scheme, may have written that anonymous letter to the Marquis months *before* the actual decease of Lady Janet Murray!"

"But may she not be yet alive? Oh,

how shall we discover all that I would die to know?" cried Eva Dillon, wringing her hands in an agony of agitation, and trembling like an aspen's leaf.

Her friend suddenly caught her to her breast. She felt Eva's heart beat against her own, as if it was bursting. In much alarm, and speaking in low accents which though distinct were articulated with great difficulty, she rapidly said,—

"I have only one more disclosure of Jessie's to reveal. Lady Janet, before she sent her maid to France (having from months of successful concealment lost all fear of discovery), acceded to the wishes of her husband in removing for her expected *accouchement* from her hidden retreat in Glengariff to the greater comforts of—*Ardea Castle*!"

The forced composure Miss O'Moore had assumed during the whole of this trying scene gave way as she tremulously pronounced those words; and, terrified at the increased workings of Eva Dillon's features, she swallowed down her own emotion, as she strained the convulsed form of her friend still closer in a watchful clasp, and thus prevented her from falling to the ground.

Eva's eyes, which hitherto had wandered here and there as if in a state of indecision and bewilderment, instantaneously fixed as though they would start from their sockets. Her nostril distended, her colour wavered, and it seemed as if life itself was making but a feeble stand, when suddenly her pale cheek flushed to crimson, torrents of tears gushed from her inflamed eyeballs, and in passionate accents gasping forth,—

“Right is my suspicion—she *was*—I *feel* she *was*—MY MOTHER !”

Eva, quite overpowered, sank almost senseless on the bosom of her friend, and lay in silence there, for though her lips moved rapidly as if in prayer, no sounds escaped them.

Edith for some moments could not speak. At length, placing her hand on Eva's temples as if to still their wild tumultuous throbs, she whispered in a voice of soothing tenderness,—

“Dear one, *I think so, too !*” Then, bending closely over her trembling friend, she whispered, ere she imprinted a fond kiss upon her brow,—

“Let me be the first to greet Eva O'Sul-

livan, the grand-daughter of our respected—long-loved Lady Tullibardine!”

“Oh, am I?—*can* I be truly such?” cried the agitated maiden—starting suddenly as if into new life at the idea, fire kindling in her eye, and the crimson blood flashing over neck and face as she stood up erect before her friend, and in proud and happy consciousness exclaimed,—

“And is my birth indeed as high and pure even as my love for Ogilvie? and may I now, without one drop of bitterness to mar my joy, be *his* for ever?—O God, I thank Thee!” she added in more subdued accents, so deeply touching that they seemed to issue from her very soul, while her lofty mien changing to that of humble gratitude, she sank upon her knees, and buried her face in the lap of her faithful friend.

When she next raised her head, the holy calmness of her countenance told that she had been in communion with her God; and, as Edith marked its angelic expression, a murmured thanksgiving passed her own lips. The voice that breathed it did not falter, yet it sounded so fearfully hollow, that Eva’s attention was painfully arrested, and as she

marked the strange mixture of opposing feelings that were depicted on the working features of Edith O'Moore, she rose, and, flinging her arms round her neck, exclaimed,—

“Oh, you have been tasked beyond your strength, and I have been so absorbed in self that I have forgotten even—even *you*! Dearest, can you forgive me?”

Passionate feelings, from whatever source they sprang, came crowding on the trembling Edith too fast for speech, and threatened to choke her. Her breathing grew frightfully constrained, and, laying her hand to still the beatings of her heart, which were painfully apparent, she gasped in broken words, while a wretched smile gleamed on her corpse-like features,—

“My strength is quite exhausted.—Lay me on my bed, dear girl, and speak no more to-night.—To-morrow, we will talk to Jessie Campbell.—Meanwhile, calm yourself—hope not too much—and, above all things, breathe not a word of what has passed to any one at present, for remember our conjectures *may* be false! Until to-morrow then try to forget our dreams of happiness, or only remember them in sleep. And now, dear one, lay me

on my pillow, and assist me to my bed, for I have no strength to reach it unsupported."

As Edith, with great difficulty, uttered those words at long intervals, her white lips worked with the emotions of her heart. Eva, alarmed at such utter prostration of mind and body, silently obeyed her friend's injunction, and watched beside her couch in speechless anxiety, until the object of her tender care fell into a profound and dreamless sleep. Eva Dillon then retired to seek the repose which, overpowered by exhaustion, she required so much.

CHAPTER XVI.

"The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to his ears in blood."—SHAKESPEARE.

——— "A wretch is seen ;
Some cursed him with Iscariot."
THOMAS DAVIES.

SOME weeks had elapsed after the date of the busy scenes we have just portrayed, and the interest excited through the country at large was great in proportion to their importance.

In June, 1747, the British Government had passed an Act of Indemnity, granting a pardon to those who had been engaged in the rebellion in favour of the Stuarts, from which act of grace eighty individuals were excepted. Though Lord Ogilvie's name was indited on that awful list of proscription, the ban would doubtless, had he so wished, have been instantly repealed in consideration of his gallant conduct at the Naval battle that terminated in the destruction of the

midable 'Death-Flag'—his intrepidity the scene of the murder of Mr. Puxley—restoration of Miss O'Moore to her family friends through his instrumentality—his ture of William Sullivan and Dan Con—the nobility of his voluntary self-sur-ler to Government, and the importance he depositions he had made in the proper ter. The applause bestowed by the est authorities in the realm on such alrous exploits was unanimous, and a ic testimonial was tendered, in the : delicate and respectful manner, to d Ogilvie. It was, however, politely de- by his Lordship, who, ever incapable of mulation, took that opportunity to avow his political sentiments and devotion he house of Stuart being perfectly un- igned, he held himself a free agent, as ackled as ever in thought and action. eeing that it was wisest to take no notice his open declaration, the Government ing first repealed every political restric- against Lord Ogilvie) bent all its energies rds crushing the now comparatively ll remnant of the Hibernian insurgents. as, indeed, high time to quell the dan- us confederacy of the Irish Buccaneers,

whose general character and designs had been so fully demonstrated in the recent murder of Mr. Puxley by their audacious Chief and leader.

As a primary step, William Sullivan was lodged in the gaol of Cork to stand his trial at the approaching assizes of that city, and Walter Fitzmorris, a magistrate of the County, was ordered to Iveragh with a large party of soldiers, in order to effect the arrest of the notorious O'Sullivan-Beare. A large price was instantly set upon the head of that formidable insurgent, in consequence of which he had taken refuge with his retainers in the wilds of Iveragh, in the West.

Lord Ogilvie, though burning with anxiety to return to Sarsdale Villa, yet was compelled to defer his happy re-union with the beloved of his heart a short time longer, owing to the multiplicity of business in which he found himself involved in consequence of the disclosures he had made to Government, and which still required his personal presence for the management of their results.

I-vera, or Aoi-vera, was originally the name of Bearehaven ; *Aoi*, or *I*, signifying in Irish an island. The extensive waste forming part of its wide-spreading lands legiti-

mately belonged to The O'Sullivan's in those by-gone days when they ruled the district for many centuries. Though forfeited at various periods, they still maintained possession of thousands of acres, peopled by an able-bodied tenantry, with whom rights of prescription ranked higher than those of law, and who voluntarily yielded privileges of feudality which the statute-book refused to recognise. Thus their power and influence were so great, that in point of fact they were still Sovereigns of the vast tract, where they carried on piratical and other lawless practices, with audacious success, though in defiance of the established Government of the country. The history, indeed, of the chief actors in our narrative, and that of their Clansmen, down to the commencement of the present century, records a picture of barbarism, tyranny, oppression, and plunder, seldom paralleled even in a country so fertile in such lamentable annals as Ireland.

To the enlightened reader it must appear extraordinary that, notwithstanding the well-known character of The O'Sullivan-Beare, and the mal-practices of which he had so long been justly suspected, he was yet a

Magistrate of the county, though he did not possess one acre of ground in fee simple!*

He had boldly declared that in accepting that office he performed an act of the greatest condescension, for that with the honorary sovereignty still attached to him, and the feudal devotion of his clansmen, he considered himself nearly as much a prince as any of his numerous-recorded ancestors. Under those circumstances, strange must have been the principle that elected him to the office we have named. Such, however, was the fact; and thus the popular power which his retainers considered the hereditary privilege of his ancient race was to a certain extent connived at, if not fostered, by the Government against which its attacks were uniformly directed. Whether this arose from the policy of a penetrating, or the weakness of an imbecile legislation, we pause not to inquire. But to whatever source such passive conduct in the then administration of Ireland might be justly attributed, it could no longer be pursued, as the murder of Mr. Puxley called for unsparing punishment and immediate exposure.

* Fact.

The other misdeeds, real and imputed, of The O'Sullivan-Beare fell so far short of his recent crime, that they were comparatively forgotten in the general anxiety to avenge it. In the pursuit of this one object, a storm of popular indignation burst forth upon the perpetrator with a sudden violence for which he was not prepared. The civil and military authorities were consequently on the alert for his immediate apprehension, as well as for that of all persons privy to the horrid deed. For weeks their efforts to attain this object had been unsuccessful, but private information from what had been deemed an authentic source determined Fitzmorris to proceed with a large body of soldiers to the peninsula which forms the Baronies of Bear and Bantry, it having been confidently stated that the Irish insurgent had adjourned there with several of his most powerful and devoted adherents.

This peninsula projects into the Atlantic Ocean to a distance of forty miles. It is, in fact, a continuation of a chain of mountains that run from Macroom and end near Dursey Island, which is only separated from the mainland by a narrow but deep channel,

through which an impetuous current rushes. On this mainland, which terminates abruptly, a junior branch of the O'Sullivan family has resided time immemorial, at a place called Garanish.* This place had been for many years noted for smuggling, and at the period of our tale was inaccessible, except by boat, or on the back of a mountain-pony accustomed to clamber over precipices, or to struggle through bogs, thirty miles of pathway presenting equal difficulties.

Having with infinite fatigue vainly scoured this wild district, Fitzmorris resolved to proceed four miles higher up, to a harbour called Lahanabeg, which was the last hold of the Spaniards in Ireland, and where in former days they had a fishing establishment of some consequence. So frequent, indeed, was the then intercourse between the Emerald Isle and the land of the Hidalgos, that to this hour there is a saying current among the lower Irish in the locality of which we speak—"Lend me your cloak, it is only to go to *Spain* and back again!"

The patience of the magistrate and that

* The possessor is called Jerry *Garanish*, to distinguish him from other Jerrys of his connection.

of his military escort was nearly exhausted when, after an arduous search through the region of Garanish, they again failed in the object of their search. Almost despairing of success, they were on the point of retracing their route, when suddenly a ruffian-like man sprang round the angle of an adjacent mountain, and fixed his eyes, gleaming with some sinister purpose, full on the face of Walter Fitzmorris, while, darting to his side, he whispered a request to speak a few important words beyond the hearing of the soldiers.

The Magistrate shook himself free from the hold this stranger had taken of his arm, and made a step backward, as he sternly said—

“Fellow, speak out! Nothing you have to say to me can need concealment.”

The man shook his head without reply, and again springing close to Fitzmorris, he hissed into his ear,

“I’m ready to turn King’s evidence and bethray *him* y’re sarching for—The O’Sullivan-Beare—into your clutches!”

“Hah!” said the magistrate, scowling a look of suspicion,—“and pray who are *you*?”

he added after a pause of some minutes, and in an under tone.

"Misther Scally—at your sarvice!—now the retainer of Murty Oge O'Sullivan, but able an' willin' to let you and your Sassenachs into the Lion's din, if well rewarded for the bloody work," retorted the scoundrel from between his set teeth while quickly he brought a huge cutlass, concealed beneath his "wrap-rascal"—as the cloaks of the lower Irish were then called—to the level of the Magistrate's side, at the same time dexterously hiding the gleaming blade from the military, who were somewhat in advance, while he muttered in a deeper voice, and with a powerful aspiration, "I promise *that* an' anything—everything if you thrate me well. If *not*—by the sowl of my father you're a dead man!"

Without hesitation, Fitzmorris signified his readiness to receive the proffered evidence, and after a brief parley, during which the informer's conditions were accepted, Scully communicated the retreat of The O'Sullivan, and declared his readiness to admit the soldiers there, by treachery, that night.

This promise was sealed by a solemn oath,

and, making the sign of the Cross with his cutlass in token of the contract, he again concealed it within the folds of his "wrap-rascal." Then, giving brief but comprehensive directions for the most speedy and practicable route to Quolagh, a residence of 'The O'Sullivans, where he stated that their Chief, wearied of lurking in more secret places, had taken refuge with his Clansmen, Scully whispered to Fitzmorris the necessity of gaining it ere his own absence woke suspicion.

No sooner were those words breathed, than, with the agility of a hare, the ruffian darted up a path that wound along a dark chasm, which no foot less practised than his own could possibly have trod, and almost instantly disappeared among the sinuosities of the opposite range of mountains.

CHAPTER XVII.

"The watch was set, the night-round made—
All mandates issued and obeyed.
Few hours remain, and he hath need
Of rest, to nerve for many a deed
Of slaughter."—LORD BYRON.

THE whole of the scene recorded in the last chapter had taken less time to enact than it has done to describe ; and when Walter Fitzmorris announced to the military that, at length, he had discovered the retreat of the redoubted Chieftain, a shout of triumph testified their eagerness to reach it without questioning or delay. The men therefore, having got their orders, moved onwards to the scene of action, stepping out in as gallant style as a tiresome succession of steep ascents, extensive bogs, and mountain-paths permitted. Having forced their way for many miles through toilsome and often dangerous difficulties, the retreat of The O'Sullivan-Beare appeared in sight as the soldiers

suddenly turned round the projection of a huge mountain, hung with luxuriant forest trees.

An aspect of even unusual solitude surrounded the old house of Quolagh, which, though distinctly visible, still lay at a little distance from the party, who halted by order of their commanding officer.

It was the hour for the setting of the sun, which in indescribable glory was gradually sinking down, amid a gorgeous world of gold and crimson. The slanting rays were caught and reflected by an enormous cataract, and, as violent rains had recently fallen, the mass of its waters resounded like thunder, even at a distance.

The old castellated house of Quolagh was of the rudest form of architecture, and massive in structure. One quadrangular turret still remained, with a portion of ivy-clad battlements, which formerly had connected it with another, since fallen, and the exceeding beauty of its peculiar situation rendered it an object of no ordinary interest. The building was partially fortified, so that an obstinate defence might be expected. A paved main court of considerable extent, sur-

rounded by cloisters, lay in front of the house, in the centre of which stood a very high and ancient Gothic cross. The walls that enclosed this square, though somewhat dilapidated, were by no means weak; and under a fine old arch, a strong oaken door, thickly knobbed with huge iron nails, presented itself in a line with another exactly similar, which, on the opposite side of the main yard, gave access to the mansion. Nearly the whole of this most antiquated edifice was covered with ivy. It stood in a small and narrow valley, flanked by a range of splendid mountains, piled one upon another, till their cragged outlines seemed to touch the brilliant clouds, now tinted with the thousand colours of the setting sun.

The dell opened out from the sides of the old building, gradually becoming more and more extensive as it sloped towards the spot where the party remained almost immovable and screened from observation, as they watched the pageant of the heavens fade away. At first, the eye perceived no outlet to the stretch the vale afforded, excepting that which the military had just passed; for

huge rocks interspersed among oaks, birch, and fir, not only girded the back of the house, in a manner which appeared to allow no egress from it, but protruded from either side in a sort of semi-circle, here and there so broken into detached masses that it was only through vistas thus formed that glimpses of The O'Sullivan's retreat could be caught.

Those outshots, as it were, of wood, rocks, and fairy knolls, tufted with gnarled oak, so profusely scattered over the valley, lent to the whole scene a very peculiar character, and would have served to screen the military most effectually, even had the inmates of Quolagh House been on the alert to watch the approach of enemies—a precaution which a false security on their part entirely prevented. Yet, though unperceived, there were many inlets to this solitary spot; and, while the sward receded to the bases of the stupendous mountains, its verdure was watered by a wandering stream, which, roaming through the valley, lent a graceful feature to its general aspect of wild sublimity.

The steps of the party were, as we have already stated, arrested as they gazed on this

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The whole party th
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mysterious shapes, as if the Spirits of mischief were indeed abroad.

The most obvious method for surprising the house was to proceed towards it as cautiously as possible, and orders having been given to that effect, the whole party at the whispered word of command stealthily advanced.

As if to favour their design, the luminary of the night at this moment veiled herself beneath a mantle of impervious clouds, and the few stars that remained to gleam throughout the sky afforded a faint, but sufficient light to guide the steps of men who, under stronger radiance, had previously decided on their line of march.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Hark! 'mid the stirring clangour
That woke the echoes there,
Loud voices high in anger
Rise on the evening air."

IRISH BALLAD.

"Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims."
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

"Come away ;
The case of that high spirit now is cold."
SHAKESPEARE.

WITHOUT discovery the Magistrate and the Military reached the high arched entrance to the main court of Quolagh House, and halting there, the signal pre-concerted between Fitzmorris and his Informer, was warily given. As if by invisible hands, the large knobbed portal immediately and slowly opened.—Scully, skulking behind the ranks of the soldiers who silently poured into the

urt, pointed to the turret window of the
amber where The O'Sullivan slept, and
an emphatically whispered :—

“ Whist !—brathe—stir not a fut till I get
side o' the house, where I'll do yit more to
lp yees, for by dad an' by dad, I've wetted
e powdher iv all the pistols an' guns,* an'
ns on, they'll niver go off the whiff iv a
pe ! an' as to the boys that played Sintenels,
y they're as good as stone dead, wid the
iff that I putt, unknownst to thim all, in
eir dhrink this blessed night.”

As Scully whispered those words, which,
en at such a moment, were accompanied by
e low chuckle of successful villany, he took
pass-key from his pocket, unlocked the door
the house, and leaving it open for the en-
nce of the soldiers, sprang up the stairs.
ne next moment he appeared half-dressed
the old battlements as if just startled from
s sleep, and shouting, as he crossed and
umped his breast—

“ Allilu ! Allilu ! murder alive ! the
my's down upon us ! Mистер Morris an'
e army ! ”

The cry was scarcely uttered when from all
arters The O'Sullivan's adherents rushed

* Historical.

to the battlements; some, half-naked, had caught up their formidable cutlasses, but the majority having meant to go upon a secret enterprise at daybreak, had slept in their clothes, and now, full armed, sprang in fury to the scene of action.

For a moment, high above his Clansmen, The O'Sullivan-Beare appeared alone upon the lonely turret-top, the moon at the same instant shining brightly forth, as if to light him into view. He stopped but a second to gird on his cutlass and pistols; then flashing a tremendous broadsword above his head, he rushed to the battlements, now crowded with friends and foes; and thundering forth—"At, at them, boys! At them for life or death!" he attacked right and left, with such fell fury, that every stroke told with fatal effect. As but a small body of the military could clamber up the narrow staircase, by far the largest portion filled the main court-yard below, perceiving which, and seeing that the soldiers were in the act of taking deliberate aim, The O'Sullivan in a voice hoarse with rage ejaculated,—

"Fire the guns!—Fire on the Sassenachs, and welcome them with shot!"

Suiting the action to the word, he drew a pistol from his belt, and rapidly levelled it.

The attempted discharge was made in vain;—grinding his teeth in astonishment and fury, The O'Sullivan tried to fire another, but with equally bad success.

"There's treason in the House!" roared the baffled Chief, at once perceiving that neither his guns nor the pistols of his men could fire: "our pieces have been wetted by a traitor's hand!"—then uttering one fearful curse, while even his eyeless socket seemed to gleam in fury, he dashed his pistol to the earth, and resuming his broadsword, rushed to the thickest of the fight.

On hearing their Chieftain's words, there was a desperate cry for revenge from his followers, which was as furiously reiterated by the English soldiers, when, having discovered another staircase, they endeavoured to crowd in, inspired with fresh hope.

At the head of those steps The O'Sullivan-Beare deliberately took his stand, attacking, with almost insane valour, the advancing foes, who were animated by a spirit as brave and daring as his own.

His faithful and undaunted Clansmen co-

vered the rear like a human wall, some facing and fighting the Military who had gained the battlements by the eastern stair, others turning towards and attacking the soldiers who had resolutely mounted the western one, thus forming two distinct divisions. They had just executed this movement when Scully escaped unobserved to the English magistrate, who stood in the main court, within the shelter of one of the low-browed arches of the cloisters, which, overshadowed by a spreading tree, concealed him from all other eyes than those of the Informer, while he watched the progress of the fight.

In few and rapid words Scully, as screened from view as his anxious auditor, suggested that the only chance of achieving the capture of The O'Sullivan alive (which was the grand object of the Government) consisted in forcing him to quit his house by firing it.

This, if Fitzmorris wished, the scoundrel undertook to do. The Magistrate instantly consented to the scheme, certain that nothing else could force The Chief from his present position, which, if once effected, he thought must be followed by his capture in

the main court, by the large body of soldiers that filled it.

Scully waited no further parley, but rushing, still unobserved, to a part of the house that was totally deserted, he fired the train he had previously laid.

Meanwhile, the redoubted Chief, firm, resolute, and desperate, not only maintained his perilous post, but repulsed his vigorous assailants with astonishing effect.

Whirling his broadsword round him with fearful sweeps, he had already cut down many of the foremost soldiers, who tried to force a passage up the narrow stair; but others still poured in, while the pistol shots aimed at Murty Oge had glided harmlessly by him and given death-wounds to several of his followers.

As he witnessed this, and heard of the carnage successfully carried on by the English soldiers on the western division of his men, The O'Sullivan's efforts became absolutely frantic.

A volley of curses mingled with the orders that flew from his foaming mouth, and the torches waving and flickering here and there by the inferiors of his household gave the

muscular breadth of The O'Sullivan's figure distinctly to the view, looking as something scarcely of this earth, so appalling was the concentrated rage that worked within.—Drawing his breath hard, the rugged features and blazing eye of the Irish Chief assumed the aspect of a demon.

Setting his teeth, as if steeled for a sudden master-stroke of vengeance, he threw himself slightly back to give gigantic force to the tiger-spring he meditated, when, at the same instant, smothering shrieks of “Fire! fire!” issued from all quarters. Cries of mingled rage and exultation succeeded, as columns of scarlet light rose high into the air, and small flames flashed through the fissures of the ancient house, and crawled like fiery snakes up its old walls, which trembled under the force of the explosion. The confusion of all parties, their faces as if bathed in one uniform flood of crimson light, while rushing to and fro through the flames like madmen, completed the wildness of the living picture. Amid its accumulated terrors, the firm, unyielding figure of The O'Sullivan-Beare was seen opposing thews and sinews to his foes; every muscle tightened to super-

human exertion as he shouted to his men to follow him while labouring to gain a low-arched door in the centre of the battlements. Victorious over all impediments, he reached, and forced it by a blow, dealt with too firm an intent to fail in its effect. He laughed a fierce laugh as the old door flew open and revealed a private flight of stone steps, so narrow that only a single man could possibly go down them.

With unflinching courage and determination, The O'Sullivan forced his faithful followers to escape the burning death awaiting them, by descending, one by one, this ancient stair, which gave access to the intricate windings of the mountain-paths behind his house. This last act of his lawless life, though it could not redeem its crimes, most strikingly illustrated his stern and daring character; for here, with the House of his Fathers burning round him—encompassed by foes, who even, while rushing from a frightful death, strove hard to capture him, or take his life—here The O'Sullivan-Beare, brave as a lion, and totally regardless of himself, forced on the escape of his Clansmen, standing his ground with

heroic self-possession, and without losing an inch of his advantage.

As apparently the last of his men sprang down the stair, the Chief, through his firmly set teeth, muttered a thanksgiving—for even HE could recognize a God! Within a briefer space than sufficed to draw another breath, three of his Clan, who loved him better than their lives, and who had lain concealed in order to be with him to the last, rushed round their Chieftain, and with prayers and gestures implored him to escape. At the self-same instant, the old turret of the burning house fell with a fearful crash, while clouds of lurid smoke rose far into the illuminated sky, and floated like a pall above the blazing ruin.

The O'Sullivan-Beare stood for one second looking steadily upwards at the fiery firmament, as if expecting that some sign would pass athwart it to foretell his fate. In the next, yielding to the solicitations of his friends, and more in the hope of saving their lives than his own, he rushed with them down the stair, and succeeded in gaining the rear of his house. There a high wall opposed his progress, but no obstacle could daunt the

spirit of the Chief, and calling to his followers to spring over it, he was in the act of doing so himself, when the contents of a pistol passed through his body, which leaped into the air, and the following instant, with a heavy sound, The O'Sullivan-Beare dropped dead at the feet of his Clansmen !*

With convulsive shrieks, those three brave friends crowded round to shield and to defend the body. Unaware that life had fled from their Chief for ever, they furiously attacked the British officer whose aim had been so fatally true ; but his Englishmen, through smoke and flame, rushed to his aid, and overpowered by numbers, two of the gallant Clansmen, after being desperately wounded, expired at the side of their Chieftain, while the third, in the act of hewing down a soldier, fell dead by the stroke of another, on the body of 'The O'Sullivan-Beare !

All had passed with the quickness of lightning, and as rapid were the movements by which the corpse of the Chief was dragged from under that of his faithful Clansman, and borne to a distance from the tottering pile by soldiers, who, in expectation

* Historical.

of a great reward, thus hazarded their lives at the most imminent peril.

Scarcely had this group gained a spot of comparative safety—previously reached by Fitzmorris and the remnant of the military—than the Old House of Quolagh fell with a fearful crash, the burning substances projected into the air, presenting one enormous mass of flame, which, with pillars of smoke, rose majestically upwards like a funeral pyre over the slaughtered remains of friends and foes.

CHAPTER XIX.

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done!"

SHAKESPEARE.

"When two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both!"

IDEM.

WE shall not occupy much of our reader's time in detailing the minor proceedings of the party who had been so signally victorious at Quolagh, nor in accompanying them on their route to Bearhaven.

Suffice it to say they reached that spot in perfect safety, and there acted with a brutality of vengeance which cast a foul stain on men who previously had demeaned themselves like gallant soldiers.

The following historical fact establishes the truth of our assertion. The body of The

O'Sullivan Beare—that once redoubted and formidable Chieftain—was tied to one of his own boats, and thus dragged through the sea from Bearhaven to Cork, crimsoning with the blood of the Great Buccaneer that Ocean which had been the scene of exploits which struck terror into the hearts of the very men who now ferociously evinced such butcher-like revenge.*

Our limits compel us to state briefly that on reaching Cork, the head of The O'Sullivan-Beare was, as a further indignity, instantly cut off, and spiked aloft upon the South gaol with those of two of his most gallant Clansmen, which were affixed at either side of it.

The naked body of the Chief was then cast with quicklime into a hole in the barrack-yard. For several years his skull, a frightful memento, which, even in death, looked as if uttering through clenched teeth the language of defiance, was suffered to remain exposed to public view†—a sad—most sad record of a history of crime, bravery, and bloodshed achieved amidst an inefficient administration of civil, religious, and political rights. To a reflective mind such a memorial pointed out

* Historical.

† Fact.

only the strong moral of individual delinquency and its consequent punishment, but equally forcible one conveyed in the evils which inevitably result where the government of a country is only *partially* based on the principles of even-handed justice.

The effects of a bad system in any Kingdom exalt the power of its rulers, while entail the most demoralizing effects upon the character of the people: thus proving that political fallacies invariably become the fertile sources of national corruption.

CHAPTER XX.

"And therein were a thousand tongues empight,
Of sundry kinds, and sundry quality."

SPEAKER.

"Prodigious! how the things protest—protest!"

POPE.

It was some time after the date of the events recently recorded that a set of babblers, seated in busy idleness round the tea-table of our old acquaintance Mrs. Chatterlie, were actively engaged in their discussion.

The lively widow was still in high preservation, and as she sat in conscious self-importance, the presiding goddess of the rites of Congo mysteries, she felt afloat in her natural element—the full tide of capital gossip, scandal, and practical jokes, styled, in the refined phraseology of her gabbling coterie, "rollicking fun."

Scheme after scheme for the elevation of

Mrs. Chatterlie to the dignity of a second nuptials had been baffled by the unrelenting hand of fate ; and yet she still buoyantly pursued her main object, cheered by hope, and undaunted by disappointment. This was an instance of the moral sublime ; for various had been her defeats in the road to matrimony, and cruel the rebuffs by which her overtures to ungrateful man had been met. Notwithstanding those misfortunes, however, neither the spirits nor the *cacoëthes loquendi* of the buxom widow quailed ; and, as she glanced round her assembled *clique* with bright bold eyes, that seemed endowed with the power of perpetual motion, she exclaimed,

“ Well, if I ain’t the luckiest woman alive in having had the *gumsha** to refuse the everlasting proposals of that poor dear murdered Puxley ! Oh ! my friends” (here the widow applied her handkerchief to orbs which Shakspeare would have justly termed “ *speculative* instruments”), “ if you only knew how often he *did* pop the question ! and how—”

“ Fair and softly, Mrs. Chatterlie—fair and softly !” cried Admiral Colebrook, who had

* Wisdom.

just dropped in, fixing his large cold eyes upon the widow, and puckering up his brows and eyelids with a very peculiar expression. "My poor departed friend had sins enough attributed to him by our well-beloved public, without your bringing him to the climax of absurdity in asserting that he—"

"You must excuse me, my good Sir, for interrupting you," retorted Mrs. Chatterlie, with unblushing effrontery; "but I really can't for the life of me make out why you *will* commit yourself sometimes by talking on subjects—I mean *tender* subjects—which you cannot properly understand, and in a sort of a way that I defy any man or woman to make head or tail of! Every word I say I could prove in black and white; but what's the use of talking about a poor man that's as dead as a herring? Faith, such a box of cold meat ain't the stuff for me! so just be aisy now, and tell us something about that fine darling fellow, Lord Ogilvie, who, they say, gave himself up in downright airnest to Government when he lodged informations against that limb o' the devil, The O'Sullivan-Beare, and that chip of the

old block his nephew Will ; to say nothing of Dan Connell the big blackguard ! Ah then, Admiral dear, will they have the heart to spike up that haro, Lord Ogilvie, on the top of Cork gaol, as they've done to the skull of the late would-be Earl o' Bearhaven ?”

“ It is neither intended to promote his Lordship to such an elevated position, nor to make him emulate that of Mahomet's coffin, though the exploit you allude to has drawn praise from every lip. Of course,” added Colebrook, turning in disgust from the widow, though she had bitten her lips into enticing redness, and addressing a gentleman who stood beside him—“ you have heard that the highest authorities of the Government are loud in their encomiums on Lord Ogilvie, whose fidelity to the exiled Stuarts is almost forgiven, if not forgotten, in consideration of his gallant conduct, and the importance of his late disclosures.”

“ Oh yes ! His Lordship has justly reaped ‘golden opinions from all sorts of men’—I mean *golden* metaphorically, for, as of course you are aware, he nobly declined any reward save that of his own conscience ; and with

mental courage avows and continues his adherence to the political opinions which, through life, he has consistently maintained, and for which he has sacrificed so much."

"To my conception—*malgré* his erroneous devotion to the Exiled Family—Lord Ogilvie is an incomparable character: there is a spirit-stirring grandeur in the man which compels respect and admiration even from those who differ essentially from him on public questions"—rejoined the Admiral.

"I quite agree with you; and, if such be the effect on *us* true Hanoverian loyalists, we cannot wonder at the species of idolatry with which I am told his party and his friends regard Lord Ogilvie. Even Mrs. Sarsdale cries him up as a model of perfection. I understand he has just returned to her villa, where it seems he left some ladies, who, in the most romantic manner, he met and rescued from imminent danger, at the peril of his life."

"Ladies!—*what* ladies?" screamed a dozen female voices all at once.

"Pace. my darlings! pace! One at a

if you plaze, an' thin, why I'll tell me news that bates all since the of Noah!" cried our old friend Sir n O'Borer, as, suddenly springing to et, and supporting his arms on the of an old high-backed black leather he gave an emphatic prefatory "!" and looked the very personification of important mystery.

such a sieve-like nature, however, the mind of the worthy baronet, that merely waited for the expected solicitation which immediately assailed him, actually dying to tell all he knew, and *not* know, he proceeded to relieve it, and the agony of curiosity that round him, as, waving his hand to and a cessation of the stray syllables, uttered exclamations, and confused of his impatient auditory, he exclaimed:—

ow, my dearees! what I'm going to ye is *such* a sacret—just heard from old friend Mrs. Sarsdale, who I left a e ago, refusing to take tay out of her chayney cups, for fear our beautiful " (bowing and looking very sly at

Mrs. Chatterlie) might be jealous—that by my sowl I can't revale it at all, at all, except ye gim me a kiss all round, and swear every one of ye to be as close as a pill-box."

"Ah then I'll be the fust to do that same!" cried the widow, starting to the side of the Baronet, and giving him a salute of the lips that resounded like a detonating ball—"There, take *that*—and *that*—and *that*, as payment, with interest for all!" she added, half stifling Sir Phe-
lim by the velocity of her caresses, which were so ardent as to shake a cloud of powder from his new wig on the collar of his bright blue coat—"And now, my pet o' the house, and mouse o' the cupboard, leave off your long-winded rigma-roles, and just tell us your *sacret*, and be sure neither I nor one of my cronies will pache on our own Man of Wax!—will we now?"

"Not for the whole world wide!" screeched a discord of voices—"Irish all over!"

Though, if possible, more anxious to tell his "*sacret*" than his fair audience to

hear it, Sir Phelim still coquetted and procrastinated; but after a few seconds the inward throes of the oracle became too tremendous to bear further repression, and, emphatically seizing one streamer of the widow's "fly cap" in his extended hand, he exclaimed—

"Well then, dearees, who do you think one of the ladies at Dorothy's turns out to be?"

"Who? Who? Who?"

"Why, that beautiful crature her nace, Miss O'Moore, who that rascal Will Sullivan—that's now rammed into gaol, and will soon, plaze the pigs, be at the foot of the gallows—gallivanted away with from our elegant '*Drum*,' and could never be caught hould of by hook or by crook, till Lord Ogilvie nabbed him in foreign parts, to make him dance upon nothin' all up in the air in ould Ireland!"

"Now, darling O'Borer, are you at one of your tricks and riddle-me-rees, or are you for once in your life spaaking truth?" gasped the widow quite aghast, and slapping the Baronet with appalling force upon the shoulder.

"By the vartue o' my oath, I'm spaaking nothin' else!" bellowed Sir Phelim, losing

some of his self-importance as laughingly he was obliged to cry out for quarter from such a *striking* proof of the widow's incredulity. "Now be asy, my pet!" he added, rubbing the apex of his smarting member—"seeing there's more to come; for sure you hav'ent the half of the story yet—and as I was going to tell ye, Will Sullivan's to be thried for his life by Judge an' Jury for all his bowld doings with Miss Edith O'Moore; an' sure, while I was sitting quite cozy with my ould friend, Mistress Sarsdale, what should come in but a pretty bit of a summons for her nace to attend at the Coort House, in Cork, as witness agin that divil of a jail-bird, Will Sullivan!"

"What fun! what fun!" cried Mrs. Chatterlie, in an ecstasy of delight. "Now, Phelim dear, if you don't get me the very best place in the whole Coort for seeing an' hearing the fun, why I'll brake every bone in your body, an' lave you no more heads than a horse; so I will, you wicked decaivour!"

"Faith, my darling, you musn't do *that*, for I must keep myself right and tight for my splicing-day,* musn't I, dearee?"

* Wedding-day.

“ *Your* splicing-day, Sir Phelim ! — *your* splicing-day ! Ah, you cunning pair of sweet rogues ! ” ejaculated the minor priestesses of the tea-table, crowding round the widow and the Baronet, with vociferations, some in glee, some in envy. “ Is it come to *that* with ye both at last ? ”

The widow tried hard to look modest, but, finding success impossible, she covered her face with her handkerchief, and appeared to tremble in sweet timidity.

Sir Phelim saw his danger. The long slight *queue* that perked between his shoulders and his well-powdered and pomatumed wig, quivered in visible agitation at their owner’s predicament. Though not in Scotland, the Baronet felt the peril in which he stood ; and, resolving to evade the possibility of placing his “ single blessedness ” in jeopardy, he determined to indulge his imaginative genius in creating a fiction, perhaps not the most tremendous one that he had ever uttered. Action, as in greater geniuses, followed thought.

Sir Phelim, therefore, laughed more vigorously than any one present at the coarse jests and “ devilish good things ” resounding

upon every side, until at last, as if exhausted by his jocularities, he threw himself, and his dirty boots, full-length on a sofa, and, as if in breathless astonishment, asked, with a malicious twinkle of his little deep-set eyes—

“But how the devil, dearees, did ye guess that ould Sarsdale popped the question to me for her nace, Miss O'Moore, half an hour ago, when I fairly consented to make her my Lady O'Borer this day week?”

Mrs. Chatterlie abruptly paused in the midst of a mock-heroic harangue—whispered to some of her coterie on the subject of her projected nuptials with the Baronet—her hand became suspended in mid-air, and her tongue grew paralyzed between her open lips. This miracle, however, it was morally and physically impossible could last above a second; in the next she gasped forth, each feature quivering with passion—

“What's that you say, Sir Phelim?—what's that you say, Sir?”

“Only just that I'm going to marry Miss O'Moore, that's all, darling,” replied the Baronet, with provokingly cool impertinence.

“Marry Miss O'Moore!” screamed the widow, darting towards the object of her

vengeance, and holding up her arm as if about to fell him to the earth. "If I'm not downright ashamed of you, and your lies, and your doings, you ould Knave of Hearts! but I'll not putt up with them, Sir. I'll have you to know I won't; and that, if you *are* in airnest in what you say, I'll make you laugh at 't'other side of your mouth through the Law—so I will." And knitting wickedly her awful eyebrows, Mrs. Chatterlie looked magnificently the mighty defiance she had uttered, while, placing one arm a-kimbo, and holding the other still aloft, she stood right before the object of her "rejected addresses."

"Blug-an-oons, my darling sweet widow!" cried Sir Phelim, springing forwards and laying his hand on the arm of his fair assailant; "don't be getting into the heroics, an' blustherin' an' frettin' on *my* account. 'Tisn't but I'm grateful all over for your tinder anxiety an' all that; but faith, you needn't have any, my darling, for I'll be bound I'll be just as happy as the days are long with sweet Edith O'Moore."

"Happy! you great bag o' bones of a baboon that's neither fish nor flesh! you Harry-long-legs! that, fool as I am, I used to

call my own pet spider—you shall not be happy. The devil a——”

“Be more civil to your ould friend the devil, darling, an’ keep that big thumper of an oath within your teeth, an’ faith ’tis white as the snow they are, any how.”

“Keep you your palaver, and get out of my sight, body and bones, and out of my house this minute of time!” vociferated the enraged widow, losing all power of self-command. The next instant, her fury found vent in a passionate shower of tears, as in more subdued accents she sobbed forth—
“Oh, ladies, friends, countrymen! I appale to ye all. Didn’t that robber of the heart put his finger in my eye, and stale my affections by his marked attentions this many a-day?—didn’t he pick up my handkerchief when it dropped on the floor this blessed night, and kiss it before he returned it back?—didn’t he choose me for his partner at whist, as often as I’ve fingers and toes, maning to insinivate that he’d make me his partner for life?—didn’t he always hand me up to my low-backed car from the Drums?—and when, by pure accident, I trod on his nasty great toe, didn’t he say, in his own

wheedling way, 'If you love me, sweet *creature*, tell me so, but don't dirt my stockings?' Oh, oh, oh! you *did*, you *know* you did, you arrant Knave of Hearts; and now you just want to shovel me into my coffin, to be food for reptiles as vile as yourself!" And, breaking forth into still-increasing anguish, Mrs. Chatterlie ended her pathetic appeal with woman's usual resource on such occasions—a burst of tears.

Thus admonished, Sir Phelim, beginning to think a public exposure of his past attentions to the widow, if given *au dessous des cartes*, might prove no joke, assumed a very puzzled and penitent air, looking vastly like a resuscitation of Apuleius's ass.

Men who have no affections always hate *scenes*; and the Baronet, being of that class, and knowing he *deserved* one on the present occasion, was proportionably annoyed, alarmed, and disconcerted.

Perceiving this, Admiral Colebrook, who had hitherto slyly enjoyed the *scène à l'outrance*, stepped to Sir Phelim's assistance; and, by a bold stroke, awakening the widow's curiosity, which he well knew was one of her leading passions, advanced and said, as

he dipped his finger and thumb into the pungent contents of his snuff-box and sniffed what in the present day might be termed a *Nycturonic* pinch: "O'Borer, are you perfectly certain Miss O'Moore is the lady Mrs. Sarsdale proposed for your acceptance? Take care, my friend, it may chance to be the other maiden at her house, who, if fame says true, is as beautiful as an angel, and who will have a better fortune than Miss O'Moore; at least if the current report but this day spread abroad prove correct, namely, that in some romantic way or other she has just discovered, and will establish her lawful claim to a very large estate in this country."

"A very large estate!—where is it? and who is *she*?" cried Mrs. Chatterlie, uncovering her face, and suddenly restored to wonderful composure by the cravings of her natural appetite for the new or the wonderful.

While the widow's attention was thus diverted from himself, Sir Phelim sagaciously slunk off, and, dreading a practical illustration of the philosophical fact of current affinity and its associated forces, quietly effected a retreat, acting probably under the additional motive of exemplifying in person an *ad libitum*

paraphrase of the adage of Hudibras, that—

“ He who *loves*, and runs away,
May live to *love* another day.”

Scarcely had the door closed on the receding figure of the Baronet, and before the widow was aware of the abrupt exit of her faithless Lothario, Admiral Colebrook, in reply to her question, quietly said—

“ I understand her name is Dillon, and that she is the bosom friend of Miss O'Moore; but as to her previous history, or how she happens to have a claim on Irish property, I am completely ignorant. I only heard by chance an hour ago, what has hitherto been kept secret, that eminent men of law are engaged, by order of Mrs. Sarsdale, upon the subject, but it is one that, as yet, they are unwilling to discuss in public. And now, my little ‘ Revenue Cruiser,’ waste no time in useless bombardments;—attack no more that practised man-of-war the O'Borer, who will always sheer off successfully; but mount the flag of truce instead of the Blue Peter, and may your next designs on smaller craft be quickly made, and with decided conquest over the shoals and the shallows you may en-

counter in attack. Again good night, and *bon voyage.* Saying this, with a low bow, and a quiet but expressive smile, peculiar to himself, Admiral Colerbrook left the room.

His example was immediately followed by the rest of the company, who evidently dreaded another call upon their sympathetic feelings by the deserted widow, while she, like a second Ariadne, was left either to bemoan the peridy of her Irish Theseus, or to lay new schemes for the advancement of her matrimonial projects on prey more gullible and less experienced than Sir Phelim O'Borer.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ."—SHAKESPEARE.

"So quick bright things come to confusion."

IDEM.

"O Love! how are thy precious, sweetest moments
Thus ever cross'd—thus vex'd with disappointments!"

ROWE.

BEFORE we proceed to more important scenes, it may be well to state briefly that much of the information given by the speakers whose conversation is reported in the last chapter was correct.

William Sullivan had been formally committed to prison, and Edith O'Moore was summoned to attend his trial at the Court-house of Cork upon that important occasion. Every generous mind will understand and sympathize in her emotions at the call thus

made upon her fortitude and feelings; but, as no language could portray the effort with which she submitted to its imperious necessity, we refrain from an attempt that would be futile.

It was also true—as we have seen—that Lord Ogilvie, after having refused the testimony of public gratitude offered for his recent important services, had returned to Sarsdale Villa covered with the applause of the wise and the good. No less was it matter of fact that legal steps had been taken by the advice and at the expense of Mrs. Dorothy for the recovery of the property of Eva, her niece's dearest friend: but this proceeding had been, at the request of the prosecutor, conducted with such extreme privacy, that it was only by a singular accident that Admiral Colebrook had heard the vague report he mentioned at Mrs. Chatterlie's Congo relation.

The sagacious reader need scarcely be informed that Ogilvie's first act on arriving at Mrs. Sarsdale's was to seek the fair being he had ardently loved so long, and to implore her to unite their destinies. Filled with this wish, almost to the exclusion of every other,

Lord Ogilvie poured forth the feelings of his soul with all a lover's vehemence, when, at the moment of his sudden return, finding Eva Dillon alone, he clasped her with transport to his heart, and besought her to be his, speedily and for ever. No fear mingled with his now happy love, and, anticipating success to his petition, he strained his treasured idol still closer to his heart, awaiting an answer to its fond request. The beloved girl trembled with a thousand mingled feelings. There was a choking in the throat—a heaving of the breast through excess of emotion—a burning blush upon the cheek. Why did she almost evade the answer sought?—Why, though she looked unutterable love, did her frame tremble with such agitation that she could not speak?

The happy spirit of Lord Ogilvie, stirred in all its depths, asked not for words in such an hour to confirm his hopes; and, taking silence for consent, he poured forth his thanks in language replete with passion and truth, while beseeching his beloved one to name the day for their immediate marriage.

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“Not yet—not *quite* yet—dearest!” gasped Eva Dillon, suddenly raising her head from her lover’s shoulder. “Circumstances—oh how unexpected!—have arisen since you left, which oblige me to postpone our union for the present. I did not write them to you, because”——Eva stopped, and again there was the silence of a moment between them. There was a curl upon Ogilvie’s lip which almost frightened our heroine, and, fearing that it wrapped up something like the canker in the bud, she added, in a hasty voice full of smothered emotion—“And now—even *now* when you are with me, I am so bewildered by your sudden re-appearance, and with all I have to say—all—all that’s passing *here*—” She faltered; and, pressing her hand to her throbbing brow, the trembling girl abruptly ceased to speak, and eloquently looked what in such vague and hurried words she had so rapidly and imperfectly expressed.

With a hastiness of conception, not unnatural though erroneous, Ogilvie, under the quick revulsion of his feelings, now betrayed emotions almost akin to anger and suspicion. Filled with alarm and astonishment, he gave way to an impetuosity so nearly amounting

to distrust, that the gentle and exquisite being on whom his unjust jealousy fell, became utterly unable to refute them, except by a look of love, so pure, unmixed, and fervent, that nothing short of the deadly poison which "the green-eyed monster" can distil into the recesses of the human heart, could have neutralized the blest assurance it was intended to convey.

As it was, however, Ogilvie, influenced by fears and agitation that defied the power of concealment, accepted not that silent pledge, but, in a delirium of opposing feelings, he impetuously required to know distinctly what *new* obstacle had arisen during his absence to mar the hope—dearer to him than life, and which had been so often urged, to be as frequently defeated.

Eva Dillon tried to frame some answer, but though she smiled, as only requited and requiting affection *could* smile, yet the agitating nature of all she knew she had to impart ere her lover's mind could be completely relieved was too much for the overstrained state of her feelings, and not one syllable could she utter beyond a few brief words, which referred Ogilvie to Edith O'Moore for all necessary explanations.

What this request could possibly portend, the agitated lover waited not to inquire, but, springing down stairs, he rushed to Miss O'Moore's sitting-room. The next moment found him in her presence.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Why in this furnace is my spirit proved,
Like steel in tempering fire?—because I *loved*!"

BYRON.

"Let judging Reason draw the veil aside."

OGILVIE.

—— "And she spoke
In sighings wild, that fluttering broke
From the heart's prison, where they had slept
A long sad slumber."—BANIM.

EDITH was alone. The unexpected and unannounced appearance of Lord Ogilvie produced the most startling effects. The marble paleness of her aspect and the corpse-like rigidity of her features were frightful to behold in any living being, as, unable from emotion and surprise to leave her seat, she extended her hand to his Lordship, her lips moving mechanically, while low sounds, that were not words, escaped them.

Smote with unspeakable alarm at an agitation which seemed to confirm his worst sus-

pitions, Ogilvie, remembering nothing upon earth but Eva Dillon, distractedly exclaimed, "Edith! Edith! why this dreadful emotion! Speak! in mercy speak! and end suspense that almost turns my brain. Eva has referred me to *you* for an explanation of the fatal cause which leads her again to postpone our marriage. I will not bear it—by Heaven, I will not, if her affections still are mine! Oh God! the misery of that IF"—and, scarcely able to articulate from eagerness and agitation, he paused, visibly trembling in thought too agonizing for endurance.

"She loves—adores—is worthy of you—and will soon be yours for ever!" said Edith, slowly, and fixing her large, dark, melancholy eyes on Ogilvie.

The solemn tone in which those words were uttered, and the evident effort that attended them, startled his Lordship, but only for a moment; for their emphatic import brought such rapture to his heart, that all other considerations vanished, and, seizing Edith's hand, he pressed it in convulsive transport to his lips.

Crimson blushes mounted to the cheeks of Miss O'Moore, and then as instantaneously

retreated, leaving her if possible still paler than before, while her features quivered and her eyes grew bloodshot with the intensity of inward feeling.

“Edith—dear Edith—forgive me! I have terrified you by my wild impetuosity. Let us be calmer. There—rest a moment, and then tell me all,” he added, gently laying her head upon his shoulder, and gazing with tender anxiety upon her features, while, drawing her closer to his side by the hand he still retained, he pressed it fondly, with the privilege of ancient friendship, holy and pure as that which brother feels for sister.

She shivered in every limb, and without uttering a word tried to withdraw her hand;—Ogilvie felt that it was cold and clammy like that of the dead. The unmistakable agony of the exquisite creature he beheld as, quickly raising her head from his shoulder, she, with a miserable effort at a smile, resisted his attempts to chafe her icy fingers, recalled to memory the fervent words she had breathed unconsciously upon the deck of “Le Vaillant!” With their remembrance came the then half-excited suspicion

of her attachment to himself, which afterwards he had dismissed as perfectly unfounded, so that the circumstance, until the present memorable moment, had almost passed away from recollection.

“ My precious friend—my own—my Eva’s sister !” he exclaimed, instantly relinquishing her hand, as a sickening chill—an unutterable feeling, never but once before experienced, came over him—“ You are ill—I will leave you—will not hear you speak—no—not one word at present, sweetest Edith,” whispered Ogilvie, in a voice of exceeding gentleness, and even more respect, while, making a wretched attempt at a smile, in agitation scarcely inferior to her own, he rose from the sofa to depart.

The whole of this little scene was so sudden, so unexpected, by either party, that both seemed to have lost their powers of self-command.

Miss O’Moore’s lips remained parted, as if in a vain effort to speak, for no sound escaped them ; but, though she felt as if sinking into the ground beneath, and would have been only too glad to have been thus sheltered, yet she clasped her hands with intense eagerness,

and, moving forwards a single step, laid a detaining grasp upon the arm of Lord Ogilvie.

The wretched expression of resigned despair about her mouth was miserable to see in one so beautiful—so young. Her throat filled up to suffocation; but though a throe of hopeless agony was labouring in her heart, she made a great and visible effort to control it, while, in a slow voice and with eyes bent down upon the ground, the single word "*Remain!*" found utterance.

It is not in the power of language to convey the conflicting emotions which shook the usually firm nerves of Ogilvie, when he obeyed the significant movement of Edith's hand, as she motioned him into a chair, and sank into another at a little distance.

Both were for several minutes profoundly silent, each evidently labouring under intense excitement. Miss O'Moore was the first to speak, and the cold, deliberate tone of her voice, as, raising her eyes from the ground on which they had been riveted, and fixing them upon Ogilvie, she said, "I will briefly tell you all," relieved his heart, and almost

convinced him that his suspicion of her fatal attachment to himself was altogether unfounded. Yet not greater is the last struggle of the soul when parting from the body than that which Edith O'Moore had made, ere she acquired the seeming composure she now evinced. She moved her chair still more into the deep embrasure of the curtained window, so that the expression of her countenance could not be easily detected, and then, without the most distant allusion to herself, the noble-minded girl at once reverted to Eva Dillon. She dwelt long and fondly on the perfections of her character, and the true devotion of her heart. The theme soon engrossed her to the full exclusion of every other interest, and gradually she kindled into such warmth of language and of feeling, that her previous constraint melted away like ice beneath the sunshine. But as the circumstances she detailed, explanatory of the recent conduct of her friend, involve many singular events, the recital of which was continually interrupted by the strong emotion and anxious interrogations of her auditor, we judge it best to communicate them by our own matter-of-fact pen

in the subsequent chapter, unimpeded by a lover's impetuosity, and accompanied by other details indispensable to the perfect elucidation of our history.

Before, however, we proceed to do so, it is necessary to account for the great embarrassment evinced by our heroine in the first scene with her lover after his sudden return to Sarsdale Villa.

There are many mysteries in a woman's heart, and perhaps the desire so frequently evinced by the female sex (despite their reputed garrulity) to interdict communication even on an important subject, if delay holds out the possibility of affording "an agreeable surprise," may be classed among them. Be this as it may, certain it is that Eva had resolved to conceal her now brilliant prospects from Lord Ogilvie until they were crowned with success, determining to await that happy consummation ere she accepted his hand in marriage. In this plan—perhaps partially dictated by womanly pride—she had with some difficulty induced Edith and Mrs. Sarsdale to participate, and, acting upon it herself, the scene we have described took place which had nearly led to unpleasant

results. Be it also said, *en passant*, that the admirable sense of Miss O'Moore, comprehending, from the displeasure of Lord Ogilvie, the suspicions which that little *ruse* had caused, she no longer felt herself justified to continue it, and therefore had revealed *every* circumstance connected with the present fortunes of her friend before the close of the interview we have just narrated.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Ambition's boundless appetite outspeaks
The verdict of its shame."—YOUNG.

"Tutto è sciolto."

—— "A time must surely come
When each shall meet their well-adjusted doom."
SOAME JENYNS.

"Raise we the curtain of the past,
What dreadful scenes appear!
Mysteries disclosed—and wrongs avenged!"
OLD PLAY.

To accomplish the object we have announced—namely, a recital of necessary *éclaircissemens*—we must retrograde many years in order to convey succinctly to the reader a train of circumstances as essential to the dramatic course of our history, as they were influential on the fate and fortunes of its leading personages.

The memorable conversation recorded as having passed between our heroines, and the equally important revelations of Norah in the Castle of Ardea, have doubtlessly im-

parted so much of the real history of Evans to leave little novelty in the remaining information which we, as a faithful Chronicler, and with the privilege conferred on us in that capacity, feel called upon to give. It must be evident to the peruser of the past pages—*imprimis*—that she is the legitimate grand-daughter of the Marchioness of Tullibardine, through the union of the Lady Janet Murray with Dermond O'Sullivan, the former Chief of Ardea Castle, and the first cousin of the notorious *pseudo* Earl of Bearhaven, whose final fate we have recently recorded.

Taking as authentic (which we empower the reader to do) all the circumstances collected by Miss O'Moore from Jessie Campbell, and detailed by the former to Lord Ogilvie, it will be equally clear that the devotion of that attached domestic was unquestionable.

So convinced was Lady Janet O'Sullivan of her fidelity, truth, and intelligence, that she had despatched her on the all-important mission to the Marchioness of Tullibardine without a doubt of the speed and zeal which would be exerted in its execution.

Jessie had sailed for France four months previously to her beloved mistress's premature *accouchement*, and under the full belief that her own return to Ireland would long precede the appearance of an infant scion to the ancient genealogical tree of the chieftain of Ardea Castle.

As time, however, rolled on without the re-appearance of the absent servant, great anxiety was created in the minds of Lady Janet and her husband; and when, after prolonged inquiries, no tidings whatsoever of the vessel in which Jessie embarked had been received in any quarter, the natural conclusion of her death by its destruction at sea was in grief reluctantly believed by them, and mentioned as a certainty to the Chief of Ross Mac Owen.

The constant agitation of mind which under such circumstances Lady Janet experienced, brought on her sudden and premature confinement in Ardea Castle, where she had lived in concealment quite as strict as that observed in her former retreat, while so successfully had it been practised, that no individuals, excepting her husband, one female attendant, and the Chief of Ross

Mac Owen were aware of the fact of her Ladyship residing there. A few mornings previously to the birth of the infant Eva, the Chieftain of Ardea (not expecting that event for many weeks) rode out with a few Clansmen on important business connected with the litigation respecting his property, then drawing rapidly towards a favourable termination, and expecting to be some days absent from his Castle.

In one of the rude mountain-districts through which he was obliged to pass, he was surprised and dismayed at finding his Cousin of Ross Mac Owen (beloved despite of all his errors) alone, surrounded and attacked by a party of revenue officers, under the accusation of having carried on illicit traffic with the coast of France. To see this, and to rush to the aid of his kinsman, were simultaneous movements. In conjunction with his brave followers, the Chief of Ardea succeeded in effecting the retreat of the assailants; but, as they were in the act of flying from the scene of combat, he received a random shot which felled him to the earth, and proved eventually fatal.

The wounded man, feeling that death was

near, requested the Clansmen who crowded round him to retire to a distance, stating that he urgently wished to speak to his Cousin in private. The order was obeyed in silent grief. The few moments that then remained were employed by the dying Chief in imploring his kinsman to break the intelligence of his death with the utmost precaution to his wife, who, with his expected child, he solemnly confided to the guardianship of the Chief of Ross Mac Owen, appointing him his sole trustee; and further supplicating him to see them put into possession of Ardea Castle, which, as his nearest surviving relatives, would be their lawful inheritance.

With almost superhuman efforts he proceeded, at broken intervals, to entreat The O'Sullivan-Beare to escort to France the Lady Janet and her babe as soon as it was born, in order to consign them both to the care of the Marchioness of Tullibardine, after which he besought him to return to Ireland to expedite the long pending litigation respecting the Ardea estate.

The struggle of departing life almost checked the power of further utterance; but making a desperate effort, the dying Chief-

tain raised himself upon his arm, and, collecting all the remnant of his fleeting strength, he ejaculated in a hoarse, faint, but distinct voice, full of condensed emotion,—

“O’Sullivan-Beare! I know you to be a man of error; but never will I believe you a man of crime! I could not summon my Ciansmen to witness my last words, because as yet I do not wish my marriage known. Kinsman! the darkness of the dying gathers round me. Give me your hand in token of truth and determination to do all I have implored. Convey my dying blessing to my wife and unborn child.—and swear—in mercy swear, to be their faithful Guardian. Then I will die in peace!”

The hand—the oath—were given. A gleam of unutterable gratitude lighted up the features of the expiring Chief, and, pressing the hand he held with the firm grasp of dissolution, a convulsive shiver passed through his body as he fell back upon the ground, gave two or three deep-drawn gasps, and then, without a struggle or a moan, his spirit winged its flight to another and a better world!

For several moments The O’Sullivan-Beare

stood gazing on the corpse,—many more elapsed before he summoned the Ardea Clansmen, who, unconscious of the death of their Chieftain, stood at a distance.

During that awful pause, dark, dangerous thoughts—thoughts fraught with the peril of his immortal soul—mingled with others of a far different and better nature, rushed through the mind of The O'Sullivan-Beare. There was a strong mental struggle between good and evil; but it was a short one, and eventually the dictates of conscience succumbed beneath the diabolical suggestions of self-interest. The Chief of Ross Mac Owen, goaded by the master-passion of his soul—ill-regulated ambition—resolved, after a brief contest with his better nature, to sacrifice every feeling of honour and duty at its shrine. The temptation of succeeding as heir-at-law to the estate of Ardea Castle (to which he would have been entitled had its late Chieftain left no legitimate issue) was too great to be resisted; and, ere he quitted the side of the man who died in his defence, he secretly resolved to usurp the rights of those so solemnly intrusted to his care, and whom he had sworn to protect.

Hypocrisy which affects the air of Virtue is in itself the worst vice.

The dissimulation of the Chief of Ross Mac Owen's character now found an ample field of action, and never had been more successfully exerted.

Summoning the Clansmen of his late Cousin, he affected to more than share the grief, surprise, and horror they expressed at the lamentable death of their beloved Chieftain. He caused the corpse to be taken immediately to Ross Mac Owen, where the greatest display of respect for the deceased was publicly shown, ere the body, attended by the whole Clan of 'The O'Sullivans, was committed to the grave.

The next act of the wily Chief was to reveal his intended plan of usurpation to Father Syl and Dan Connell, both of whom (believing Jessie Campbell dead) he was convinced were the sole depositaries of the secret marriage of the Lady Janet Murray, an event which was never communicated to William Sullivan in after life. At the period of which we speak he was of tender years, and resided with a relative high in power at the Court of Spain.

It was quite unknown to The O'Sullivan-Beare that the confession and certificate of that union had been intrusted to Jessie Campbell for delivery to the Marchioness of Tullibardine; as the newly-wedded pair had fully resolved to conceal the most important of its contents until the answer arrived which would acquaint them with the result. It had, therefore, been briefly stated in general terms to The O'Sullivan-Beare that the despatch had been sent to Lady Tullibardine merely to assure her that her daughter was alive, in health, and in most honourable hands; leaving him to imagine that the disclosure of the marriage would not be revealed until after the birth of the expected infant, who it was naturally supposed would be an irresistible claimant to the affections of its grandmother, as well as to the forgiveness of its parents. However, even had The O'Sullivan been aware of the whole nature of the transaction, it would probably have had but little influence on his proceedings, since, firmly crediting the death of Jessie, he would have consequently concluded that the packet containing such im-

portant documents had perished with the bearer in a watery grave.

Aware of the extraordinary precautions which had been so successfully taken to conceal his Cousin's marriage not only from the public, but from every individual except three witnesses, The O'Sullivan felt not the slightest apprehension of its discovery but from one source—the lips of Lady Janet herself. To avoid this danger, a thousand expedients suggested themselves to his fertile brain; but he left the adoption of the most advisable one to a future time, and maturer reflection.

Feudal obedience to the wishes of their Chieftain, and wild devotion to his person, were too omnipotent over the hearts of Father Syl and Dan Connell to allow principle to raise even the shadow of an objection to the nefarious project which, with a just confidence in their co-operation, The O'Sullivan, under oaths of secrecy, communicated. On the contrary, his confederates, fired with ambition to achieve a scheme which would replenish the diminished coffers of their Chief, and add considerably to the

number of his vassals, as well as to their own self-importance, urged the danger of delay, and insisted on the necessity of instant action.

After much discussion it was finally agreed that, to give a colour to their proceedings, and to enhance the character of their Chief, he should immediately adjourn for a short time to Ardea Castle, under pretext of doing penance for the death he had so *innocently* caused, and to pray for the soul of the beloved kinsman who had lost life in defending his. In announcing this intention to his Clan, The O'Sullivan expressed his desire (ever obeyed as a command) that the unbroken solitude necessary for those purposes might be uninvaded until they were accomplished; adding, that Father Syl as his Confessor, and Daniel Connell as his servant, were the only individuals who could be permitted to accompany him. Escorted, therefore, solely by them, The O'Sullivan commenced his journey to Ardea Castle, amidst the fervent benedictions of his serfs, who regarded the self-imposed penance of their Chief as an additional and irrefragable proof of his attachment to the ties of blood,

as well as of his pious reverence for the *dicta* of the Roman Catholic Church.

En route, future schemes were more fully arranged between the Master of Ross Mac Owen and his devoted companions, subject, however, to any alterations which after-circumstances might require.

The course of vice is always progressive, and at this comparatively early epoch of the life of The O'Sullivan-Beare his mind rejected with horror the idea of actual murder as an agent in achieving his ambitious and dishonourable design. Relatively, however, it seems to have entered his thoughts, as among other projects hereafter to be perfected he adopted the barbarous plan of suddenly announcing the death of the Chieftain of Ardea to his wife in the hope that such a shock might prove fatal in its effects.

On arriving at Ardea Castle, the consternation of the conspirators was great at finding that Lady Janet O'Sullivan had given birth safely but prematurely to the being we have hitherto designated as Eva Dillon. Notwithstanding this, The O'Sullivan, under pretence of being the bearer of a most important message from her absent husband,

sought and gained a *tête-à-tête* with the young mother, when he communicated the death of her Lord with such cruel abruptness, that, as he expected, the sudden shock thus barbarously given eventually terminated her existence.

While his Master was thus employed, Dan Connell descended to the kitchen to exercise his penetration in ascertaining whether the Lady Janet's only personal attendant (the faithful *locum tenens* of Jessie Campbell) was aware of the fact of her mistress's marriage with the late Chief of Ardea Castle, a point he deemed it essential to know under existing circumstances.

In consequence of the Lady Janet's situation it had been necessary to trust and to continue the services of the girl in question, who, devoted heart and soul to her Mistress, was the only female domestic at Ardea Castle. No other servant ever saw its Chieftain's wife, or suspected her existence, so inviolable was the secrecy maintained on her behalf. The few humble Clansmen whom the Master of Ardea retained about his person were in equal ignorance upon the subject, and had all accompanied him on the memorable expedition which terminated his existence.

Thus, the attached attendant of the Lady Janet O'Sullivan was the only domestic within the walls of the Castle at the moment of which we treat.

The uncorrupted fidelity of this poor girl had afforded the greatest comfort to her Mistress ; but, as the web of feeling is ever of "mingled yarn," so this potent source of consolation was damped by constant solicitude regarding the health of her faithful Servant, as from childhood she had been afflicted with epileptic fits. On the occasion of the sudden *accouchement* of her Mistress, the attached creature had suffered extraordinary agitation ; and when, at the command of The O'Sullivan, and by the desire of Lady Janet, she left them to a *tête-à-tête*, anxiety was excited to such an unusual pitch, and previous fatigue of mind and body had been so great, that, on reaching the untenanted kitchen of the castle, she had merely had power to throw herself into a chair when she was seized with a dreadful fit which instantly ended her existence. In this state Dan Connell found her. As soon as convinced that she was actually dead, he flew to his Chief, and, drawing him aside, revealed the fact, it must be confessed with

no feelings of dismay, as he considered the irrevocable removal of an important witness to the proceedings at Ardea Castle in no other light than that of a signal and important benefit.

With a ghastly countenance, and in hoarse guttural accents, The O'Sullivan sternly inquired whether death had been dealt by the hand of God or Man? On receiving the solemn and true assurance that the girl had expired in an epileptic fit, the Irish Chief was instantly tranquillized, and even expressed his satisfaction at an event which guiltlessly removed an individual who might have interfered materially with the accomplishment of his projects.

A few words of kindness from The O'Sullivan soon pacified the indignation Dan Connell had expressed at the suspicion of having—to use his own words—“murdered the poor innocent who had naither done harm to kith or kin;” and, with the energy of his singular character, he the next moment appeared almost to forget the circumstance, and began to evolve a thousand new schemes for the future benefit of his Chief, without deciding upon any. The trains of thought

which meanwhile passed through the mind of The O'Sullivan were such as to defy description. At length, bewildered by a host of unformed phantoms of the brain, he determined to return to Lady Janet's apartment, and to be guided in his future proceedings mainly by the force of circumstances.

On re-entering the chamber, he found her sunk in a sleep, which, from the expression of her countenance, he clearly saw preceded that of death.

The dreadful intelligence of her husband's decease so cruelly communicated had, as calculated, proved too much for her gentle spirit, which in a few short hours was destined to return to Him who gave it. Whether remorse, that gangrene of the soul, or the milder attribute of pity, filled the breast of The O'Sullivan while he gazed on the beautiful being who lay before him as his dying victim, we have no means of deciding ; but, whatever was the cause, he sternly rejected the diabolical suggestion which for one moment rose to his mind to destroy the new-born infant after its mother's death ; and mentally swore that banishment to a foreign land, not murder, should be the fate of the unconscious babe

who lay upon the bosom of an expiring mother.

No sooner was the Chief's determination formed on this point, than, summoning Dan Connell to the door of the apartment, he in a low but firm voice announced it, when the devoted *Valley de cham*, not daring to offer any objection, immediately proposed to bring his lately widowed sister, Norah, to Ardea Castle in the *vi-et-armis*-way already mentioned, in order to act as future Nurse to the unfortunate infant.

This plan, being approved by The O'Sullivan, was instantly executed, and—as detailed in Norah's confession—she arrived just in time to witness the closing of the solemn scene she described so faithfully to Eva at Ardea Castle. With the majority of the incidents which followed that event the reader is already acquainted. The pretended Captain Smith has been long since recognised as the veritable O'Sullivan-Beare. Perfectly unconscious that the Marchioness of Tullibardine remained in France after the decease of her Lord, in order to fulfil his last injunction to aid the Jacobite party there, the Irish Chief, even before the secret

burial of the Lady Janet O'Sullivan, despatched Dan Connell and his sister, with her infant charge, in one of his Cutters, to the Gallic shore. There the trusty *Valley de cham* settled them in a small cottage on the coast of Bretagne, which he little imagined lay at a short distance from the retired Château occupied by the Marchioness of Tullibardine.

Delighted at having the heiress of Ardea Castle placed in what seemed perfect security from all danger of discovery, Dan Connell returned to Ireland, where his Master rewarded him with honours and thanks innumerable.

After the farce of grief for the death of the Chieftain of Ardea had been duly enacted, The O'Sullivan-Beare, as heir-at-law, took possession of his late Cousin's estate, litigation having terminated in favour of the deceased. But, probably from remorseful associations, he always resided at Ross Mac Owen, in preference to the more stately edifice of Ardea Castle, which hence fell into a state of utter dilapidation. Incessantly engaged in illicit traffic with most of the coasts of Europe, "Murty the Rover," as he was

often popularly called, found no time to visit the youthful cousin he had thus shamefully defrauded, for whose use, however, he regularly sent an annual stipend to Norah, which was always brought by her brother Dan, who in his capacity of confidential "*Valley de cham*" never failed to insinuate that the *sobriquet* of "Smith," adopted by his Master, was rendered necessary from the fact of Eva being his illegitimate daughter by the lady whom Norah had seen expire in the Castle of Ardea. That hint was always accompanied by an injunction never to breathe it to the child, who was ordered to be brought up in the belief that The O'Sullivan was her legitimate guardian, appointed by her deceased parents, who, owing to most mysterious and dreadful circumstances, had on their death-beds commanded the perpetual concealment of their names from their only surviving offspring. This obligation, sealed by a forced oath, was, as we have seen, held binding by the faithful Norah, though mentally she questioned the truth of her brother's insinuations, and doubted the veracity of the statements she received. It was not until her lovely charge had attained the age of

ten years that The O'Sullivan could withdraw himself from his lawless pursuits, even for the visit of a few hours, which he made alone under the assumed name of Captain Smith, and in the character of Eva's guardian.

On that occasion futile had been the strenuous and private efforts of Norah to arrive at the truth of the real relation in which her Chieftain stood to her infant charge. The old story was insinuated in stronger terms than ever, as the Chief of Ross Mac Owen, with much apparent kindness, stated (without *actually* asserting his paternity) a determination never to cast the slur of illegitimacy upon Eva Dillon. This was followed by a repetition of his resolution to keep her always in a foreign country, and to act the part of a generous guardian through future life, under the fictitious name which circumstances never to be revealed had compelled him to assume towards her. Though the sagacious Nurse found it impossible to school her mind into a positive belief of all her Chief so studiously endeavoured to impress upon it, yet, unable to disprove his assertions, and influenced by the oath she

had been forced to take in Ardea Castle, the faithful creature suffered constant and intense solicitude, without, as she conceived, the power of gaining certainty or alleviation.

The vicinity of the Cottage to the residence of Lady Tullibardine had, while Eva was yet an infant, thrown her under the notice of the Marchioness, who, struck with her remarkable beauty, and the likeness which each revolving year more fully developed to her own lost daughter, became eventually as much attached to her as if she had been aware of their strong ties of consanguinity. The mysterious hints which Norah, in the beautiful simplicity of her character, sometimes let fall respecting Eva's history, combined with the neglect the lovely child experienced from every human being excepting her devoted Nurse, increased the Lady Tullibardine's interest in her behalf. To such an extent did this feeling progress, that ultimately the little Eva had, as the reader is aware, almost lived at the Castle, and participated in all those advantages of a first-rate education received by Edith O'Moore,

and to which, on the score of birth and fortune, the latter was entitled.

Those circumstances, however favourable to their object, it was deemed prudent to conceal from the *soi-disant* Captain Smith and Dan Connell, lest any interference might be made to deprive the youthful Eva of such important benefits. Besides, as long as the Marquis of Tullibardine lived, it was important to avoid any person from Great Britain who might report his political acts and conduct. Hence the vicinity and acquaintance of the Lady Tullibardine had been kept a profound secret. It was no slight gratification to that amiable woman to watch the exquisite affection which Edith and Eva—those two dear children of her heart—evinced towards each other. Her own sensibility, and acute perception of all that was excellent and noble in character and conduct, led her to set a just value on the benefit which the daughter of her departed friend, Lady O'Moore, would derive from companionship with and attachment to the sweet creature whom Providence had thrown in her path. She felt the cultiva-

tion of so dear a tie would prevent the growth of egotism and that undue self-importance which are so frequently observable in the character of an *only* child. The result was in exact accordance with her calculations, for never perhaps were the hearts of two beings more closely knit together than those of Eva and Edith.

As years rolled on, this attachment acquired a solidity beyond the power of any of those circumstances which influence the ordinary tide of human affairs to subvert or diminish, and was a sacred bond against even an approach to those wretched rivalries, vanities, and weaknesses which so frequently prevent the existence of real friendship between individuals of the female sex.

Happy in the confidence and love of those dear children, and constantly engaged in developing the forces of their minds while studying their individual characteristics, Lady Tullibardine found balm even under the anguish her husband's death inflicted, and eventually cherished the hope of reflected happiness in days to come. When the precious objects of all this care and solicitude had attained the age of girlhood,

Lord Ogilvie, in the early prime of life and genius, made a visit for political purposes to the Marchioness of Tullibardine. Distinguished—as we have seen—in the victories that attended many of the enterprises of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the perils he had thus encountered, and the constancy he had evinced, justly elevated him to the rank of a hero in the estimation of the young and enthusiastic beings who, under the *chaperonage* of Lady Tullibardine, enjoyed his companionship.

Having mixed in the first circles of the court of Louis XV., then the focus of everything brilliant and attractive, his Lordship's manners had acquired the most exquisite polish and refinement, without injury to the truth and purity of his heart. He had that chivalric and heroic perception of the good and the beautiful which belongs to lofty and idealizing spirits, and when thrown into the constant society of all that was enchanting in feminine beauty, and feminine tenderness, the natural consequences followed. As we already know, the whole force of passion and depth of feeling which belonged to Lord Ogilvie's noble character were called

forth, and fixed upon the captivating Eva. This attachment, we need not say, was reciprocated with intense devotion by its object. The affections, the taste, the intellect, the imagination, all entered into and enhanced the love thus mutually shared ; and Nature, asserting her rights as superior to all conventional distinctions, gave her own imperishable talisman to guard it from caprice, or change, or blight. Our readers have already seen that Eva, even in the first moments of the fairy dream of poetry and passion which met her on the threshold of youth to lead her through the charmed regions of romance, had evinced that heroism of character which rendered the welfare of Lord Ogilvie far dearer than her own. Actuated by this sublime feeling, she persisted in a determination not to bestow her hand upon the man she so fervently loved, until the mystery of her birth, which fell like a blight upon the bloom and freshness of her heart, should be removed. Her influence over the mind of Ogilvie was so omnipotent, that, unable to refuse any of her requests, he, after many fruitless efforts to alter her resolution, yielded to a steadiness belonging

to her character, rather than to her years, and consented to conceal their attachment even from their dearest friends, until circumstances should prove more propitious to its avowal.

Thus, for many months, during which our hero availed himself of the ever hospitable invitations of the Marchioness of Tulibardine to domesticate beneath her roof, neither her Ladyship nor Edith O'Moore was in the slightest degree aware of the secret of the lovers. At the end of that time, a "trifle light as air" accidentally revealed it to both.

Far different to each were the effects of this unintentional disclosure.

To the Marchioness, notwithstanding the poverty and mystery which still surrounded her beloved *protégée*, it brought extreme happiness, from the conviction that a bright future awaited the child of her adoption.

To Edith O'Moore it revealed the hitherto unsuspected fact of her own perchance too great idolatry of Ogilvie, but which she knew to be the life of life within her! In that one fatal moment, she seemed to feel the tangible pressure of the hand of fate, direct-

ing her henceforth through the desert of existence with no deeper nor more earnest interest to lighten its gloom than that afforded by the reflected destinies of those she loved. Yet, even amid the agonies of hopeless passion, *this* consolation was hers—a conviction of the dignity of soul, the moral worth of its object; for, though Edith's loss was great in proportion to the pre-eminent qualifications of the man she loved, yet her strong intellect and high spirit, even under the pressure of silent anguish, acknowledged the vast increase of suffering which would have been her lot, had she had to endure that bitterest of earthly miseries—the bestowal of the wealth of the affections on one so wholly undeserving of the treasure as to bring the blush of shame to the cheek—the throb of burning scorn to the heart! This must ever be the case where the certainty exists of having lavished the richest stores of feeling upon one who ought to be an object of contempt to the woman lured on and wronged, were she but able to despise him—could she but bestow that wretched requital for the practised hypocrisy which, under the mask of love, won the deep

devotion of her heart to wrench it unto death! A woman of proper spirit will—at least eventually—do this; a weak one never. But from such a humiliating trial Edith O'Moore was spared; and, though her whole aspect spoke that happiness was no more within her, yet she bravely bore up against the blow, which, while it crushed her affections, gave strength to her mind. There was, in truth, a rare nobility of power in the character of the generous Edith, which, at this particular point of her history, sustained her in a manner absolutely inconceivable to minds differently constituted from hers. She but too well knew that, in as far as *self* was concerned, the event so unexpectedly revealed laid prostrate all her dreams of future happiness. She felt as much bereaved of Ogilvie's love as if she had lost it by the irrevocable hand of death. It never entered into *her* imagination to turn to new ties, or to seek in another that love which, in fond faith and delusion of heart, she had hoped from THE ONE to whom the virginity of soul—the youth of her heart—the treasure of her affections, had been sacrificed! But did she therefore cease to watch over, and to

pray for, the happiness of that dear *other self*?

No—unscathed by time, unchanged by circumstance, the devotion of her heart rested upon *his* felicity as the anchor of her hopes. She gloried secretly in *his* success—in privacy poured forth her sorrows when it was checked or darkened by the inevitable troubles of life, and felt that Ogilvie would ever be to her the all-in-all of earth—her fondest dream, the hope of meeting him in Heaven! The moral power of a love like this was so exalted—it led to such an unbending and heroic forgetfulness of self—that Edith O'Moore, so far from feeling jealous of the sister of her heart, was animated by a pure spirit of affection, which enabled her to rise above all the baser propensities of our nature. In creating for herself the blissful hope of happiness for Eva and Ogilvie in their future union, she was almost indemnified for the ruin of her own human visions, the memories of which she hived within her soul uncommunicated to the world's cold ear, and treasured with a something of the feeling which leads us to hang garlands on the tomb. Her resolutions were in accordance with the loftiness of

her character. She continued, therefore, to pour forth the devotion of her feelings upon Eva, while sharing all her youthful hopes and fears. In exercising the treasures of her own exalted mind by turning that of her innocent rival to the cultivation of those tastes and pursuits which her unerring judgment indicated as most likely to contribute to the respective happiness of Eva and Lord Ogilvie, Edith O'Moore also found supremest consolation.

Thus the two superior beings who, unconsciously, had doomed her to drain the cup of unrequited love even to its bitterest dregs, became the objects of her tenderest solicitude, most constant care, and deepest comfort.

But though the mighty source of hallowed affections which so peculiarly belonged to Edith's character, thus found an outlet at once so noble and so rare, yet the perpetual effort to tear from her heart the ruling, and—when TRUE—the most enduring of its passions, eventually destroyed her health, which drooped and withered in the contest; for the arrow is only mortal, when winged with the agonies of unrequited love. As soon, therefore,

as Mrs. Sarsdale's unexpected invitation arrived, Edith at once accepted it, in the hope that total change of scene, and a cessation from constant conversations concerning him whose image filled her thoughts, might in many ways prove beneficial.

Alas! how little can we look into futurity, or justly anticipate the joys or sorrows it may bring! That fatal visit to Ireland, in giving her into the power and possession of a villain, inflicted a blow to which even the agonies of her young heart, when first it knew the pangs of blighted hopes and crushed affections, were comparatively light!

From the hour of that fearful era in her history, Edith O'Moore felt that the last gleams of the sunshine of the heart had fled for ever.

In the months which rolled on (how heavily!) during her wretched captivity in the Pirates' Cavern at the Skelig Rocks, she had from time to time poured forth the record of her feelings upon paper to relieve their fervent intensity, which she had been enabled to do by having accidentally discovered writing materials there. But her main occupation had been to prepare in deep humility for the last great change from time to eternity,

which to one doomed to the bitterness of such a life as hers, could only be considered as the most inestimable blessing.

Yet even the solemn duties in which she was thus almost constantly engaged, never obliterated the united images of Eva and Ogilvie from her heart. She felt she would have died a thousand deaths to give *them* happiness—their names ever mingled with her prayers and with the memories of the past, while the misery of the present found relief in the fervent supplications she was wont to offer up to Heaven, that before her transition to another world she might yet gaze once more upon, and know the fate of, the beloved ones in this.

How, almost miraculously, that ardent prayer was fulfilled, the reader knows. With the grave yawning beneath her feet, and under the deepest pressure of the dark doom that had awaited her, the holy aspirations of Edith O'Moore were heard and granted by a merciful Providence, in the unexpected manner which has been recorded in the preceding pages. The result shall be communicated in the following volume.

N O T E S.

NOTE I. See page 63.

The "Fathers of the Trinity" were a religious order founded in most Catholic countries soon after the Crusades for the purpose of exhorting the charitable to contribute whatever they could afford to the relief and liberation of Christian captives.

"Numbers from this benign association were constantly employed in promoting the object of their benevolent calling by preaching and other means; and the money collected was placed in a fund, to be afterwards devoted to the ransom of those who had been longest in captivity. . . .

"These beneficent ministers of peace and consolation, arriving at Algiers, notify their pious mission, state the sum of money they have brought, and on this $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is paid when landed, besides *usanza* to the Dey and his ministers: without the scrupulous performance of this last ceremony it is of no use to visit the coast of Barbary. When over, the 'Fathers' are provided with a convenient habitation and good interpreter. Their first object is that of liberating women and children, as those who are least able to bear the sufferings of captivity; the slaves longest in Algiers, and whose characters are most irreproachable, become the second care of the 'Fathers,' each bringing forward his little savings to complete the sum required for his ransom: this is fixed by the Dey.

"When the ransom is paid the slaves are given up to their deliverers; upon which a white cloak is presented to each. This is followed by the celebration of a solemn mass in the

Spanish hospital; a procession is then formed to the Pascialick, where the *Iskerit*, or attestation of freedom, is delivered to the 'Fathers,' who take their formal leave of his Highness, and shortly after continue the procession to the place of embarkation, closely watched, however, by the Turks, to prevent any slave who may not have paid the ransom gliding into it."—See Pananti's 'Residence in Algiers.'

NOTE II. See page 68.

"*The Cage*."—An account of that extraordinary habitation, dictated by Macpherson of Cluny, has been preserved.

The day after Cluny arrived, thinking it time to remove from Mallanair, he conducted the Prince and his attendants to a little shieling termed Uiskchibra, which, though dreadfully smoky and uncomfortable, was more eligible in other respects as a place of concealment. Charles expressed no ill-humour at the *désagrémens* of this miserable abode, in which they remained two days and nights. They then removed to a habitation, the most remarkable in which Charles had yet been—a curious half-aërial house called *The Cage*, situated in the wild recesses of the great mountain of Benalder, and which seemed to promise the most effectual protection that could be desired.

Cluny's own description of "the Cage" has fortunately been preserved.

"It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain called Letternilich, a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The house was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation, and, as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravelled. There were betwixt the trees,

growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the cage, it being of a round or oval shape; and the whole thatched or covered over with fog (*moss*). This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage.

"By chance there happened to be two stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The Cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons, four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idle looking on, one baking, and the other firing bread and cooking.

"Charles resided in this romantic retreat from the 2nd till the 13th of September, and it was destined to be his last place of concealment in Scotland."—*Chambers*.

NOTE III. See page 101.

Of some of the individuals belonging to the *Ardea* branch of this family the following curious particulars are given by Mr. M'Gee in his interesting 'Gallery of Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century':—

"In the year 1600 the castle of Dun-buidhe hung on the rocky coast of Bantry like an eagle's eyrie, covering with its loops the entrance into Bearhaven. A noble brood were they who nestled under its roof, rocked in their youth by the ocean blast, piped to by the curlew, and buffeted by the breakers to make them sturdy, and fearless of fence with the elements. The O'Sullivans Beare were a

high race once,—even then they were not to be jested with. The O'Brien and M'Caura in earlier times had scarce deeper roots in Munster, or more numerous offshoots, than had the lords of Dunkerron and Dun-buidhe. Of the latter branch was born the sailor-author whose name stands above, whose history follows.

"While a youth he was sent to Santiago de Compostella for the benefit of a Spanish education. Here he contracted so strong a partiality for the Spanish nation, that he entered into its naval service, and was soon distinguished for bravery and ability. At that time the ill-judgment of one man, Don Juan de Aguila, by his treaty with Mountjoy in 1602, gave a death-blow to the prosperity of that league, and caused the destruction of the family of Dun-buidhe. It was in this manner:—Don Juan in his Kinsale capitulations had agreed to admit Spanish garrisons. Amongst these was Dun-buidhe, but herein the Spaniard had reckoned without his host. The O'Sullivan-Beare was then an old man of more than ninety years; but he had for castellan one M'Geoghan, as brave a soldier as ever broke bread. When he was summoned to give up the key to Bearhaven, he boldly refused; and while the height of a breast-work remained of its walls, he and his brave fellows fought behind. The site of the fortress was at last won, and the few survivors of its garrison cruelly extirpated.* This loss led to the flight of the chieftain's family, who, following the example of Hugh Roe O'Donnell and his companions, sailed for Spain. They consisted of Donald O'Sullivan-Beare, the patriarchal chieftain and his wife, his son Daniel or Donald, and two daughters, Helen and Norah. They arrived safe in the harbour of Corunna, where they took up their abode, and Donald followed the fortunes of his brother Philip upon the sea. But one death after another at last left Philip alone in the world. Donald was killed in an encounter with the Turks; his father, in his hundredth year, died at Corunna, and was soon followed by the life-long partner of his cares; Norah entered a convent, and assumed the veil; and Helen, returning to Ireland, was lost at sea. It is hard to imagine a more tragic dispersion of a household.

"Walter Harris blames this man for bating England. If he did not, he would be more than mortal, or baser than the brute. From

* "Mitchel's Aodh O'Neill," p. 217.

his earliest life he had seen nothing but treachery and bloodthirstiness among the people of that country.^b Why should he not hate them with an intense hate? He did so, as was natural to his honest heart; and this antipathy was to him a holy feeling—what ambition has been to others, an inspiration and a stay. It was to him friends, family, inducement, and reward. With his ship upon the sea, with his pen in peace, it was the guiding spirit of his labours. How he must have longed to square accounts with England by gun and steel!—but the Spanish wars in the Netherlands and in Italy rose to prevent the gratification of his desire. Though now a captain in the Spanish navy, he seems to have been much in the harbours of the Peninsula, and very busily engaged in the composition of his historical works. The spirit of the age had often placed the historic pen and the chart in the same hands. Cervantes had left an arm behind at Lepanto—Lopez had sailed in the Armada—Camões had doubled the Cape of Good Hope with De Gama—and Raleigh had coasted Eastern America from north to south. O'Sullivan may justly be added to the list of those inspired mariners.

“In 1621 was published at Lisbon, after having passed the ordeal of censorship, the Latin work of O'Sullivan known as ‘The Catholic History.’ It is now a rare work.^c A brief summary of its contents may not be considered as irrelevant. It is in one volume quarto, divided into four tomes, subdivided into books, and dedicated to

^b “In the 4th tome of his ‘Catholic History’ he gives a graphic account of his uncle’s assassination by Brown, an Englishman. This man had been fostered in his uncle’s house and protected, and yet he offered his protector insolence and indignity. Philip thereon challenged him to the duel, and they were accompanied to the field by an immense concourse of people; amongst others by the old chief, who stood by during the combat. They fought with swords, and the Englishman was disarmed and craved his life. He then turned from the spot, and walking over to where stood his unsuspecting benefactor he pulled a dagger from his belt and struck him to the heart. Why should Philip O'Sullivan be blamed for an antipathy to the country of such wretches as this, and as the butchers of the brave M'Geoghan?”

^c “There are copies in the library of the R. I. Academy, and in Marsh’s library, Dublin.”

Philip IV., who had just ascended the Spanish throne. It has never, we believe, been translated into English.

"Tome i. contains a topography of Ireland, highly extolled by Harris, who remarks that, from reading it, one would suppose the author personally acquainted with every parish in Ireland.

"Tome ii. is devoted to a most interesting account of the pilgrimage of Don Ramon de Perillos to St. Patrick's Purgatory, with a relation of how he there passed the night, and what strange sights he saw. Nor must we suppose ourselves privileged to sneer at the gravity with which he details the narrative. The famous cave of Lough Derg had long been an object of veneration and a subject for genius throughout Europe. It is said by the learned Father Prout, that stories current of its wonders in Italy gave Dante the first hint of his 'Il Purgatorio.'⁴ Ariosto gives it a stanza in his 'Orlando Furioso;' and Calderon, at a somewhat later day, made it the groundwork for a drama played before the court of the Escorial. As early as the reign of King Edward the Third of England, a royal certificate was given to Malatesta Ungarus de Armenio, a foreign nobleman, setting forth that he had *bonâ fide* been a lodger in its mystical depths from sunset until sunrise.* O'Sullivan was not behind his age in writing his narrative, nor was Don Ramon de Perillos in undertaking his pilgrimage.

"Tome iii. contains an account of the English in Ireland, from the invasion of Henry Fitz-Empress to the year of grace 1588—the date of the voyage of the Armada.

"Tome iv. continues this narration up to the year of grace 1618.

"The two latter divisions of the work are those most worthy to be called historical. Many valuable documents are therein given, without which no one can rightly understand the nature of the Hiberno-Spanish alliance. The letter of Donald O'Sullivan-Beare to the King of Spain, complaining of the terms of De Aguila's Kinsale capitulation; the statement of Catholic grievances, by Florence Conroy; and other most interesting papers, are included in it. He also bestows much attention upon the wars of O'Neill and O'Donnell against Queen Elizabeth. 'He is the only writer,' says

⁴ "Reliques of Father Prout," vol. i. pp. 78, 79.

* "Rymer's Fœdera," year 1358.

Mr. Mitchel, 'Irish or foreign, who gives an intelligible account of O'Neill's battles.' As Aodh O'Neill had been himself but a few years before in Spain, it is not unlikely that he had information upon these occurrences from the veteran warrior himself. Yet this is high praise for a work written in Portugal, and by one who could have no personal knowledge of the battles he has described.

"A great feature in O'Sullivan's story is his controversy with Usher about the ancient Irish church. He had written a life of St. Mochna, an ancient Bishop of Meath, which work fell under the censure of the antiquarian Primate, then occupying the same seat himself. On the publication of Usher's work, 'The Antiquities of the Irish and British Churches,' O'Sullivan retorted, and Usher rejoined. The controversy was bitterly personal. 'He [O'Sullivan] is,' says Usher, 'as egregious a liar as any, I believe, that this day breatheth in Christendom.' Lynch, in accounting for him, remarks that he was a man-of-war, and 'wrote as fiercely as he fought.' In the University Library, in Dublin, among other of Usher's books, is a copy of O'Sullivan's reply, with every epithet disparaging to the Primate (and they were not very thinly sown) carefully cut out from beginning to end. A singular illustration of the soreness of offended self-love in great writers.

"Growing out of the former discussion, and connected with it, were his contests with some learned Thebans, natives of North Britain.—These had lately opened up a new field of historic controversy, pioneered by Buchanan. It was all about the terms *Scota Major* and *Scota Minor*, the Caledonians contending that the lesser was the greater country. They would have it, that every man recorded with credit, as a Scot, was born north of the Tweed and educated at St. Andrew's. They even laid hands upon the Calendar of Saints, and Dempster and David Camerarius, with iconoclastic zeal, began to untenant every niche in the national temple of Ireland, and thence to build up a pyramid of piety and learning on their own soil. The O'Sullivan Beare could not see these profane doings unmoved, and so he knotted a scourge of caustic argument and strong proofs, and, bundling together Richard Staniburst and the Scots, scourged them vigorously. This work he entitled 'Zoilomastix.' It was licensed with great unction by the censors of the Portuguese Inquisition, and Mendoza, a native poet, prefixed some laudatory Latin lines to its contents.

"Having censured his opponents so severely for violating the truth of ecclesiastical history, he felt called upon not only to expose the false, but to produce the real. To this end he consulted the lives of SS. Kieran, Declan, Aitha, Abban, and Ibar; the five Christian missions were first introduced Christianity into Ireland. These venerable men were labourers in the vineyard with the Demos of Palestine, and remained when he passed into another land. They offered the sacrifice before the voice from Fochat had reached St. Patrick in his sleep, but the apostleship was reserved for the stranger, not for them. When he came, led by the hand of God, they assembled at Castel and conferred with him and agreed with him, but their names had been long eclipsed in the effulgence which shrouded his. In that age they ascended again to their rightful positions.

"In 1629 Philip O'Sullivan published at Lisbon a further 'Account of St. Patrick's Purgatory.' Patrick Lynch, in his 'Life of St. Patrick,' a work of considerable research, says, 'he wrote his 'Patrician Decad,' or 'Life of St. Patrick,' in elegant Latin; it contains ten books, and was printed at Madrid in 1629.' This work is also mentioned by Harris in his memoir of our isle's apostle, but rather in derogatory terms. He considers O'Sullivan unworthy of credit 'because he adduces no authority;' but Lynch says that he had before him, while writing his 'Decad,' 'two of the most ancient lives of the saint probably in existence, as creditable vouchers.' Although far from having escaped the prevailing credulity of the old ecclesiastical writers, his work is very often mentioned by the moderns as, in the main, a dependable and well-considered performance.

"The titles of several fugitive pieces have been preserved as written by him. 'A Letter to Father Cantwell, of the Society of Jesus,' urging him to complete and publish an embryo Irish history; and 'A Latin Elegy upon the death of his father and mother, and the sad fate of his family,' were of that number.

"For a highly interesting account of these venerable persons, see Todd's 'History of the Ancient Church in Ireland.'—London, 1845.

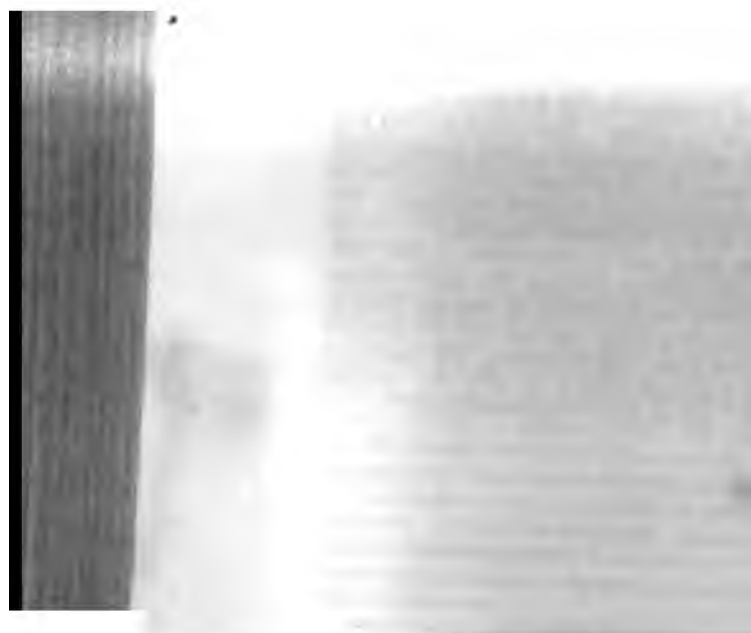
"'Life of St. Patrick,' p. 72.—Dublin, 1810.

"Little more remains to say of this gallant pensman. Where his eyes were closed—whether a friendly hand smoothed his death-bed pillow—are as yet secrets. Whether he fell in naval battle or died on land—whether he retained his Spanish captaincy, or, entering a convent, became a mortified recluse, may yet be determined. But be the manner of his death what it might, he has claims upon our remembrance which no freak of fortune could diminish or take away. He stands before us a simple and easily understood character—frank, and betimes choleric, with great faith in his own religion, and great devotion to his country. He is almost the only Irish layman who, living abroad and serving a foreign monarch, *never* forgot that his first duty was to his birth-land—never forgot that his gifts and fortune were to be used for her benefit and honour. And let us be just to the Kings of the House of Hapsburg, who were the friends of the Irish soldier and the Irish scholar in those days. Their line is gone, their throne is crumbled, their palaces and gardens and wealth survive but in romance, yet they were friends to our fathers, and their misfortunes shall not chill our gratitude towards them. Their tombs may be destroyed, their inscriptions effaced: but while Irish hearts abide in the world their memories will find dwellings; and who will dislodge them thence?"

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.



THE
DEATH-FLAG.

BY MISS CRUMPE,

AUTHOR OF "GERALDINE OF DESMOND ;

OR,

IRELAND IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH."

Sc.

Sc.

Sc.

"Has Godlike Charles (such matchless glories past)
Conquer'd so oft, to be subdued at last?"

ODE BY A SCOTCH OFFICER IN 1746.

"A race of rugged mariners are these,
Unpolish'd men, and hotst'rous as their seas ;
The native Islanders alone their care,
And hateful As that breathes a foreign air."

POPE.

"I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear."

SHAKESPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

WILLIAM SHOBERL, PUBLISHER,
20, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1852.

[REDACTED]

1944



THE DEATH-FLAG.

CHAPTER I.

" Oh! who the exquisite delight can tell,
The joy which mutual confidence imparts?
Or who can paint the charm unspeakable
Which links in tender bands two faithful hearts?"

TIGHE.

" How rich that forehead's calm expanse!
How bright that heaven-directed glance!"

WORDSWORTH.

" Her joyous presence and sweet company
In full content he there did long enjoy."

SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

" Love, such as young hearts and noble natures sometimes
feel, what poets have imagined, what philosophers have
doubted, and the worldly-minded have scoffed at and denied."
—ADA REIS.

FROM the moment Miss O'Moore was restored to the bosom of her friends, a ray of peace from heaven settled on her soul, and the matchless beauty of her character shone forth hallowed and purified by the ordeal of

affliction she had passed, until it attained a degree of perfection nearly allied to that which beatified spirits possess beyond the tomb. She well knew that her days were numbered, and would soon close on earth, which conviction, confined as it was exclusively to her own breast, awoke such an intense anxiety to bring the fate of the lovers to a happy climax ere she was summoned to leave them eternally, that, with a zeal and activity which blinded every one to her real state of health, she incessantly employed every measure calculated to promote her dearest earthly object.

This it was which led the heroic Edith to hold the conversation with, and to impart the details to Lord Ogilvie, which we have communicated. She concealed nothing from him, except the history of her own heart; *that* she buried in its inmost and most sacred recesses. Extraordinary excitement and habitual self-control lent her not only strength to act thus, but gave a stimulus, which, though transient, was sufficiently powerful to sustain her to the close of the trying scene we have described. When all that was necessary had been revealed to the astonished

and delighted Ogilvie, Edith summoned Eva to their presence, and, opening the interview by frankly acknowledging all the confidential disclosures she had made in order to relieve our hero's mind, she solemnly joined the hands of the enraptured lovers, and having breathed a short but fervent blessing on their future union, she left them to the revelations of the past, the felicity of the present, and the brilliant expectations of the days that were to come!

Hours passed as moments in this delicious communion of mind, during which the now happy Ogilvie, not only succeeded in inducing Eva to forgive the betrayal of her little secret in regard to the prospect of her succession to the Ardea estate, but even secured her promise that the solemnization of their nuptials should antedate the termination of the delays so customary with the tedious tortures of the law. Love is a potent enchanter, and, using his arrow as a magic wand over the hearts enthralled and subjugated by his power, makes them forgetful of all but the intoxicating rapture of that spell.

Thus was it now—thus has it ever been, and despite of human wisdom thus will it be

to the end of time! Eva, with the true unselfishness of woman, was the first to remember that beneath the roof which witnessed the removal of so many doubts and fears, were other hearts fervently praying for her felicity, and yet in ignorance of much that had promoted it. With this recollection, our heroine found courage to resist the supplications of her lover to prolong still further the outpouring of their souls' emotions. Shaking her pretty head in playful anger, she persisted in her determination to end the *tête-à-tête*, and with the buoyant step of youth and happiness she flew on the wings of hope and joy to summon Edith, Mrs. Sarsdale, "dear old Nurse," and Jessie Campbell, to the room. Looking absolutely radiant in her bashful sweetness, Eva soon returned and ushered in her companions, who, surprised at the unexpected presence of Lord Ogilvie, manifested, each in her own peculiar manner, the pleasure it occasioned.

Edith came not; a headache pleaded her excuse,—that never-failing apology when the heart of woman is "disquieted within."

In smothered accents, and tears which struggled with a soft, bewitching smile, Eva

besought Lord Ogilvie to withhold no confidences from the friends around her. Scarcely had this request escaped her lips, ere with sobs of joy and thankfulness she threw herself upon the bosom of her faithful Nurse and hid her blushes there. Jessie Campbell, who long since had been made *au fait* to previous and existing circumstances when,—in return for her memorable disclosures,—she had been admitted to the hearts and confidences of all the family at Sarsdale villa, now gazed in unbounded delight upon the daughter of the noble Mistress she had loved and served so well. The respect and attentions ever shown to her were shared without a spark of jealousy by the excellent and faithful Norah, who, to use her primitive phraseology, “just doted down upon the darlint kidnapped crathur, now she was agin o’ the Cath’lic artology,* though once she did wear undacent breeches, an’ lived alongside iv them outlandish forrin man-monsther heretics, wid big turbots†—purtect us!—cock’d on their crazy numsculls.”

Mrs. Sarsdale, with stately primness, but with not less sincerity than that which ac-

* Theology.

† Turbans.

tuated the humbler personages of our drama, offered her congratulations, as Lord Ogilvie, having briefly given every information to his sympathizing auditors, concluded the disclosures which announced him to be the happiest of men.

But on the various feelings of the joyous group we have not time to linger. Suffice it to say, that our hero's *éclaircissement* gave pleasure and peace to every bosom, mingled with thankfulness to that beneficent Providence who had brought the long and weary trials of true and honourable love to such a felicitous conclusion.

Gently disengaging Eva from the arms of her Nurse as he ended his short but blissful avowal, Lord Ogilvie clasped her in his own, with a long fond embrace, which included the passionate tenderness of years, mingled with the remembrance of past sufferings, anxieties, and disappointments.

The next instant, in all the pride of happy love, his whole aspect redolent with the feelings of his heart, he gazed with rapture on the blushing creature who had softly extricated herself from his encircling arms. With eyes beaming the light of intense affection,

he seemed as it were to drink in the murmured words with which in sweet confusion she answered the gratulations of her friends ; and while thus, in the rush of heaven-born feelings, the enraptured Ogilvie dwelt on the perfection of Eva's beauty and her polished grace, he looked the emotions with which the grateful, young, and loving hearts of both were full to overflowing,—so full, that no words, however eloquent, could paint them.

Those inexpressibly soft and exquisite feelings were understood in silence by all the little group ; for the beautiful images of hope, constancy, and truth, irresistibly make their way to unsophisticated hearts, with all the force of natural and sacred feeling, independently of conventional distinctions. When that hallowed pause was over, it was arranged that a letter containing full particulars of all the important events of by-gone years, and of recent circumstances, should be instantly despatched by a special courier to the Marchioness of Tullibardine, requesting her to crown the bliss of the affianced lovers, by coming to England to attend their nuptials, and to reside with them for evermore.

This missive was sent on the following

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e which, however recently sullied by
of its sons, stood high in the annals of
ad, from its great antiquity, and the
ur, bravery, and excellence which had
guished many, though not all, of its
ndants.

CHAPTER II.

"How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?"

SHAKESPEARE.

"Her angel's face

As the great eye of heav'n shyned bright :

Did never mortall eye behold such heav'nly grace."

SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

"We doomed to undergo unkindly shocks,
 To be cast along the sailing earth !"

"What see you there,

That hath so corrupted and chased your blood

Out of appearance ?"

SHAKESPEARE.

OUR pen returns to William Sullivan—or rather to THE O'Sullivan, as since the death of his uncle he was popularly called.

The crisis of the fate of that misguided man was indeed nigh at hand, as the day appointed for his trial for the abduction, ill-treatment, and false imprisonment of Miss O'More had arrived. The most intense anxiety as to the result of this trial was excited in the public mind; and among the multitude, which, like a heaving human sea,

waved backwards and forwards outside the city Court-house of Cork, great agitation was perceptible as the hour approached when the doors were to be opened. At ten o'clock, Judges Caufield and French, attired in their scarlet and ermine robes, took their seats upon the bench. The gentlemen of the law stationed themselves at a long table before the bar with their usual paraphernalia. The avenues to the Court were thronged to suffocation, and the rushing current of the throng, struggling to gain entrance, was so tremendous, that in a few instants from the time the doors were opened every corner of that part of the Court allotted to spectators was occupied, and literally wedged with men. Persons of rank mingled indiscriminately with their inferiors among this living mass, filling every inch of room, so that the floor and galleries up to the very ceiling presented a perfect mosaic of human faces, whose eyes, lustrous with excitement, were simultaneously fixed upon one spot—the Prisoner's dock!

As yet it was vacant. The Clerk of the Arraignment went through the usual forms, and then in a clear loud voice directed that William O'Sullivan, of Ross Mac Owen, in the

Barony of Bantry, should be placed at the bar. At this mandate every eye was strained to catch the first view of the notorious prisoner.

With firm tread and lofty mien, The O'Sullivan, accompanied by two gaolers, emerged through the dark passage leading from his prison, and took his place within the dock; as he did so, he drew up his remarkable figure to its fullest height, and with a haughty motion bowed to the Court. The next instant he cast a keen scrutinizing glance around it, and, folding his arms across his chest, stood as still as marble, while a smile of sarcastic signification curled his pearly lip with an expression which those who saw it never could forget. For one brief moment he sternly fixed his eyes on those dread arbiters of life and death—the Judges and the Jury. Profound and solemn silence at this instant fell over the whole Court, for the moment which preceded the commencement of the trial seemed so fraught with interest, that expectation amounting to intensity crept thrillingly through the motionless audience, and like a universal spell hushed every whisper.

The defiant and resolute expression of

The O'Sullivan's fine features appeared, if possible, to increase, as he marked the numbing anxiety of those around him. No mortal leaven betrayed the slightest sign of fear; but crime seemed to have written its awful characters upon his still, cold countenance, with a hideous distinctness that detracted from its singular beauty, and repelled the sympathy which his youth, undaunted bearing, and moral firmness might otherwise have—at least partially—created in the minds of the spectators.

The Clerk of Assize called upon the prisoner to hold up his hand.

The traverser obeyed.

The indictment was then read, and the challenge to plead put thus:—

“How sayest thou, William O'Sullivan, art thou guilty of the crimes with which thou standest indicted, or not guilty?”

At the awful question all eyes were eagerly bent upon the prisoner, and the general sensation reached its climax when he answered in a distinct unfaltering voice,—

“*Not* guilty—so help me God!”

“How wilt thou be tried?”

“By God and my country.”

The then customary response of the crier,—"God send thee a safe deliverance!" was made, but seemed not to find an echo in a single heart present, for, so general was the belief in The O'Sullivan's delinquency, that at its peremptory denial a cold and visible shudder ran through the audience. Perceiving this, a smile of unaccountable expression played over the hitherto imperturbable features of the prisoner, strangely at variance with the severe sternness of his undaunted bearing.

The names of the twelve jurymen were then announced—called over publicly one by one.—sworn and empanelled (the prisoner having offered no objection to the list); and proclamation being made by the crier, to the jury, with the usual charge enjoining their strict attention and impartiality.

The case then opened for the prosecution and the counsel for the Crown rose and stated to the jury, minutely detailing all the circumstances which, as the reader is already acquainted with them, it would be tedious and unnecessary to recapitulate.

The evidence was short, straightforward

lucid, and impartial ; and being clearly based on truth, not all the ingenuity of the prisoner's Counsel could shake the slightest portion of it, although the cross-examination of the witnesses was conducted with even more than ordinary legal subtlety and acuteness. It had been a difficult matter to collect the essential ones upon this occasion ; but the abduction of Miss O'Moore, and the subsequent conduct of William O'Sullivan, were clearly proved by the testimony of some of his own vassals, who had turned king's evidence ; and now the proofs of Miss O'Moore's imprisonment at the Pirate's Cavern on the Skelig Rocks alone remained to be examined.

When the trial had proceeded thus far, a slight movement was observable in a very small and obscure gallery at one end of the Court, hitherto kept empty, and into which two ladies, attended by a gentleman, now entered as noiselessly as possible.

The former seemed sensible of the singularity and embarrassment of their position, for their faces were completely enveloped in large hoods of black silk—then the fashion of the day—while their persons were as entirely muffled in cloaks of the same material,

which had the effect of entirely concealing them. Notwithstanding the great caution with which this entrance had been made, it attracted some attention in the Court, but this was almost instantaneously diverted to another quarter, as the exquisite figure of Eva—which even her thick veil and mantle could not altogether hide—appeared in the witness-box to give evidence as to the subterranean imprisonment of Miss O'Moore, being compelled to do so in consequence of the sudden and dangerous illness of Norah, who was the only other person who could have borne ocular testimony to that event. Even the solemnity of the occasion could not repress the murmur of admiration which ran through the Court when the trembling girl, obliged to raise her veil, revealed her pale but most lovely countenance, and stretched forth her right hand to take, upon the Book of God, that awful oath which enjoined her to speak “the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.”

Deep silence again reigned throughout the auditory as in low but unfaltering accents Eva pronounced it. The effect of her appearance on the prisoner at the bar was most

remarkable. His eyes fixed and settled on her in a bold stare of admiration, which seemed mingled with some other feeling, so strange, unaccountable, and strong, that even the precincts and rules of a Court of Justice were scarcely sufficient to restrain its verbal exhibition.

As the evidence proceeded, it was observable that The O'Sullivan became more and more excited; and when at length its circumstantiality brought conviction to his mind that his sudden surmise was correct, and that in the beautiful being before him he beheld the betrothed of his hated foe—the beloved one for whom, in the madness of ungovernable impulse, he had mistaken Edith O'Moore, and thus placed his life in its present perilous position—the remarkable change which took place in the whole appearance of the man was evident to every spectator. The sudden start—the wild glare with which he continued to rivet his gleaming eyes upon the agitated Eva increased her confusion, which previously had been so distressingly awakened by the painful conspicuousness of her situation. To judge from her quivering lip, blanched cheek, and trembling form,

far the most important portion of the girl's evidence had been given. The prisoner acted thus; for, unable to restrain her feelings, Eva became paler than before, staggered, and seemed upon the point of falling to the ground. At this critical instant a broken shriek of anguish from the gallery we have mentioned threw her fleeting senses, though only to plunge her into greater tumult, when, to her alarm, and the amazement of all present, Edith O'Moore started to her feet, stretched her arms towards her, opened her lips apart, and every feature of statue-like rigidity, stood speechless and moreable before the Court! . . . As she had fallen off, her face was white as if some fearful power had changed

All this had been the work of an instant, but in its brief passage The O'Sullivan's aspect again underwent a visible change. He sprang forward in the dock at the unexpected sight of Edith O'Moore, who, though bereft of speech and motion, never had borne a stronger stamp of intellectual power on her noble countenance than at this critical moment, when she looked—what she was—the descendant of Kings.

The finely-chiselled lip of The O'Sullivan curled with the passionate vehemence of his inward feelings, but, as if determined to conquer his violent irritability, and to master his emotions, he re-assumed his former reckless insolence. With a bitter, discordant, and convulsive laugh, he crossed his arms over his chest, while, playing his right foot up and down upon the floor, he riveted his glaring eyes upon the distant gallery, as ironically he exclaimed, through teeth that crunched against each other—

“Edith! shall I wed, or die?”

The audacity of the question—the disgusting assurance with which it was uttered—the infraction of judicial etiquette—all were lost in the chill that crept through the

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the Court-house at this terrible catastrophe. So brief was its crisis—caused by an inward power, which, sudden as a galvanic shock, forced Edith to her feet, and the next moment burst a vessel of her heart—that the aged Mrs. Sarsdale rested panic-struck, while Lord Ogilvie, seated at her other side, and thus separated from Miss O'Moore, had been as incapacitated by position as astonishment from flying to her assistance.

The whole mass of people, moved with one instantaneous impetus, waved to and fro in indiscriminate confusion, audible consternation, and anxious expectancy, towards every point that seemed to promise a hope or possibility of information. The Judges on the bench made no attempt to torture their features into an expression of composure, but from their elevated seats bent forward, straining their eyes in the direction which their messengers of inquiry had taken.

The Jury were equally affected, and were evidently seized with sudden horror and undisguised dismay.

In vain, for several moments, the Officials strove to repress the universal movement. The voice of the Crier, at its loudest pitch,

ejaculating "Silence! silence in the court!" which was wholly disregarded; nor was any like order restored until it was finally and generally comprehended that life was extinct in Miss O'Moore, and that, with her and her distracted friends, she had been removed from the universal tumult, been removed from the Court-house unperceived by the great number of its occupants. The prisoner at the bar alone had been apparently unaffected by the singular scene and extraordinary excitement around him, or, if any emotion had been awakened, it seemed that of exultation at the lamentable catastrophe which had occurred.

In the first moments of tumultuous confusion which pervaded the vast and miscellaneous audience, The O'Sullivan attempted to force his way to the dock, evidently in the hope of passing through the accumulated crush and pressure of the crowd. On finding himself too closely guarded to admit of this, however, he uttered a malediction and an exclamation of rage passed his lips, while his limbs trembled in a convulsion of passion, as, affected by the attempt to conceal his disappointment under the mask of levity, he burst into another

laugh, and, haughtily shrugging his shoulders, recrossed his arms and looked up in scornful contempt upon the Judges and the Jury, as if, in so far as his life was concerned, it was of no sort of consequence in what way the trial terminated.

The deserted galleries and arena of the Court-house now refilled, and, order being again restored, the Trial proceeded. The evidence already given and its counter testimony were then examined, and when all was fully summed up, the weight of proof against the accused—notwithstanding Edith's incapacity—was so heavy and damnatory as to present such a convincing and revolting picture of his indubitable guilt, that each man agreed in his own breast upon the judicial verdict which must confirm the public condemnation.

The Counsel for the defendant had, as we have seen, been utterly unable to shake one item of the evidence for the Crown, in any part of a long and acute cross-examination; and notwithstanding the great ingenuity of the eminent lawyer who, as soon as order was completely restored, raised many plausible casuistries on the part of the accused,

no subtlety of argument could for a moment prevail against the evidence of truth.

The learned Counsel ceased to speak. A deep and awful silence followed, and not a whisper was heard among the assembled multitude, when (the prisoner having declined to offer any defence) Judge Caufield proceeded to charge the Jury.

The audience rose to a man, and a firmament of eager eyes were fixed upon him.

Never was a charge delivered with greater impartiality, or more judicial dignity. His Lordship warned the Jury not to allow their judgment to be prejudiced by any rumours which they might have heard against the accused out of the Court wherein they sat. He warned them that, so far from allowing their minds to be warped by reports, or unduly excited to the detriment of a sound opinion by the lamentable catastrophe which had so unexpectedly occurred within the Hall, it was their duty, if, after a candid consideration of the evidence on both sides, even a doubt existed of the traverser's guilt, to give him the benefit of that doubt. The learned Judge then recapitulated, and analysed most minutely, the evidence both for

the Crown and the Defence, concluding his luminous charge by again admonishing the jury to a calm, unprejudiced consideration of the important case before them, expressing a fervent hope that they might find it possible to reconcile Justice with Mercy in their verdict.

The Jury rose to retire to their consultation, and, as they were leaving the box, The O'Sullivan, whose countenance, though perfectly bloodless, had not moved a muscle while listening to the Judge's charge, now started closer to and grasped the bar, while crushing with his clenched hand the emblematical Rue placed on the front of the dock. His features worked with a species of frightful vehemence as the next moment, turning his head, he looked long, eagerly, and as it were with a half-delirious eye, after the retreating Jurymen, his livid lip for the first time quivering, and his breath coming short and quick, as if a bolt of ice had been struck into his heart. But almost instantaneously his bold spirit, accustomed to out-face circumstances however perilous, roused into full action, and, compelling his features into a fearless expression of scornful indif-

ference, The O'Sullivan assumed an aspect of preternatural and strained composure which never afterwards deserted him.

The Judges withdrew for a short respite from their onerous duties, but in less than a quarter of an hour returned to their seats. The Sheriff then resumed his official wand, and almost at the same moment the Jurymen were re-seated in their places. The barristers—the whole audience—then became still and mute as death, and not even a breath could be heard in that multitudinous assembly, when this important question was put in a solemn voice by the proper Officer of the Court—

“Gentlemen of the Jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?”

“We have,” was the reply.

“Who answers for you?”

“Our Foreman.”

“How then say you, Gentlemen of the Jury, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?”

The Foreman instantly stood up, and in a firm, decided voice gave the awful words,

“On all counts, GUILTY!”

They fell upon the ear like a knell! The

prisoner's Counsel made no attempt to arrest the judgment; but, notwithstanding a unanimous belief in the justice of the sentence, the assemblage heard it not unmoved: neither was this feeling diminished when the usual solemn interrogatory was put—

“William O’Sullivan, you have by due form of law been tried and convicted of the several counts of the indictment preferred against you. What have you now to say why judgment of Death, and Execution, should not be awarded against you, according to law?”

All hung intent on the reply, and every eye was fixed upon the magnificent figure and daring countenance of The O’Sullivan. Drawing up his tall frame to its fullest altitude, he riveted his lurid eyes with stern significance upon the Judges, and rapidly making a haughty motion of the right hand extended towards them, exclaimed in a voice of taunting sarcasm, whose energetic tones, despite the bitter laugh which accompanied them, were heard in the remotest corner of the crammed and suffocating edifice,—

“My Lords, I will not trespass on the time and patience of this most humane, im-

partial, and *honourable* Court. I have in fact but one appeal to make. Gentlemen of the jury, look well on The O'Sullivan—on *me* whose verdict you have just pronounced—and then say,

Am I not too fine a fellow to be gibbeted?"

It is impossible to describe the effect which this extreme effrontery, and the scornful laugh which accompanied it, produced upon the watchful audience. A murmur of indignation ran throughout the Court, and nothing but respect for its decorous regulations could have prevented a more explicit outburst of the public feeling. A shudder of disgust and horror at such hardened impenitence came over the Senior Judge, and he looked long and earnestly upon the prisoner. As soon, however, as his Lordship recovered from his first emotion, he merged all its external signs into the grave composure befitting the responsibility of his solemn office, and standing up, with impressive seriousness he placed the fatal black velvet cap upon his head.

The wand of an enchanter could not have more suddenly commanded silence, and each man held his breath to listen, when Judge

Caufield, in a voice the clear tones of which broke distinctly on the deepness of the silence round him, thus addressed the unfortunate prisoner at the bar :—

“ William O’Sullivan, I wish not to aggravate the feelings which at this awful moment must possess your mind, therefore will spare you the rebuke your shameless effrontery deserves. I feel it, however, due to the twelve men who have been empanelled at your trial to declare publicly from this seat of Justice, that no Jury could have shown greater impartiality, discretion, patience, and intelligence than they have done. In their verdict the Court entirely concurs, and in following up that solemn decision it becomes my most painful duty to pronounce the sentence which the law adjudges to the crimes of which you have been convicted. In doing this, I deeply feel my own responsibility and the horrors of your position. May the Great Being in whose presence you will shortly stand sanctify that decision to your eternal good, by softening and converting your heart, which I lament to say, as yet, has seemed so hardened and impe-

nitent! Had there been a doubt on this point, it would have been removed this day by the cold-hearted, nay, the brutal indifference with which you witnessed the sudden death of the victim of your iniquity before your eyes within this very Court. She, the pure, the beautiful, the beloved one, whose hopes of happiness on Earth your villany for ever blasted, but whose freed Spirit, now released from sin and sorrow, looks down in glory from *that world where tears and crime are* equally unknown."

Here the Judge became so powerfully affected that he was utterly unable to proceed. For a moment there was a painful pause, but, sustained by a strong resolution, his Lordship mastered his emotion, and thus resumed his address.

"Young man, in the prime of life, health, and vigour, recognised, by the recent death of your uncle, as the head and representative of an ancient house, and possessing abilities of no common order, you have yet profaned them all by the perpetration of crimes which it seldom falls to the lot of Judges in a Christian land to find committed by persons

in your station. Your youth cannot extenuate them, for the deliberate subtlety of profligate old age has characterized your conduct instead of the generous impulses which, even amidst the contamination of guilt, rarely altogether vanish during the bloom and freshness of early existence. I solemnly beseech you to reflect with due contrition on the past, and to address yourself for pardon to the Great Being who created you, and whose high and holy laws you have so grievously violated. In Almighty God I trust that your appeal will not be made in vain, and my last sad and solemn prayer for you is that you may receive the forgiveness from Heaven which must be denied to you on Earth. Do not deceive yourself by hoping for any relaxation of the sentence which, as an appointed Member of this Court, it is my bounden duty to pronounce. You will have short time to prepare for your awful transit to another world, through the agonies of a terrible departure. The sentence of the Court is, that you be taken back to the prison whence you came, and thence to the common place

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...of more comp
...at affected, that
...in character it would
...but which never was
...it is

The Judge would
have the man be
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man with children
man's room. This
as soon with the

the multitude of persons who had witnessed the memorable events of that morning left the Court House as quickly as they could, oppressed with feelings which each man among them remembered to his dying day.

CHAPTER III.

"The noble mind is ever prone to trust;
 Yet love with kind anxiety is join'd."—TRIST.

"The herald be the sound of trumpet and drum,
 And silent as death let victory come,
 For him at whose call the chieftains arose."

GEORGE.

OUR readers are not to suppose that Lord Ogilvie, notwithstanding the engrossing nature of his love, and the romantic adventures it entailed, had remained neuter in the service of the Prince he almost worshipped, and whose fortunes he still fondly hoped would eventuate in success. On the contrary, even amid the inconceivable labour which had fallen upon him during his recent transactions with Government, and the trouble attendant upon sending back to their native country the liberated Algerines who accompanied him to Cork, his Lordship had been constantly engaged not only in secret correspondence with the Highland chiefs who still adhered to the interests of the exiled Stuarts, but also with many foreign personages of the

highest rank, who privately favoured the cause of that unfortunate race. Even by Prince Charles himself Lord Ogilvie was frequently honoured with the most confidential correspondence under a feigned signature; and, on the evening of the fatal day when Edith O'Moore so suddenly expired, and on which The O'Sullivan's sentence of death was publicly pronounced, his Lordship, through a medium successfully concealed, received a large packet, filled with the most important tidings relative to the situation and proceedings of the Royal Exile.

In the mysterious order which directs our little span of life, how often we find that events the most opposite and unexpected come to our knowledge at the same moment, oppressing us with anxieties so various and complicated, that the mind almost sinks beneath its burden!

Circumstances now conspired to make Lord Ogilvie practically feel this truth. His beloved Eva on her return to Mrs. Sarsdale's mansion became so alarmingly ill, that medical aid was instantly summoned, in addition to that already in attendance upon Norah.

The physicians, on their arrival, found our heroine in a state of high fever, attended with dangerous symptoms, owing to the frightful shock she had received in witnessing the awful scene which terminated in the sudden death of her beloved and earliest friend. Norah was also pronounced to be extremely ill. Almost unmanned by the overwhelming fears of passionate love, and utterly wretched at the recent fate of the angelic woman, who, next to Eva, he had valued most on earth, Lord Ogilvie was in that state of mind in which the dark and gloomy spirit scarcely leaves a hope, although it calls on Heaven for mercy! As soon as the suffering Eva, in compliance with medical orders, had been removed to her chamber, our hero, who, at Mrs. Sandale's request, gladly consented to remain beneath her roof, retired to the privacy of a remote apartment, where he trusted that silence and reflection might allay the agony of his thoughts. Lord Ogilvie had not been many minutes in this chamber when his confidential attendant, who had lived with him for many years, and who was well known to all the Jacobites, entered and presented the packet already mentioned. It

had arrived by a special messenger during his Lordship's absence at the Court-house, and was delivered under every precaution for secrecy into the faithful keeping of the Valet, with strict injunctions to consign it to his Master's hands at the earliest opportunity. With an abstracted air, Ogilvie opened the packet, and found that it contained a short note from Sir John Harrington, accompanied by several enclosures. Our hero's mournful and weary eyes fixed on and looked through the lettered pages; but though vision performed its office as if mechanically, it was some time before the agitated reader could fully comprehend their important contents.

The main communication was from Colonel Goring to Sir John Harrington—that faithful friend who, unwearied by trials and undismayed by danger, remained the constant companion of Charles Edward Stuart in many of his eventful wanderings, and who now forwarded Colonel Goring's letter for the perusal of Lord Ogilvie. The exclamation of Louis XV. on signing the order for his Royal Highness's arrest at the French opera-house—“*Ah pauvre Prince! qu'il est difficile pour un Roi d'être un véritable ami!*”

—seemed verified by every hour which succeeded it. The fate of forty of his adherents (including Colonel Goring) had been imprisonment in the Bastille immediately afterwards. Their release was subsequently to that of their Royal Master, who from Fontainebleau proceeded under a strong escort to Avignon, where liberty once more awaited him.

The journeys which those faithful friends performed in order to join their Prince in the *Prison* city are facts too universally circulated to require enumeration; as many of the details, however, which were given in Colonel Goring's letter, are not so generally known, we shall lay their brief summary before the reader.

After describing the public appearance of Prince Charles in Avignon on the 2nd of January, 1749, which city he entered in a splendid equipage drawn by six horses, preceded by the Pope's cavalry, and followed by the carriages of the *élite* of the nobility, Goring proceeded to state, in further manifestation of the popular feeling, that after the public *entrée* his Royal Highness was entertained at the Archbishopal Palace, with a

magnificent ball and banquet, which testimonies of respectful affection were followed by others equally demonstrative of similar sentiments. Yet, notwithstanding this flattering reception, it was added that, after a short residence at Avignon, the Prince left with the writer for Versailles, where they remained four days *incog.*, during which they had an interview with the King and Queen of France. In consequence of what then passed, it was further stated that the Prince and Colonel Goring determined to proceed to Poland in furtherance of his Royal Highness's intention to marry the Princess de Radzville, one of the first alliances in that Court. The personage in question was possessed of enormous wealth, and related to the Queen of France, as well as to the Countess of Palmont, by whose instrumentality the contemplated union had been proposed and approved. The former (*née* Maria Lesczinska) had been the intimate associate of Prince Charles's mother, the Princess Sobiesky, with whom her Majesty spent some portion of her youth; consequently, despite of Court intrigues, she had ever evinced the warmest interest in the fate and fortunes of

the son of her earliest friend. The young Dauphin also, upon whom the affections and hopes of his country were fixed, never lost an opportunity for showing in the most conspicuous manner his attachment to Prince Charles, and even scrupled not to remonstrate publicly with the King on the violation of the laws of hospitality and justice which had been shown in the Stuart's arrest. Thus, corrupt as was the Court of Louis XV., some members of the Royal Family were alive to the interests of, and the illiberality which had been exercised towards, the gallant young Prince, who was the pride and idol of the Jacobite party.

The following announcement, which appeared *verbatim* in a French newspaper of the period, will attest the conflicting opinions and conjectures that were then afloat concerning the Royal exile:—

“*Paris, Dec. 2, N. S.*”

“The world is still in a wonder what is become of the Young Pretender! Last week it was affirmed with a great deal of warmth that he had been some months *incognito* at St. Albano with his father, and was going to reside privately (and they might as well

have added, to prepare himself for *the Purple*) in the little republic St. Marino, belonging to the Pope; and to-day it is confidently asserted amongst our politicians that he is in Poland by the interest of *this Court!*"

But to resume the thread of Colonel Goring's epistle, from which we have digressed. That devoted partisan went on to state that after returning to Avignon, which was necessary prior to any future movements, a gentleman arrived, calling himself the Chevalier La Luze, to demand an interview with Prince Charles, who received him with extraordinary distinction. This personage remained closeted with his Royal Highness in great mystery for many hours, but the important circumstance that occasioned the conference was confided, according to Colonel Goring, only to himself, and under the most solemn bond of secrecy. Ever anxious, however, to do justice to the heroism of his Master, Goring (after brief allusions to a mysterious progress to Strasburg, which the Prince, under the assumed title of *Le Comte d'Espoir*, undertook with no attendants except himself and La Luze) proceeded

to communicate an adventure so singularly romantic, that, instead of a mere summary, we shall give it in the writer's words as follows:—

“At Strasburg, an accident detained us a day longer than the Prince intended, and there an incident occurred which I may relate without the least breach of the trust I am honoured with. A fire broke out in a house opposite to that where his Royal Highness lodged, awakened by which he jumped out of bed, got on his clothes unassisted by any one, and flew down stairs.

“When remonstrated with, he cried, ‘What, then, are we born to take care *only of ourselves?*’ and rushed to the scene of horror, where a female stood at a window screaming for help. The Prince called to her to spring out, which she did, when he received her in his arms without hurt, and bore her through the flames to her distracted friends. The next day we left Strasburg, and after having passed the city of Wurtzburgh were met by five men, masked, well mounted, and armed, who, without a word, all at once discharged their pistols into the Prince's carriage. Not all his miraculous

escapes in Scotland equalled this. One of the bullets lodged in the back part of the chaise just above his head, another went through his hat, and a third grazed upon his breast, tearing off one of the buttons of his coat.

“The horses took fright at the firing, and were running away with the chaise, but his Royal Highness jumped out, plucked a pair of pistols out of his pocket, and discharged them at the assassins with such success that one fell dead and another was wounded. The Prince then seized the horse of a third by the bridle, and, with a strength and agility scarcely to be credited, dismounted the rider and threw him on the earth.

“The Chevalier La Luze and myself wounded another in the arm, uplifted to take the Prince’s life, and one of my weapons reached the heart of him the Prince had dismounted.

“At that moment, the appearance of a gentleman with two servants, who came galloping up with drawn swords, made the remaining villains betake to flight. On plucking off the vizards of the two slain assassins, we discovered that one was not

quite dead, and that he was no other than a man who had been bounteously relieved under a false tale of distress by his Royal Highness at Avignon!

"The Prince, in horror, asked what could have induced him to seek the life of a benefactor? To which the wretch replied in broken accents that he, with two others, had been hired by one of the men who had fled, and instructed to aim at the Prince, and *him only, having said which, he expired!* After this, le Chevalier La Luze conducted his Royal Highness *to a certain Court*. The mysterious doings *there*, and at several territories of several powers through which we passed, I am not at present at liberty to mention." *

The remainder of this singular epistle alluded only to matters of minor interest; but as Lord Ogilvie turned to the last page of it, a sealed note dropped out directed to himself, and which, though in feigned handwriting, he at once recognised, by a private mark upon the envelope, to be a missive from his Prince. Tearing it open in anxious agitation, our hero's conjecture was verified by

* Extracted from a letter written by Colonel Goring.

finding at the conclusion the Cipher which had been fixed upon for confidential correspondence. The note was extremely short, and entirely confined to an announcement of the fact that his Royal Highness, after various extraordinary adventures, was determined, at the close of the year, to adjourn secretly to the metropolis of England, accompanied by the Marchioness of Tullibardine, who, in consequence of a despatch received from Sarsdale Villa, had already joined the Prince at the seaport whence, as soon as circumstances permitted, he intended to embark for London, where a safe and secret residence had been secured. The astonishment and anxiety of Lord Ogilvie on receiving such unexpected intelligence were so great that Colonel Goring's exciting narrative, and even his own private perplexities and griefs, were for the moment almost forgotten. Strange hopes and prospects flitted through his excited mind, and it required constant and reiterated efforts before the chaos of his thoughts could be reduced to anything like order. There was a mystic tone of encouragement in the Prince's words, brief as they were, which made the blood rush to his

cheek and his heart to throb tumultuously. Visions of happy love soon mingled with aspirations of success in the political cause to which the existence of Lord Ogilvie had been and was still devoted.

Distinguished by the fervent friendship of a Prince destined, he yet fondly hoped, to ascend the Throne of his Ancestors ; adored by the woman without whose love life would have only been to him a living death ; respected and enthusiastically looked up to by the members of his political party as a great and noble being, to whom they had upraised an altar in their hearts, is it surprising that the anxieties which on many points Lord Ogilvie could not banish, still alternated with tenderness, devotion, and confidence ?

The workings of the human mind are wonderful, oftentimes inscrutable. Vain, therefore, would it be to attempt to describe the proud, the full anticipations of a blissful hereafter upon earth which, under the unexpected excitement of the moment, possessed our hero's thoughts.

Notwithstanding the depth of his grief at the fate of Edith O'Moore, his solicitude concerning its effects upon the health of her

he loved with a passionate devotion passing all common bounds, and his keen anxiety regarding the heroic Prince who exercised so irresistible an influence on his actions, and excited so strong an interest in his heart, we repeat that, despite all this, Lord Ogilvie felt the cheering support of Hope. How far her powerful and exalting visions were destined to be realized, the future will reveal.

CHAPTER IV.

Ans. But thou, my son !
Is thy proud spirit master'd, and prepared
For Nature's fearful change ?
Raim. Ay, father ! Of my brief remaining task,
The least part is to die !" VESPERE OF PALERMO.

It will be remembered that after Lord Ogilvie's capture of Dan Connell at the scene of, and as an accomplice in, the assassination of Mr. Puxley, his Lordship had placed the redoubtable Buccaneer in irons, and proceeded with him to Cork, where, having lodged the necessary informations against the prisoner, he had been committed to the gaol of that County.

Having so recently described a Criminal prosecution, the forms of which we are by no means certain of having depicted with such accuracy as to abide successfully the ordeal of legal criticism, we shall abstain from the representation of a second judicial examination. It is enough to say that the accused

had been brought to trial on the day succeeding the public condemnation of William O'Sullivan at the assizes of Cork, and that the proofs of guilt against Dan Connell as an accomplice in the murder of Mr. Puxley, as well as in other crimes, were so unequivocal, that although a clever Counsel had ably attempted to plead his client's case, almost as it were in the teeth of the law, no ingenuity could shake the evidence against the prisoner. The moment therefore that all judicial forms had been strictly gone through, the jurors, without hesitation, gave the tremendous verdict of "*Guilty*," which the judge confirmed in his subsequent address to the culprit. The black cap was then assumed, and sentence of Execution was pronounced in the usual terms against Daniel Connell of Ross Mac Owen, condemning him to be hung at the common gallows at the same time and along with his notorious Chieftain.

Both criminals had been lodged in the south gaol of Cork until the period for the fulfilment of their mutual sentence, and during their awful Trials those two remarkable culprits had maintained the same

extraordinary self-possession and indomitable courage.

The Sun, which ushered in the fatal day of Execution, had just touched with golden light the summits of the irregular yet extensive pile of building to which our prisoners had been committed, occupying different though contiguous cells, when a gentleman whose garb bespoke him a Roman Catholic clergyman might be seen wending his way through the vast crowd already assembled at the outside of the great gate of the gaol. On reaching the main entrance, this person stopped, and ere he rang for admission, threw back the black cowl which had partially concealed his finely-formed head. He then gazed fixedly upon the skull of the late O'Sullivan-Beare, which, spiked aloft, seemed at this moment encircled by a sort of glory, so brilliant were the sunbeams that, like a halo, fell around, and gave almost a supernatural appearance to that grim relic of humanity.

The Stranger sighed deeply, and became so lost in contemplation that some time elapsed before, with an involuntary shudder, he seemed to awaken from his mental trance,

and drawing his cowl closely over his face, rang the great bell at the prison gate.

His summons was answered, and on his being recognised by the turnkey as the Priest who, in consequence of the sudden death of Father Syl, had been selected as minister of religion to the culprits—William O'Sullivan and Dan Connell—immediate access was granted to both prisoners, the latter of whom the Ecclesiastic desired to see first.

Having threaded his way through several dark passages, enclosed by massive stone walls, the Confessor, preceded by the Gaoler, at length reached the dungeon where Dan Connell was confined. They paused in astonishment at the low, arched door on hearing the deep-toned voice of the prisoner within, raised enthusiastically in fervent song. The music of the chant—for such it seemed—was a peculiarly affecting and very ancient Irish air. The words were in Erse; their import the listeners waited not to ascertain, for the Gaoler, with a half-muttered exclamation, applied his key to the massive lock of the door, which instantly opened to admit the visitors.

At the farther end of the dungeon stood Dan Connell, with one foot firmly advanced ;

his bare, bony arms were extended to their full length; his sinewy fingers were outspread, and, urged as it were with their whole force against the impalpable air, quivered with excitement; his dilated eyes, expressive of frantic revenge, glared in wild energy, as if fixed upon some object which to *him* was visible; his muscular figure, dimly shadowed forth by the faint prison light, seemed to have acquired proportions even more gigantic than its natural ones; while his features and words, equally violent and irregular, gave to his whole demeanour the aspect of a man striving for life or death, either with a spiritual or a mortal enemy.

Struck with amazement, the Priest and the Gaoler stood aghast in silence, and forbore to interrupt Connell's wild dirge, the thrilling purport of which was partially given in the following stanza, evidently a sequel to preceding verses of equally portentous meaning :

“Thou !—Scully ! *—false one !
Didst basely betray him,
In his strong hour of need,
When thy right hand should aid him !

* As the reader has been already introduced to the perfidious “Scully,” no further information as to his deeds and character is necessary.

He fed thee—he clad thee—
Thou hadst all could delight thee :
Thou didst leave him and sell him—
May Heaven requite thee !”

The frenzy of disappointed rage with which the distracted prisoner apostatized the name of “Scully” seemed to denote that now there was a shade of insanity in his conduct, so fearful was the voice which, like the roar of the cataract, thundered forth his curses. The raging passion of the half-frantic enthusiast, in point of fact, was fearfully appalling, and in all probability would have produced some fatal catastrophe, were it not that he was compelled to stop suddenly from sheer exhaustion. The amazed spectators dared not interrupt that solemn pause, and, totally unnoticed by Connell, they continued to gaze on him as mute as statues. After a few moments had thus elapsed in appalling silence, a more tender though equally powerful emotion seemed to possess the soul of Daniel Connell. A flood of feeling rushed over his heart, and was responded to from its remotest depths. He wrung his hands with an action exquisitely true to nature and to the anguish of his new sensations, as, passing on to another portion of

the dirge, which pathetically alluded to the death of The O'Sullivan-Beare, he thus in imagination evoked the last spectral relic that remained on earth of his too idolized chieftain :—

“ Dear head of my darling !
How gory and pale
These aged eyes see thee,
High spiked on their gaol !
That cheek in the summer sun
Ne'er shall grow warm ;
Nor that eye e'er catch light,
But the flash of the storm ! ”

As the choked voice of Connell faltered forth those words, his late maniacal fury sank at once to a tone of heart-thrilling pathos, and, having gasped through this affecting stanza of his Lament, he, like a lunatic whose fit is over, burst into tears, and fell flat upon the floor of his cell, weak and powerless as a child. His head had sunk upon his arm, and lying thus prostrate, with his face concealed upon it, Connell, in the intensity of his now silent agony, was as unconscious of the presence of his two spectators as the frenzy of previous excitement had made him to their entrance.

The Priest, having motioned to the Gaoler to withdraw, advanced to the exhausted cap-

tive, and, kindly taking his hand, offered to render all the aid which the power of religion and sympathy could bestow. Having signed the Cross with much solemnity, the Minister of God endeavoured to arouse the unhappy culprit to a suitable sense of his guilt and awful situation, as the hour for his Execution was drawing so near that but a short time remained for preparation to meet it as became a Christian and a man. At first the words of the Divine, though awfully solemn, seemed to make little or no impression on the prisoner. Connell, it is true, had raised his head, and, with his hand pressed against his brow, seemed buried in profound thought; but as yet he had not spoken one word in reply to the adjurations of his Confessor. At length he started from the floor to the stone bench on which the Priest was sitting, and took his hand. Then, smiling bitterly, he said in a tone of mingled pride, reproach, and feeling, while a bright flush passed over his cheek, and fire sparkled in his eyes,—

“ Why, thin, Father *agra!* is it Dan Connell ye think will demane the blood o’ The O’Sullivan-Beare, an’ himself, an’ his

ancestors down from the days of Noah, by trimbling like a cowardly *gomal*, jist whin the cowld, bitther, black-hearted Sassenachs are goin' to give him a lift * in the world? for shure 'tis this blessed day (prais'd be the saints!) I'll stand high over 'em all on the bowld gallows-tree! Och, Sir! 'tis betther your Riverence should think o' the crimson flood in my veins!—divil a fear of its freezing!—'twill boil on an' on in my throe warm heart till the blest minute whin my Spurrit will spring out o' this carcass o' sin to the sowl o' the Masther—for wherever HE is will be heaven to me! An' shure 'tis thinkin' o' *him*, an' nothin' else, that's breakin' my heart entirely—Ochone! Ochone!”

Here the voice of the strong man faltered, and a large bright tear filled his eye and trickled slowly down his cheek; but, dashing it indignantly away, he added rapidly, and in a still more excited tone—

“An' may be I didn't say my say to my Shister Norah last night, whin she comed to see me an' pray for my sowl. ‘Arrah!’ says I, ‘pray for your own, an' lave mine alone,

* i. e. Promotion.

you owld witch of Endor! who turned your cursed backbone—so you did—on our own deep darlin'—the Chief of our Clan—the jewel o' my heart—The O'Sullivan-Beare!' An' so, Sir, wid that—(Ah! thin now, Holy Father, may the Mother o' Heaven be wid ye by night an' by day if ye'll caase to interrupt an' bother me, as I see that ye want for to do, while I spake these my last words!) Well, why, as I was sayin', wid that I'd have fairly given a *polthogue* to Norah—shister o' mine as she is—only jist at that blessed minute who should stand right forenent me but the Masther's own white-headed, blind ould Nurse, who many's the time had rocked an' sung *him* to sleep in her arms, whin a babby at her breast. The *vourneen*! 'tis she was the grand *keener** once, till dark an' ailin' wid years, the crathur tuk to her bed, which she niver lift for many a long day, till, larnin' the bloody, black revenge o' the Sassenachs on the pulse iv her heart o' hearts—The O'Sullivan-Beare—she niver cracked cry till she forced 'em to take her out iv her bed an' bring her here all the ways to see—fust the spiked head iv

* See note at the end of the volume.

her Chief, and thin ME—the Masther's own *valley de cham*! shut up for all the world like a wild baste in my den, in the jaws o' the Sassenachs! An' shure enough 'twas a sight that would melt a heart o' stone, to see that aged saint, whin she fell plump down on her two bended knees, an' in a low piercing wail she burst into song, an' larned me the Dirge of our Chief, to shout whin I go to the tree,* an' which, in sorrow an' silence, she made all alone in her grief! for the eyes iv her beautiful spirit, you see, are wide open, though the eyes iv her body are saaled down in darkness till the Great Judgment-day! An' shure sorra bit would she stir till I larned it pit-a-pat all by heart. An' 'tis that same Lamint that your Riverence hard me singin'—all mad as it makes me! An' plaze the Mother o' Heaven 'tis that very *Rann*† that I'll shout whin I go to the gallows, and will chant to St. Pether himsef whin he comes wid his great gowld kays to let me in to the Masther—that jewel o' the airth, who was sint by a base, bloody crew from the Home of his Faders on the green-

* The tree, *i. e.* the gallows.

† See note at the end of the volume.

heathered hills of Ivera to his home in the skies!—*Pace to the haro!*”

As Connell in a burst of feeling ejaculated the last words with slow and thrilling solemnity, he knelt down before his Priest and reverently signed the Cross upon his breast; then, drawing out his beads, he began to tell them over in a low voice and with the greatest rapidity. After a short time thus employed, his features assumed a softer expression, and, suddenly dropping his rosary, and burying his face in both his hands, he whispered to the Priest, “*Pray for me now!*”

The holy man, who hitherto had vainly made many attempts to control the whirlwind of Connell’s emotions, immediately seized the only moment that had seemed propitious for the fulfilment of his sacred duties. With earnest devotion he impressed on the unhappy culprit the necessity of repentance, and spoke at length, and with much depth and sincerity of feeling, of the short time now left to prepare for the awful change that awaited him in passing from time into eternity. The tumult in Connell’s mind was very great, but under the influence of the Priest’s discourse it gradually abated,

and alternately he gave to his Confessor the full confidence of his guilty heart, and received the last rites of his Church with more decorous quietude than could have been anticipated.

“Ans.

To the same grave ye press—thou that dost pine
Beneath a weight of chains, and they that rule
The fortunes of the fight.

Ay, *thou* canst feel

The calm thou wouldst impart, for unto thee
All men alike, the warrior and the slave!" **HEMANS.**

“And I am *here*!—Shall there be power, O God!
In the roused energies of fierce despair
To burst my heart, and not to rend my chains?”—*IDEM.*

WHEN the clerical visit recorded in the last chapter ended, the Divine proceeded to the condemned cell of The O'Sullivan, bent on the same pious purpose as had directed his steps to that of Daniel Connell.

His reception was at first cold and haughty in the extreme ; but when the good man, undaunted by it, introduced his sacred mission, and proceeded to speak with the authority and frankness which equally became his noble calling, and the awful position of the prisoner, The O'Sullivan burst into a torrent of passion, which foamed itself almost to madness.



his heavy boots
had ever known
mediate pauses he
almost unconsciously, and uttered
admonitions. &
suddenly a deep

The O'Sullivan
knell! At the
tremendous stamp
changed colour.
tramp of horses'
pavement announ-
tary. A confusion
from the multitude
gaol, and within the
condemned cell was
that sound The O'
self-possession, through
full of dignity "

execution. Laying a powerful restraint over his foaming wrath, The O'Sullivan stood his ground with scornful haughtiness, while awaiting the expected annunciation. In few words it was made in the customary form by the appointed Officials, who, adjourning for a similar purpose to the condemned dungeon of Dan Connell, gave directions that in five minutes both Criminals should be brought into the press-room. Though it was evident that at this juncture The O'Sullivan was suffering much mental torture, yet it was equally clear that he strove to conceal it as much as possible, and not an iota of his habitual firmness deserted him, even when he met Dan Connell issuing from his cell to join the melancholy procession. It formed immediately, and passed on in perfect silence until the prisoners reached the press-room. Every eye within that crowded chamber was eagerly directed to the door.

With a bold and firm tread, The O'Sullivan was the first who entered, attended by his guards. He wore the full costume of an Irish Buccaneer—a dress of dark-blue cloth, somewhat resembling that of the British sailor,—and across his chest a silken scarf of

the national colour, Emerald Green, was carelessly thrown, and tied at the left side; at each corner of it the well-known ensigns of "*The Death-Flag*" were embroidered.

Despite the appalling scenes of his late career, the appearance of William O'Sullivan was in no way materially altered since his conviction. His countenance was as boldly handsome, and his indomitable heart as fearless, as ever, though his features were flushed from the excitement of his feelings, which it was easy to perceive were vividly at work, for his eyes flashed lightning, and the veins of his forehead were swollen with suppressed rage and indignation. He exchanged an impressive glance with Dan Connell, as the latter was led up and took his stand beside him with unblenching firmness. Hitherto neither convict had breathed one sigh, nor uttered one word; yet there was this difference in the demeanour of the prisoners:

The O'Sullivan's manners were noticeable for a sort of dashing assurance, mixed with a certain consciousness of the effect his eminently handsome person produced on the spectators. Dan Connell's, on the contrary, partook more of the character of a man whose

heart was filled with the most painful reflections, unshadowed by a tincture of either mental or physical fear ; for though his eyes were resolutely fixed upon the ground, and his brawny chest heaved palpably, yet his whole appearance denoted an inflexible obstinacy and a ferocity of zeal that were capable of defying all consequences, whether temporal or eternal. He also was attired in his Pirate's dress, in fashion similar to that of his Chieftain, but made of less costly materials ; and as those two remarkable criminals, attended by their spiritual Confessor, stood side by side at this critical juncture of their united fates, they naturally excited the most intense observation, mingled with no small degree of interest. To so high a pitch did this feeling rise, that the Officials, though accustomed to such scenes, stood like persons planet-struck, instead of advancing to perform their duties with their usual alacrity.

Perceiving this, and aware of the direful preliminaries that awaited him, The O'Sullivan suddenly strode forward to the utmost length of his chain, and, stretching forth his muscular arms, hard as two bars of iron, and shaking his fetters until their clanking re-

sounded through the room, he said in a tone of scoffing irony,—

“Methinks, fair Sirs, you lose much precious time in meditating on the duties of your *honourable* office. Permit me then to offer *MY* assistance towards their quick completion:” saying which, he motioned to the Sheriffs’ officers to advance, and haughtily ordered them to strike off his irons, and to pinion his arms and wrists.

While this dreadful ceremony was being performed, The O’Sullivan preserved the most perfect presence of mind; and even when the black handkerchief he wore was removed from his neck, and the collar of his shirt was folded back to make room for the fatal rope that was to launch him into eternity, the only sign of emotion he showed was a preternatural swelling of the muscles of the throat, and the fixed blaze of light that flashed from his kindling eyes. When the ceremony of pinioning was ended, he coolly turned to Dan Connell, and with a stern and scornful air exclaimed,—

“My friend! I, the descendant of the Chiefs of Bana,* the representative of The

* See note at the end of the volume.

O'Sullivan-Beare, have justly had precedence. It is now *your* turn to advance and receive this *order of merit*!" and sarcastically he curled his proud lip, while with a bitter smile he looked down upon his bonds.

Dan Connell gave a convulsive start, as though the words conveyed the sting of a viper; but instantly obeyed his Chieftain's summons with an unfaltering step. He raised his bloodshot eyes from the ground, whereon they had hitherto rested, and at first stared wildly round; but they almost instantaneously fixed into a steady glare of defiance on the Sheriffs' officers, while his face, which had been deadly white, flushed to the deepest crimson.

When the business of pinioning him commenced, he glanced back a significant nod at his Chieftain, and with one of those sudden alternations, those overwhelming changes with which extreme excitement often teems, he re-assumed all his characteristic and audacious jocularities. A leer stole over his face, a light though bitter laugh followed, and, quick-witted as ever, he threw a glance half-comic, half-menacing, around, as he exclaimed,—

“The Heavens be wid ye, my darlints! but ’tis purtily how ye’ve settled Dan Connell. Why thin, is it feared o’ mysef, like throe Saxons, ye are, whin ye skewer up my four quarthers in this iligant way, like a Michaelmas goose jist goin’ to be roasted?”

“An’ now, ye broth o’ boys, let me give yees the *sauce for that same*, an’ mind the last pregnant words that I spake.”

Dan Connell made a momentary pause, and then, raising his manacled hands, with startling energy he ejaculated, in an altered and electrifying tone, these words:—

“’Tis FREEDOM makes the bastes o’ the field quick as light, an’ braces the wings o’ the bird that mounts up to the sun, an’ breaks the chain o’ the slave, an’ makes Man like his God! An’ of *this* ye’d deprive us—the throe-born sons of owld Ireland—that now stand forenent ye—spawn o’ the Sassenachs! Weirasthrue! Weirasthrue!* ’tis for this that my own ghost will haunt yees by night an’ by day till the Divil’s black wing sweeps ye off as his own! Weirasthrue! Weirasthrue! may the wrath o’ the race iv O’Sullivan Beare find every sowl o’

* See note at the end of the volume.

yees yit, in all its red vengeance! May the smoke o' the hot blood that bursts from the heart o' the Pathriot roll up to Heaven as witness agin ye, an' the fetthers o' Hell bind ye down in its black pit for iver an' iver—**AMIN!**"

All were mute with astonishment at this ferocious torrent of passionate emotion, which had been so rapid and vehement as to defy interruption. The spectators of this singular scene had not even attempted it, and the very Officials had paused in their inexorable duty; but now, as if ashamed of their momentary irresolution, they renewed and completed the fatal ceremonial, and conducted Dan Connell—who relapsed into sullen silence—to the bench where The O'Sullivan sat beside his Confessor.

"This lasts too long—let us end it," said one of the Sheriffs in an under tone to his coadjutor. Then, giving the necessary orders in a louder voice, they were instantly obeyed, and the *cortège* moved forward.

"The Heavens be wid ye, my darlints! but 'tis purtily how ye've settled Dan Connell. Why thin, is it feared o' myself, like throe Saxons, ye are, whin ye skewer up my four quarthers in this iligant way, like a Michaelmas goose jist goin' to be roasted?"

"An' now, ye broth o' boys, let me give yees the *sauce for that same*, an' mind the last pregnant words that I spake."

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* See note at the end of the volume.

deliberately turned their heads, and their eyes shone out in a long last look upon the spiked head of The O'Sullivan Beare!

The effect was electric, and so chimed in with the feelings of the greater part of the crowd, that three distinct cheers rang forth like peals of thunder.

Those manifestations of approval, instead of reprobation, arose simultaneously from different quarters of the immense multitude, a large portion of which was made up of the misguided but devoted adherents and Clansmen of The O'Sullivans. Apparently regardless of this lawless demonstration, the Sheriffs, the Marshal of the prison, the under-sheriffs, and the special constables with their staves, took their allotted places, having first admitted in the rear of the convicts a common cart, covered over with a large blanket, which concealed the person of the hangman. Although thus sheltered from public view, this inglorious official was immediately recognised, and, in virtue of his detested profession, assailed by yells and shoutings of the most terrific description. The indications of a popular and formidable tumult had been so decided, that the in-

tended route to the scaffold was completely lined with Infantry. The place selected for the execution was a large field that lay at some distance, and which, under the idea of making a more fearless and public demonstration of the power of the Government, had been chosen (in defiance of any insurrection from the mob) for the last impending scene of the catastrophe, in preference to the precincts of the gaol. A very large body of Cavalry closed round to escort the mournful *cortège* to the foot of the gallows. Strong barriers had been erected to resist the pressure of the crowd, notwithstanding which precaution it was with great difficulty, and amidst the plunging of their horses to the risk of human life, that the troops gained and kept their station.

After several ineffectual attempts to pass on, the procession at length moved forward in something like order. Its route lay through a populous suburb, the houses of which were literally crammed with spectators, the windows from top to bottom being filled principally by beautiful and well-dressed women, among whom many of the highest social position might be discerned. A firmament

of heads thus above and around, and hosts of brilliant eyes, some in compassion, many in detestation, others, it may be almost said, in admiration, were fixed upon the Culprits, as those brothers in crime and fate walked onwards boldly and unblenchingly to meet their horrid death. Dan Connell's eyes were fixed in an abstract gaze upon the symbol of Sacred Love which he held upraised to heaven; but it was observable that The O'Sullivan's roved with audacious scrutiny over those windows which were the most conspicuous for the female loveliness that filled them.

In several instances he bowed and even smiled a gracious salutation to the ladies, and, so great is the influence of personal bravery and beauty over the heart of woman, that some fair hands waved white handkerchiefs, as if the procession, instead of a criminal, had been a triumphal one. At length it neared the place of Execution. When it distinctly appeared to the view, Dan Connell's whole form became convulsed and agitated as if with some internal tempest. His eyes shot lightning, and seemed suddenly to descry some pageant in the air, as they glared and glittered while he gazed on

space ! His brow knit, a dark and troubled cloud gathered on his features, his lip quivered and curled, his set teeth crunched against each other, and the veins in his forehead swelled like purple cords ! The next moment he drew up his gigantic form to a height that seemed almost superhuman, and his livid countenance assumed a singular mixture of ferocity and intellect, while in a voice that, like a Trumpet-blast, drowned all other sounds, he, as if suddenly inspired, burst forth into the same splendid Death-dirge of the late O'Sullivan-Beare which had occupied his prison thoughts and latest moments.

In startled amazement, every eye turned to and was arrested at the same point—that from which the rich, deep voice of Connell pealed its mighty sound, sonorous as an organ ; and such was the force and wild dignity of his passion, that an awe fell upon all, and an effect was produced upon the multitude so perfectly electrifying, that any sound, save that of the solemn Chant, was hushed to the silence of the dead, as if by the spell of a magician.

In a few instants, the heart from which that glorious strain of music, poetry, and

ion now welled forth so full of power none could withstand its irresistible appeal, must cease to beat for ever! As this fiction pressed upon the souls and mastered the sympathies of the spectators, some of the foes of Daniel Connell momentarily forgot his crimes, while, in silent rapture, they felt the bright light of communion steal gently over the black picture of the past! Unheeding this, and even regardless of the unutterable emotions that were stamped upon the stern, fierce face of Theobald Sullivan, Dan Connell, as if his sight were absent from his body, chanted on and sang the solemn Death-dirge with frantic enthusiasm, his soul seeming to find relief and redemption in the following tragic-breathing verse of passion :*—

1.

“ The sun on Ivera †
No longer shines brightly ;
The voice of her music
No longer is sprightly :
No more to her maidens
The light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling,
O’Sullivan-Peare !

* See note at the end of the volume.

† Ivera is the original name of Bearhaven.

2.

Thou!—Scully!—false one!
Didst basely betray him,
In his strong hour of need,
When thy right hand should aid him!
He fed thee—he clad thee—
Thou hadst all could delight thee:
Thou didst leave him and sell him—
May Heaven requite thee!

3.

Scully! may all kind
Of evil attend thee!
On thy dark road of life
May no kind one befriend thee!
May fever long burn thee,
And agues long freeze thee!
May the strong hand of God
In his red anger seize thee!

4.

Had he died calmly,
I would not deplore him,
Or if the wild strife
Of the Sea-war closed o'er him:
But with ropes round his white limbs
Through Ocean to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter—
'T is therefore I wail him.

5.

Long may the curse
Of his People pursue them—
Scully, that sold him,
And Soldier that slew him!

One glimpse of Heaven's light
May they see never !
May the hearthstone of Hell
Be their best bed for ever !

6.

In the hole which the vile hands
Of Soldiers had made thee,
Unhonour'd, unshrouded,
And headless they laid thee—
No sigh to regret thee,
No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
No friend to deplore thee !

7.

Dear head of my darling !
How gory and pale
These aged eyes see thee,
High spiked on their gaol !
That cheek in the summer sun
Ne'er shall grow warm ;
Nor that eye e'er catch light,
But the flash of the Storm !

8.

A curse, blessed Ocean,
Is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork
To Ivera of slaughter,
Since thy billows were dyed
With the red wounds of fear
Of Muirtach Oge,
Our O'Sullivan-Bears !”

As Connell's voice rang forth the last stanza of his thrilling Dirge in notes as wild as the shriek of the Banshee, the procession halted at an enormously strong gate, round which a powerful guard of Military was stationed. Within the enclosure to which this gate gave access, stood the fatal gallows;—a spread of green level sward around it was kept clear by massive barricades, in the centre of which a large black gibbet appeared. Over this, and affixed to a lofty staff, an enormous sable banner surged slowly in the wind, on which the notorious badge of "The Death-Flag"—a Scull and Cross-bones, and a Celtic motto signifying

"THE BLOODY HAND OF IRELAND,"

were painted in white. This produced a most solemn and striking effect, while from the fatal beams two chains were suspended to which strong ropes were fastened, an addition to the dreadful apparatus of death, which told fearfully on the minds of the spectators. The inside of the dismal arena was lined with soldiers in ranks; and round the exterior of the encircling barriers, the Cavalry, despite the pressure of the crowd, drew up

in formidable array. As the Great Gate opened to admit the Prisoners, the magnitude of their danger—the certainty of their fate—seemed for the first time to strike with freezing actuality upon the minds of their adherents; and such a feeling of solemn awe thrilled through the vast crowd that their silence continued hushed and breathless, while the Convicts passed into the arena. The large gate was then closed, and locked behind them and their escort. With a firmness that partook of the quality of desperation, the two prisoners, placed side by side, walked on to the platform. During their short progress to the gallows The O'Sullivan, under the pretence of muttered prayer, and unheard by his Confessor, breathed one whisper in the ear of Daniel Connell.

It seemed to recall his senses to the actual, for in reply he gave a mute sign of assent at the moment when the culprits reached the foot of the scaffold, and, attended by their Ecclesiastic, ascended its steps. The O'Sullivan was the first to tread the platform, in the centre of which, and exactly under the lofty beam and chains, a strong high wooden stool was placed. On this the Convicts were

to stand, when the ropes were adjusted round their necks, preparatory to their being launched into Eternity, which—the fatal drop of the present day being then unknown—was done, by quickly withdrawing the stool from beneath their feet, thus leaving the victims of the law suspended in the air.

Dan Connell walked closely after his chief, whose example he followed by instantly mounting the fatal stool, on which the Irish Buccaneers now stood side by side, still holding aloft their enormous Crucifixes. Immediately behind them the black-robed Ecclesiastic took his station, in a subdued voice continuing his pious exhortations. The trio presented a striking picture, as thus they towered above the multitude, their fine heads standing out in bold relief against the blue horizon; the green scarfs of the Corsairs floating on the wind, and their silver crosses glittering in the sunlight.

At this moment, as if to elucidate the power of contrast, the Executioner shook off the blanket that had covered him, and, leaping out of his cart with a force that made it roll rapidly away, sprang up the steps of the gallows, and amid the yells, groans, and

hisses that assailed him, at once commenced the preliminaries of his dreadful office. Meanwhile the minister of God had been earnestly imploring the pirates to make a public acknowledgment of their guilt from the Scaffold.

The O'Sullivan's lip curled into something between a sneer and a smile of triumph at the exhortation, to which, however, he haughtily bowed assent. Then suddenly resigning his Crucifix to his Confessor, he uplifted his fettered arms to the utmost height their manacles permitted, and ejaculated in a loud, unfaltering voice that was heard in the remotest corner of the crowd,—

“By the blood of the Sea-Kings that flows through our veins, we have nought to confess but *this* :—We die—as we have lived, and as the race of *Colla* ought to live—the foes of Tyranny and Usurpation — the true-born Lovers of our Country—the Ocean-Sons of Liberty—*The Irish Buccaneers!*—Doomsman, we are ready!”—A confusion of sounds arose from the assembled multitude, despite of which the Executioner instantly advanced. The death-knell tolled from the spire of an adjacent church, and Dan Connell's crucifix

having been handed to the Confessor—who retired some paces—the doomsman adjusted the ropes round the necks of the prisoners, preparatory to putting the white cap upon each! He turned round to receive those last fatal ensigns from his assistant, and in that brief moment The O’Sullivan shouted in a voice of thunder, appalling in its wrath, “Bloodhounds! no base-born hangman gives OUR doom—into the unknown world *we* launch ourselves!” And suiting the action to the word with such rapidity that prevention was impracticable, he boldly kicked away the stool, which rolling from beneath their feet, both prisoners, with uncovered faces, hung suspended from the ropes!

As the crowd witnessed this unexpected and energetic manœuvre, tremendous cheers and cries burst forth from various quarters, and, notwithstanding the great strength of the barriers, the pressure of the people was so terrific, that several of the barricades gave way, while others were actually torn up, and brandished successfully against the Military. The rush that followed from all directions—under the impression that the Buccaneers still breathed, and might be cut down alive

—defies description. Numbers were thrown to the earth, trampled upon, and even killed, as the infuriated people, bent on one object, made for the gallows, with cries of dreadful import. Many among the crowd had been secretly armed in the hope that a rescue might be effected, and now a mass of weapons suddenly flashed forth, wielded by the bearers with the tempest of frenzy.

A new impetus thus given, the pell-mell tumult raged fiercer than ever, confused, and indistinct. Several of the King's troops fell wounded—others dead—while the blood of hundreds of the people deluged the field. Still undaunted, they pursued their desperate charge, forcing a way to the gibbet, and dealing frantic blows at random, while shouting forth the cry of "Rescue!—to the Rescue!"

Amidst the flash of muskets and the charge of Cavalry, one united band, composed of the flower of the clan of The O'Sullivan, dashed resolutely on, with the fury of lions felling down foes, and sometimes even friends, until they succeeded in mounting to the scaffold.

A long yell of despair which clove the air

the next instant—issuing from the hearts of this devoted party—announced to the field that they came too late, for The Irish Buccaneers were indeed no more!

It was responded to by a cry so intensely savage, that it actually thrilled to the marrow and the bones of those upon whose ears it smote.

The impulse now given was tremendous. Stimulated into madness, the reckless Clan of The O'Sullivan dashed into the thickest of the onslaught, shrieking cries of vengeance, and felling all that opposed them, until they rallied like a phalanx round the foot of the gallows. There—though hewed down right and left by their assailants—there those who still lived manfully kept their ground, while the bodies of the slaughtered formed a sort of rampart to the innermost circle of the gibbet and the party at its base; nor did one man among them flinch under the attacks of Cavalry or Infantry. And now the corpses of the Pirates being cut down were seen borne aloft upon the shoulders of their Clansmen, who, striding from the gallows, clove through the mighty throng of friends and foes surrounding it,

and, as if animated by one heart, rushed in a body, and forced their way by a breach in the rear of the Scaffold, which, in the heat of the combat, had been made. Through this pass, despite the weight of the corpses which they bore, those mighty Clansmen neither reeled nor staggered back, but gallantly strode on—on—through indiscriminate slaughter, guarding their sacred burthen with the fury of tigers, and the desperation of madmen, until they reached the fastnesses of the adjacent mountains, where the Military, inexperienced in such almost inaccessible defiles, were compelled to relinquish pursuit.

In the noiseless solitude of that forest-land, laid side by side within a mountain-tomb, in their beloved Ivera, The O'Sullivan and Daniel Connell found their last resting-place on earth!

The oaths of future vengeance which, at that wild, midnight burial, burst from bleeding Clansmen over the grave of the dead, were mingled with the wailings of the everlasting sea that girdled its base, and rang forth to the vault of Heaven the awful requiem of The Irish Buccaneers!

CHAPTER VII.

"Thou hast loved—it may be vainly—

But well—oh, but too well!

Thou hast suffer'd all that woman's heart

May bear—but must not tell."—FELICIA HEMANS.

"No tears for thee!—Though light be from us gone,

With thy soul's radiance, bright, yet restless one—

No tears for thee!

Thou that hast lived an exile must not mourn

To see him passing for his native bourne

Over the dark sea!

No tears for thee!—the lingering gloom is ours—

Thou art in converse with all glorious powers,

Never to die!"

Idem.

LONG since the grave—that last earthly home for the weary pilgrims of this fleeting world—had closed over the remains of Edith O'More. Her painful passage through the troubled scene of life was past. The Angel of Death had wafted her bright spirit to realms where sin and sorrow are unknown, and partings never come; but her memory dwelt imperishably within the hearts of the unfeigned mourners who, in bitterness of soul, had seen her committed to the dust and

buried from their earthly light for ever!—She was interred in a green, quiet spot over which wild field-flowers grew in rich abundance, and sunshine often poured its fullest brilliance, wrapping, as it were, her marble tomb in warmth and light. Its sole inscription was the name of “EDITH.” Those glowing rays from heaven fell often—how often!—over the forms of Ogilvie and Eva, as, clad in deepest mourning, they knelt hand-in-hand in communion of prayer over the hallowed grave which held the ashes of the Beloved One—not lost, but gone before them to the skies!

It was at the burial-place of the dead—meet spot for such “a labour of love”—that Eva—having first wreathed the white marble cross which surmounted the shrine of Edith with the brightest flowers of spring—prepared, alone, and in trembling emotion, to fulfil the wishes of her departed friend, by perusing the small packet she drew from her bosom, and which had been found conspicuously placed among the papers of the deceased. A thousand memories of the past, with all its joys and sorrows, rushed upon her mind—she felt as if she still listened to

that voice which, for so many years, had made her music—in fancy she gazed upon that smile so full of truth and innocence, and heard the words of fond affection which accompanied it, fraught with the wisdom and the fervour of undying love. Then came the bitter thought—the certainty—that those dear lips were now for ever mute within the darksome grave!—that the heart which once thrilled in all the overwhelming fulness of youthful sympathy had ceased to beat—that the erst beauteous, animated form now lay torpid in the cold embrace of death, and should be seen no more! Tears rushed from Eva's eyes, and her heart heaved and swelled as if it had been bursting, while those wretched remembrances thronged around her. She pressed the packet to her lips, and breathed a silent prayer for courage to open and peruse it. The papers it enclosed were a will that had been secretly and duly prepared and witnessed, by which the deceased left the entire of her large fortune (excepting only one bequest to Lady Tullibardine) to Eva—the friend and sister of her heart—and the memoranda which, as we have already mentioned, Edith O'Moore had

written from time to time amid the wild solitude of the Pirates' Cave at the Skelig Rocks. The packet had evidently been lately placed within a fresh envelope, which bore a recent date, was sealed with black wax, and endorsed with these simple words:—

“To be read by my own Eva—when Edith O'Moore is dead!”

The Mourner's heart bled within her as she gazed in anguish upon the well-known characters: they unlocked the fountains of her heart, which poured forth a flood of sorrow. Her thoughts clung round the mysteries of Life and Death! and it was only by a strong and violent effort that at length the agitated girl found power to break the seal. Dashing aside the Will, she fixed her eyes with an intensity—“a spell that breathed of heaven”—upon the following disjointed fragments—sad but true records of a broken heart!—

THE THOUGHT-BOOK OF EDITH O'MOORE.

“The Pirates' Cave, Skelig Rocks, 17**.

* * * * *

“My destiny is sealed! Henceforth an isolated being, I sit alone in this dreadful

solitude—far, far from the loved—the distant—it may be the dead!—dragging on the wretched hours of a blighted, dreary, hopeless existence;—and yet a ray of joy that seemed to come from Heaven fell over my crushed spirit, when, accidentally, I found in a niche, amidst the confusion of the Pirates' Cave, the writing materials they had found necessary, and which now enable me in secret to pour forth on paper a feeble

transcript of my thoughts—my feelings!—

Ah! THEY lie too deep to find an utterance in words, or even in tears!—No pen could reveal THEIR anguish, or depict *my* trials—my humiliation—my—no! *not* despair—for my hopes are fixed in firm faith—upon that Great and Glorious One who inhabiteth Eternity. To His decrees, however painful and inscrutable to my finite comprehension, I bow in humble trust and resignation, waiting the undying hereafter, when splendour upon splendour shall roll on before us, and all that was dark and mysterious in this perishable world shall be elucidated by the hand of Omnipotence. *Then* what seem sorrows *now*, may be justly recognised as blessings in disguise.

* * * * *

“ To this cavern belonging to The Irish Buccaneers upon the Skelig Rocks I was brought, by stratagem, from the bosom of my friends and fatherland, and am confined within its dreary precincts by the villany of one of their chief leaders—William Sullivan of Ross Mac Owen. A shudder like that of death runs through me, producing a loathing and horror that almost drive me to distraction even when I do nought but trace his hateful name! How then could I bring myself to record the fearful particulars of his demon-like iniquities?—No! that cannot—shall not be.—If, through the decrees of Wisdom which cannot err, these lines should ever meet a sympathizing eye, suffice it to say that, steeped in the depths of sin, that Man of Crime made Edith O'Moore his victim!—that through his horrific machinations hope and happiness are lost to her for evermore!—In vain, for long, I cast myself upon my knees imploring Heaven for power NOT to call down imprecations on his head! But at last my supplications at the mercy-seat have been heard—the fulness of mental strength and resignation which I sought in prayer have

SUBJECT:

[illegible]

“ Behind an enormous iron chest (probably filled with valuables) I found, accidentally, a quantity of paper, pens, and ink. Every page which they enable me to indite I will carefully hide about my person for safety. The mass of writing materials I will—to avoid suspicion—leave in their former receptacle—only taking out sheet by sheet of paper, as my sad fragmentary memorial may require.

“ In the farthest division of the Pirates’ Cave are several niches, which evidently have once been graves! In the innermost one I found a sort of rude bed prepared for me, made of sail-canvass, which keeps out damp, and amply covered with hammock-clothes. *There* I sleep ; but oh ! how much more frequently I lie awake, revolving thoughts of agony while gazing on a small opening, far above my head, covered with a curtain of thick ivy, through which, when the wind flutters it, I can see the blue air and the bright glittering stars. During the day I sit and write beside a narrow fissure in the outer compartment, which, as from the nature of the coast at this side of the island no vessel can approach within hail,

has not been walled up. How blessedly at times the breeze pours in, and the Sun streams through this chink, enwrapping me in light and warmth! My soul then imbibes new strength, and, living in a sort of dream-world, I look out upon the broad Atlantic, illumined by the rising or the setting beams of the poet-god, and on the pomp of colouring which wreathes the clouds.

* * * * *

“ With every affliction our Great Creator mingles mercy! And oh! how vast a one it is to me that William Sullivan has never dared to set his foot within my prison, and that even his minion Gaoler ventures not to pollute my solitude by his presence: thus it is wholly unbroken and unprofaned. My mind, undisturbed in its reflections, consequently feeds and feels its intellectual power. The fine sympathies—the visions of things beyond this earth—the contemplation of the deep mysteries of the Universe around me—nay, even of those that people the unseen world—stand out revealed almost palpably! It is as though my *bodily* sight were voluntarily sealed, and the eyes of my *spirit* opened to those stupendous realities that

are above the sphere of nature, as all things are that belong to the celestial world, and which yet form the glorious correspondences between Heaven and Earth.

“ The soul, with its manifold emotions—the systems that gem the ocean of space—the Great Infinity who planned the whole—the path of destinies *His* will decrees—the mind and history of Man—the sentiments and passions that affect him—the myriads of ethereal beings who *may* fill invisibly the atmosphere around us, and minister mysteriously to those still dear! Such, and a thousand other equally grand and thrilling subjects, pour a tide of overwhelming interest on my mind—robing solitude—even so desolate as *mine*—with inspirations beautiful as bright, when I wander on the wings of thought into the spheres of Stars and Angels, in aspirations after the great, the good, and the true.

* * * * *

“ For many hours I have been seated at my usual resting-place, lost in reflection. How wildly the waves beat against the barriers of my rocky and sea-girded prison !

“ There is something in the roar of ocean,

a witchery in its never-ceasing flow, that seems to unite us more intimately with the Almighty Power than any other earthly sound can effect. To me there is a buoyancy—a life—in Old Ocean's breath, which even the long-suffering cannot resist. The perpetual changes of colour that flit over the vastness of the waters supply the place of land-scenery, and almost make one indifferent to it. My imagination is always excited **by the sea. I love to look upon the billows** which the hand of Omnipotence restrains within their boundaries. 'Tis strange that through the whole realm of Nature we find analogies to human life, which speak through the senses to the soul! The waves of the Sea, are they not symbols of the countless generations of earth that rage, chase, or sparkle in their brief passage to the mighty shore of Eternity?

“Is not the varying surface of the Ocean like that of this uncertain world—now storm—now sunshine—ever changing as joys or sorrows hold their reign? And even the beams that sometimes dance so brilliantly upon its liquid mirror, do they not resemble the scintillations of human hap-

piness, which fleet away too quickly, and often leave no warmth upon the heart over which they have passed—or, *if they do*, only render its after-gloom more chill and dark by contrast? I will even go further, and assert that there is *a language* in all nature far superior to the conventional jargon used by the mites of fashionable corruption, either to conceal their thoughts, or to utter those they never ought to breathe.

“ Does not the voice of the whirlwind, as it scourges the Ocean or rules the Cloud, speak of the danger of uncontrolled passions, which lay prostrate while they smite? Are not the faded flowers of Summer emblematical of blighted joys? Does not the breeze of Morning revive as the whisper of Hope? and is not the solemn night-wind like what we imagine would be the sighs of departed Spirits, if they could witness and mourn over the errors of the loved on earth? Yes! the voice of Nature *is the voice of God*, and, as such, should fill and warm the heart.

* * * * *

“ And where are you, my precious Eva—you, whom I have looked to as the rainbow of my future—the promise of hope and con-

...ingua mem
weigh down my s
never absent from
tendant on this u
forget how often I l
and the happy, the
suddenly cut off b
quently the most br
beneath the overthrc
the rocket to come d

* * *

"What busied m
my heart as they re
that once in joyous t
the passing scene, now
for ever !

"I see, as if they s
the smiles beaming w
glowed with enthusia
"

once I lived, it seems, as if for the first time, to present itself before my mental vision in its real colours; and, remembering the busy multitude crowded on its ant-hill surface, and the total want of reflection (in the real acceptation of the word) which they evince, they appear like thoughtless phantoms fleeting to another sphere! But *no*—I recall that epithet—we are *not* phantoms, but were intended to be rational and accountable creatures, placed here by Omnipotence for a short season, hereafter to ‘give an account of our stewardship.’

“It is astonishing how much it is in the power, even of an humble individual, to exercise an extensive influence on human affairs by good example, thus conferring blessings and improvement on humanity at large—and yet how are such golden opportunities neglected by the mass of mankind! To bestow happiness on others is the *design* of benevolence—to bring happiness home is its *reward*; and rays thus reflected may cheer even the most gloomy fate, and illumine the path of life—

‘Let Fortune’s wayward hand the while
Be kind or cruel.’

Eva, may such felicity be yours, enjoyed with the chosen partner of your heart!

* * * * *

“The dream of life to me is past! and to Her who has no earthly hope, no happiness, no home, it matters little *where* the last sands flow out!

“The Tartar in his tent—the Indian in his hut—may speak of *Home*: but *I* have none—can expect none—except that *last one* which even villany cannot wrench from the wretched, and to which I trust that I am hastening fast. This unbroken solitude seems too sadly peopled by thoughts which, like unladen ghosts, *will* haunt the wretched being over whom the grindings of the iron wheels of misery pass slowly on, to crush to dust! *Then* the heart becomes a Cannibal that feeds upon itself, and eats away the springs of life. Oh! how I long for the flight of my enfranchised soul!

* * * * *

“My kind, my gentle monitress—my *almost* Mother! you, who not only taught me the language of peace and prayer, but led me to *feel* its sacred influence! methinks you speak to me with a voice that cannot

be hushed, in tender reproof of the lines I have just penned! Yes, dearest Lady Tullibardine! the lips that ever breathed wisdom and tenderness to my ear now seem to ask, what is religion but an idle word, if it gives not un murmuring submission to the Divine will, and force and courage to execute rigorously *whatsoever* she requires? In those principles of moral fitness which alone can give stability to the affections or rectitude to the conduct there is no temporizing; action must follow their dictates when circumstances demand it, and a half-success is gained by resolving to meet the strokes of Fate with firmness, decision, and resignation.

“ This imaginary admonition shall not be made to me in vain. Yes, dear counsellor and parent of my heart! I *will* control the impulses of an overcharged and wearied Spirit, and direct it to a hope full of Immortality!

“ My eyes are drowned with tears of yearning love when I reflect upon the many, many years during which I dwelt in sweet communion with *you*, the tender guardian of my youth, and friend of the spring-time of my life. I am again in fancy walking by

your side, my ear drinking in the precepts and instruction which fell from your beloved lips, while I meet your affectionate eyes, whose earnest gaze ever entered to my very soul. Why, why then should I hesitate to be present with you in the Spirit, and to confess the only secret I have ever kept from you, when to reveal it will relieve my heart of a portion of the burden that oppresses it?

“ By some mysterious dispensation, these lines may meet your eye. I wish to live within your memory, and that you should know me *undisguised*, by being made cognisant of the all-powerful passion which swayed my heart so sacredly that the world in its vast circumference contained nought so dear and hallowed. My *Mother*! (let me for once adjure you by that holy name!) I have *loved*—deeply, purely, fervently have loved—Lord Ogilvie! But blame *him* not for this, for never did he try to waken in my breast one emotion warmer than that a Sister ought to cherish for a tender Brother; and thus I have been spared the bitterest pang the human heart can know, that of having crushed affections thrown back upon it by one of those cold-blooded voluptuaries

—alas! too numerous!—who in idle vanity and cruel selfishness seek to call forth, and with hypocrisy *seem* to reciprocate in all its rich intensity, the fervent love of woman, only to make that mighty passion the minister of destiny to change from hope to misery—from rapture to despair—the drama of her life!

“Among the bitter varieties of earthly grief, few are more calculated to cleave to the inmost soul than a discovery of the worthlessness of those in whom we garnered up the whole treasure of our affections. We feel injured, defrauded, insulted, and writhe under the agony of a conviction which admits of no *human* consolation; for the proper self-respect which, to a certain extent, sustains a high-souled woman under such circumstances, scarcely deserves that epithet.

* * * * *

“There is always a great difference between the love of Woman and of Man. In the former there is a concentration of feeling which excludes every object but itself, and constitutes the *whole* of her happiness or misery. In the latter, love is more a pas-

sion than a sentiment, and by no means an exclusive one. It is shared (as from the social destination of man it ought to be) with other strong impulses, which, according to his character, find their theatre of action in the world's wide field, where public opinion recognises his talents, privileges, and responsibilities.

"Hence it is difficult for the sterner sex to fathom the soul of a woman who TRULY loves, to comprehend the self-sacrifice her heart may become, or to conceive how completely her life may be centred in one hope and in another's being. To see that treasured object constantly, to hear *his* voice, even if addressed to another, and to live within his presence—those are moments so full of holy tenderness, that they can constitute the limit to woman's happiness. Such love as this, I grant, is most rare, but that it *can* exist I know. And oh! who can tell the agonies of the young and hopeful heart, when first it finds the brightest dreams of such an affection vanish for ever? This, too, I have known: but though stupified, overwhelmed, when, by a sudden incident the scales fell from my eyes, and I saw and felt that Eva

and Ogilvie were all the world to each other, still the conviction that *his* love was fixed on *her*, the sister of my soul, one in every way so worthy of it, poured comfort in my bitter cup, and lent me aid to struggle with the weakness of my heart, which every principle of honour and delicacy urged me to control, and, if possible, to *banish*! *That* I could not do, but I found strength to knit my affection firmly into *theirs*. I learned to make *their* reflected felicity *mine*; and, though accompanied by a strange unrest, centred all my yearnings, anxieties, and hopes upon the future of those two beloved ones!

* * * * *

“Yes, my Eva!—I say it not in vanity of heart, for what is now the world’s praise to me?—your and Ogilvie’s happiness combined made the anchor upon which I fixed my all of life, and peace, and hope! And yet, such is the infirmity of human, or at least of *my* nature, when its finer chords are jarred, that, every now and then, unhealthy, though not *jealous* feelings, fears, phantasies, and uneasy forebodings would disturb my mind, which at length I found so unequal to a constant

attunement to the moral sublime—the heroism attendant on a total abnegation of self—that when Mrs. Sarsdale’s earnest invitation to join her in Ireland reached me, I was persuaded in my inmost soul that it *ought* to be accepted. I thought that absence would strengthen me in the path of right, and aid me to find comfort in the performance of duty. *I went.*

* * * * *

“The result of that fatal visit was something so monstrous, so out of all thought and forewarning, that my soul turns aside from the retrospect with a sickness and loathing mightier than grief, more withering than horror!

“Humbled, stunned, crushed, I fold my hands in prayer. My head bows itself before my Creator. Pride, which was my besetting sin, is gone for ever! And though, shuddering, I turn away without another word on that appalling epoch of my life, I yet have strength to say, from the depths of my wrenched and broken heart, in truth and resignation—Thy will, oh God, be done!

* * * * *

“I no longer allow false lights from an ideal world to fling their illusive glories over the actual one. The hopes of earthly existence—as far as *self* is concerned—have become empty words for me. But, oh! what a plenitude of love and prayer flows with the memories of Eva and Ogilvie into my heart of hearts! My soul imbibes harmony and strength and fulness of life as I think of *them*. I love now as blessed Spirits love, and when the images of those two precious beings stand before me in the bright picture-world of feeling, the Angel of Peace seems to fold her wings around me, a spiritual realm of the mind is opened, and, as thus I review in thought scene after scene of *my* eventful life and *theirs*, I become more and more convinced that Omnipotence, Wisdom, and Goodness directed the whole mighty chain of past events. In such moments how clearly the Soul feels as if in the presence of its Creator, but no language can depict the purity and depth of its emotions. Silence must be their expressive, most eloquent, and only interpreter.

* * * * *

“In the monotony of my dreary solitude, I have tried to keep a regular calculation of Time, dating from the period of my incarceration. If my computation be correct, *this day* is the anniversary of the birth of my beloved Eva Dillon. I am far from thinking that *the afflatus*—the grandest element of poetry, so to speak—exists within me, but I *do* believe that I possess a spiritual sensibility which vibrates to the subtle mysteries of our being, that solemn union between the bright universe without and the grave destinies of the imperishable soul within; and that, where those holy sentiments exist, they combine a host of sacred emotions that are *poetic creations untold*, and which deep feeling often forces from the silence of the heart, to reveal them in the form of the poetic sense, though the finest ethereal essence, the *mens divinator*, of the *true* poet, may be wanting. Thus, my beloved Eva, the reveries and golden dreams *your* natal day awoke found utterance in the following lines. They may meet your eye when the hand that traced them is dust; and, despite their faults, how dearly you will love them *then!* * * * *

" TO EVA,
On her Birthday.

1.

The Seasons come—and pass away !
The fragrant breeze of Spring's young day
Sports o'er the earth ; but soon it flies,
Like all that's bright, and quickly dies !

2.

The Summer-time, on Pleasure's wing,
Succeeds the gladness of the spring ;
Rich as the glow of Beauty's spell,
That blushing light we love so well !

3.

Autumn returns :—those hours are sped ;
Like dreams they were—but now have fled ;
And through red leaves and branches sear,
The wind sighs o'er a dying year !

4.

Upon the earth's cold silent breast
Winter soon throws her snowy vest ;
The sun of heav'n is overcast,
And the green tints of life are past !

5.

An image of the fate of man
The Seasons are—*his* fleeting span
Through bloom and blight speeds on and on,
Till all his golden hours are gone !

6.

But, child of dust ! whate'er thy flow
Of joy or grief while here below,
Earth cannot stay thy spirit's race
From Paradise—its dwelling-place !

7.

There, free from sin, and woe, and care,
In purer, more delicious air,
God shall grant all for which we sigh,
And vainly dream of—till we die !

8.

Eva ! on this thy natal day,
Thought bears my soul far, far away—
Upwards, with freedom on her wings,
In pray'r to Heav'n's own gate she springs !

9.

There, humbly prostrate, would implore
For Thee a rich and ample store
Of blessings through thy future years,
Uncheck'd by woe, undimm'd by tears !

10.

Yes !—I would wish a deathless spring
Of joy should be thy lot—would fling
Thick o'er thy path the Summer flow'rs,
And leave thee Autumn's loveliest hours !

11.

And e'en when time life's Winter brings,
A host of sweet imaginings,
And hopes and memories divine,
I'd pray should still around thee shine,

12.

To make each birthday still more bright,
With all of Earth and Heav'n's own light,
Till, gently sinking into rest,
You wake on high to join the blest !

* * * * *

“ Saradale Villa, Co. of Cork,
August 24, 1752.

* * * “ A blank in the memorials of my little thought-book has occurred ; but oh how portentously have events filled up that period of time in my eventful life !

“ Mysterious Providence ! upon my bended knees, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, I resume my pen to leave one last record of the voiceless love and thanks that fill my soul for the merciful decree which ordained me to pass from the bitterest trials honour and affection can undergo, to that haven of peace for which I prayed so often—the bosom of my Country and my Friends. Like the poor tired bird that long has fluttered over the troublous Ocean, panting for a home-ship to alight upon, *there* to close its trembling wings and die—so have I hoped for, struggled, and at last have found *my* resting-place in fatherland with the beloved ones who make my world ; and *now*, knowing all, and convinced that a futurity of happiness awaiteth *them*, I am more than content—I *wish* to go to God ! * * *

* * * * *

"How wondrously was I restored to you, my Eva! and how 'passing strange' have been your destinies and mine, through weal and woe, upon this earth! I feel as if writing on the grave that opens to receive me; but the thought brings joy, not sorrow, to my heart, which dissolves in hope, and tenderness, and peace, while thus I breathe my prayer—it may be my *last* on earth—for you and *him* who will be happier in YOUR wedded love than he could have ever been in MINE!

Yes! you will be mutually blest, for Ogilvie's heart is made up of generosity and honour, and his feelings are keen and bright and true as the Damascus blade, while yours are all a woman's ought to be! Farewell! ye dear ones of my soul! May life with all its best and purest joys spread smilingly around you, and make this world almost as brilliant and as beautiful as that celestial one which opens to my spiritual sight in wondrous and undying radiance! *There* we shall meet again. And thou! my more than Mother—love, such as angels feel, burns within my heart when reverentially I turn to that dear image. Then, Farewell *Thou!* and let that word of solemn memories extend

to my kind aunt, to faithful Norah, to Jessie, and to all whom I have loved !

“Blessed be your fates on earth, and peaceful be your hours when they draw towards a close, as hers who, at this moment, in humility, and faith, and hope, stands on the isthmus between Life and Death ! * *

* * * * *

I am summoned, and I go to attend the public trial of William O’Sullivan ! Yet now, even *now*, when all his misdeeds, like a black scroll, spread forth over a stormy and a hideous past, praised be God I feel that holy power within my heart which enables me to say with solemn truth, *I do forgive him*. May pardon more omnipotent than mine descend upon the sinner from on High !

* * * * *

“I will seal up, direct, and place these papers in my desk, so that the moment it is opened, when I am no more, they will present themselves.

* * * * *

* * * I have done so :—and now I feel as if no longer of this earth. My spirit, fluttering on the verge of the future world,

trusts—nay, SEES—that Heaven and happiness are near, for a strange presentiment assures me *I shall die soon, and of a broken heart!*

“Love, and sometimes think of me, my friends! Thus, without disturbing your felicity,—let my memory live embalmed within your hearts; I ask no dearer shrine.

“To all—to each—a long, a fond Adieu! Am I superstitious, or is it indeed the *last* Farewell of

“EDITH O'MOORE?”

* * * * *

And it was the last! And Edith's prediction of the near approach, and even of the nature of her death, had been mysteriously fulfilled! *She died of a broken heart!*

Over the feelings—the overwhelming emotions—which the perusal of her manuscript created, we drop the veil of sympathy and silence.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ Within his soul
His thoughts like troubled waters roll.”—BYRON.

“ Now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilt unto the point
With crowns imperial.” SHAKESPEARE.

LET many months of suffering pass unrecorded away, during which Religion and Time, the great, perhaps the only real soothers of human sorrow, had produced their usual influence over the hearts of those who, though somewhat calmer in their grief, still deeply mourned the fate of Edith O'Moore. Drying the natural tears that were shed for her loss, let us then shift our narrative to other scenes.

Nurse Norah had perfectly recovered from her serious indisposition, but, although that circumstance relieved our heroine of much anxiety, still she continued to suffer acutely, both mentally and physically. Despite of this, vain had been the entreaties of her friends to induce her to try the effects of

change of scene, in the hope of restoring health of mind and body to their original strength. Importunities on this point were earnestly seconded by those of the warm-hearted, though cold-mannered, Mrs. Sarsdale, who kindly offered to enact the Chaperone, if our heroine would consent to travel. Since bereft of her beloved niece, Mrs. Sarsdale had in fact transferred her affections—which when once awakened were by no means languid—to our Eva, in testimony of which she bequeathed to her the whole of a considerable fortune.

Thus worldly wealth seemed to pour its golden treasures almost too abundantly upon our heroine, for, in addition to her own estates, with those of Mrs. Sarsdale, and the possessions of the lamented Edith, the large property of the Marchioness of Tullibardine had been settled entirely on her granddaughter. But in as far as self was concerned, all this species of mundane prosperity brought little happiness to Eva O'Sullivan. Her thoughts still dwelt but too continuedly with the dead, and hitherto she had resisted even the appeals of her beloved Ogilvie, when he besought her to try the effect of travelling

with him and Mrs. Sarsdale; for, with that *vis inertiae* which we often see attendant on affliction, she shrank from the idea of leaving the spot where her grief could be indulged by pilgrimages to that Mecca of her heart—the grave of her departed friend!—whose memory was green within her soul, though the first exquisite keenness of human suffering was past. This was in the natural course of human feelings, as an extended period had elapsed since the death of Edith O'Moore.

Notwithstanding that circumstance, however, neither entreaties nor arguments had prevailed in inducing Eva to leave Sarsdale Villa, and as ineffectual were the importunities of her affianced bridegroom on a more important point, that of persuading her to become his wife sooner than the epoch which she fixed for that event, namely, the expiration of a year of mourning for her lost, lamented Edith! The twelvemonth—one of probation to the impatient lover—was now within a week of its termination; but, on the very morning when, amid tears, smiles, and blushes, Eva consented to become the bride of Ogilvie the moment Lady Tullibardine joined them, he received a letter which

gave the startling intelligence that at length Prince Charles Edward Stuart, with a small knot of devoted friends, had actually arrived *incognito* in London; an event which had been unavoidably and indefinitely postponed for months subsequent to the communication that first broached the subject to our hero. The epistle was written in the cipher usually adopted by the Prince, and briefly contained the necessary address, with an affectionate injunction to join him without delay.

Supported by the approbation and entreaties of his affianced bride, Ogilvie resolved that even love itself should not interfere with the duty which loyalty and affection towards Charles Edward equally enjoined. During the year which had elapsed since the private announcement of the intention of the Prince to adjourn secretly to London, many had been the affectionate letters which passed between the Marchioness of Tullibardine and her beloved grand-daughter. In each of them the fondest hopes, wishes, and intentions were expressed, and latterly impatience for their reunion had evinced itself with almost painful eagerness. But having once joined the Prince, under the idea of an earlier removal

to England, the delicacy of Lady Tullibardine deterred her from any proceeding which might have even a semblance of desertion, especially as the defection of some of the most powerful Jacobites had come to Charles Edward's knowledge, and had awoke his suspicions of many of his party. Under those circumstances Lady Tullibardine, notwithstanding powerful inducements to the contrary, determined not to leave the Prince until after his arrival in London, and had abided by that resolution.

The apostacy of *soi-disant* friends which we have mentioned, and important changes in the political aspect of the affairs of Europe within the last twelve months, had caused the hopes which primarily filled the mind of Ogilvie to merge into apprehension, not only for the success of the desperate scheme, but even for the life of his Royal Master. To the penetration of our hero, the plan, now on the point of execution, seemed fraught with ruin; for, the phantasmagoria of Ambition could no longer blind him to the realities of Truth. In proportion, however, to the palpable peril in which Charles Edward Stuart from his own impatience had wantonly placed

himself, the resolution of Lord Ogilvie to share, and if possible to avert it, grew stronger. Hence, no personal sacrifice—no extent of danger—could deter him from supporting a Prince who was dearer to him on the verge of destruction than he could have been under the most brilliant success. Therefore, though viewing with a prophetic eye the evil issue of the hazardous enterprise just undertaken, our hero instantly wrote to signify his determination to adjourn to London, to throw himself at the feet, and to share the fortunes, of his Royal Master.

Equally expeditious were his Lordship's arrangements respecting his idolized betrothed. The Prince's letter was accompanied by one from the Marchioness of Tullibardine, which announced that she had travelled *incog.* with the Prince to England, and had just made Erlinghame Court her temporary domicile, where she received the most affectionate welcome from her old friend, Mr. Yates, the Master of that ancient Manor. Within her Ladyship's letter an invitation was enclosed from that gentleman to the inmates of Sarsdale Villa, entreating them to make his house their home, and to

lose no time in joining Lady Tullibardine there. This missive was couched in the warmest terms, and entreated Lord Ogilvie, on the score of the ancient friendship which existed between them, to use all his influence with the ladies of his domestic circle to consent to adjourn to and remain at Erlinghame Court during the inevitable absence of his Lordship in London, a request in which Mrs. Yates most cordially united. With the approbation of Mrs. Sarsdale and our heroine, this kind invitation was at once accepted in the reply which Ogilvie despatched; and in conformity with his own and Eva's wishes, the Marchioness was requested to narrate the whole of their history to Mr. and Mrs. Yates, who, as has been mentioned, were old and staunch friends, not only of the Lady Tullibardine, but also of the bridegroom elect.

All reluctance to travel vanished at once from Eva's mind, under the delightful prospect of so speedily meeting her beloved Grandmother, never more to part!—and moments seemed hours to her excited imagination during the necessary preparations for the intended journey. It would be super-

fluous to dilate further on the happy anxiety felt by our heroine to clasp once more to her heart the admirable woman who, while in total ignorance of the close ties of blood which united them, had extended all a Mother's tender care towards an unknown and neglected child. As has been stated, letters "full of thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," had frequently passed between them on the subject, in various communications sent privately to France, which detailed the whole account of past and present events.

The warm invitation to Erlinghame Court was, in fact, the result of the Marchioness having dropped some hints of the actual position of existing circumstances, and when, in accordance with the permission she received, they were fully revealed to her Ladyship's host and hostess, nothing could exceed the anxiety they evinced in longing for the arrival of their expected guests.

Devoted heart and soul to the cause of the Stuarts, as their ancestors had been for many generations, Mr. Yates and his wife felt happily elated at the prospect of receiving under their hospitable roof, not only their own

personal friend with his affianced bride, but also the cherished favourites of their beloved Prince. The certainty of becoming intimately known to the bride-elect of Lord Ogilvie they felt to be no common privilege, and such a prospect filled their warm hearts with the most delightful anticipations. Thus the position of the lovers, diversified as it had ever been by cloud and sunshine, was on the whole comparatively happy, when, on their arrival at Erlinghame Court, they were clasped in strong but silent emotion to the heart of Lady Tullibardine;—the next moment, they knelt together at her feet, while, trembling with the excitement of her feelings, she pronounced a solemn benediction on their anticipated union.

It would retard the progress of events too materially were we to dwell on the minutiae of the introduction of the respective parties at that memorable meeting, or on the relative sensations of our principal characters as, after long desolation, their hearts unfolded to hope and happiness, during the scene of their reunion at Erlinghame Court. Suffice it then to say, that as soon as the first overwhelming tide of emotion had merged into

something like a calm, a sense of the noblest affections which can invigorate the human breast fixed their feelings upon the chivalric and Royal personage to whom they believed such impulses were due. Under the influence of this conviction—in which the Marchioness and her lovely grand-daughter, allowing no selfish considerations to sway their conduct, perfectly agreed—Ogilvie, on the evening of his arrival at Erlingham Court, bade a fervent Adieu to its inmates, and, tearing himself from the arms of his Eva and all that he loved best on the earth, he proceeded with unbounded haste to join the Prince in London. While the journey was rapidly being pursued, his Lordship endeavoured to quell the tumult of his thoughts, and to arrest them, almost to the exclusion of all dearer ones, upon the situation and prospects of Charles Edward Stuart. The longer he pondered on the subject, the more apprehensive he became of the results of an enterprise which, to the clear-sightedness of Ogilvie's mind, seemed to the last degree chimerical and hazardous.

No enthusiasm could blind him to the positive danger attendant on the present *inco-*

nito visit of the Prince, whose ablest friends had vainly attempted to dissuade him from a measure so fraught with peril to his cause. With that obstinacy of character, however, which, with the exception of Charles II., seems to have been inherent and hereditary in all the Stuarts, the Prince, notwithstanding the warnings thus bestowed, determined to carry his point ; and, having once achieved it so far as to have reached London without discovery, he fondly trusted the result would exceed his most sanguine expectations.

But the best-informed and cleverest Jacobites in England, who had never approved of the impracticable scheme which had been so rashly formed, foresaw that it would crumble into atoms beneath the test of experience, and were full of apprehensions for the consequences.

None felt more alarm on the subject than Lord Ogilvie, whose fears had been strengthened by Mr. Yates having taken precisely the same view of it ; and though they had mutually concealed their apprehensions from the ladies at Erlinghame Court, yet so powerful were their own prophetic anticipations of coming evil, that, before the departure of our hero, it was privately arranged that, if

unpropitious fate rendered such a measure necessary, Lord Ogilvie should exert all his power over the mind of the Royal Stuart to persuade him to adjourn secretly to Erlinghame Court. Concealment from his enemies was deemed more likely to be found within its ancient walls than elsewhere, if the Prince could only be persuaded to accept it until the future assumed a more definite and favourable aspect.

It was no common consolation to our hero's agitated and anxious mind to know that in case of the worst he had thus secured a safe asylum for his beloved Prince in the bosom of friends devoted to his interests. The Yates family—as mentioned in "Doomsday Book"—came over to England with William the Conqueror. Their descendants possessed the manor of Erlinghame Court for more than seven centuries, had ever adhered to the religion of their forefathers, and, from the accession of James I., had as uniformly evinced the warmest attachment to the House of Stuart. The present occupants were, as we have seen, not a whit behind their ancestors in hereditary devotion to that royal and unfortunate race. Of this Charles Edward was well aware, and, consi-

dering Mr. Yates as one of his most faithful adherents, the missive which apprised him of the secret arrival of the expatriated Prince in the British metropolis had, in testimony of such feelings, been accompanied by a splendid portrait of his Royal Highness, privately brought from France for the acceptance of the present Master of Erlinghame Court. As may be imagined, this touching proof of regal gratitude was received by the Yates family with enthusiastic thanks. No relic of Catholic superstition was ever regarded with more reverential devotion; and high with pride and hope beat the hearts of the possessors of this picture-treasure, when they beheld it duly installed in the great saloon of Erlinghame Court, between two quaint and massive pilasters of carved black oak,* surmounted by a canopy of purple velvet, in the centre of which a jewelled diadem and an enormous cockade of white ribbon, rested, while the Prince's portrait was protected in front from the touch of the profane by a magnificent screen of railings formed of the finest Corinthian brass.

* See note at the end of the volume.

CHAPTER IX.

* *The sermon.*

"*Thou shouldst sing 'Gloria in excelsis' first sleep.*"

DRYDEN.

THE general tendency of Europe at the period of which we write did not point towards constitutional change. The House of Hanover was almost universally considered as firmly seated on the throne of England: the restoration of that of Stuart, except by a small section of the political world, was deemed impracticable; and the great subject of parliamentary eloquence (and never was the oratory of St. Stephen's more effective) was chiefly directed, not to the extinction of the hopes of the Jacobites, but to the more pressing questions connected with the commercial and social interests of Great Britain, which, notwithstanding the superior abilities of Sir Robert Walpole, had materially sunk under the administration of that distinguished Statesman. The speeches of the factions were filled with complaints

upon this subject, and a vast quantity of popular excitement was created by the struggles of the pending Westminster election. The interposition of Ministers in favour of Lord Trentham—the Court candidate—against his competitor, Sir George Vandeput, a private gentleman whom the electors of Westminster had set up at their own expense, exasperated the latter to a degree of turbulence which threatened to baffle the designs of their opponents. Animosity in its most virulent form was recklessly displayed by both parties, and the whole interest of St. James's was actively put in force against the practical and menacing measures which filled the city of Westminster with uproar, outrage, and tumult.

The Government likewise viewed with alarm the uncertain tenure of the peace between Great Britain and France at this juncture, and regarded with equal apprehension the critical situation of affairs in Germany and Spain. The precarious results of the conferences held at this period at Madrid by the Plenipotentiary of England and the Minister of Spain in discussion of important international questions, which had been left

unsettled by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, also occasioned no small degree of anxiety at the Court of St. James's. The British Government likewise suffered much perplexity in endeavouring to compromise the disputes existing as to the establishment of the limits of the new Colony of Nova Scotia; a question which every day became more difficult to adjust, in consequence of the finesse, chicanery, and procrastination of the French Commissioners, who opposed the justice of the English claims upon that subject.

The impending danger of a rupture between Russia and Sweden, which, if effected, would oblige England to espouse the cause of the latter power, also engrossed much of the attention of George II. and his Court. Those serious questions, combined with negotiations with foreign countries of vital importance to the commerce of Great Britain, were alone sufficient to employ the time and thoughts of the advisers of his Britannic Majesty. Thus, the public mind being directed to so many subjects fraught with importance to the national interests of England, little time was left to bestow on minor considerations.

Frederick Prince of Wales, the head and prop of the opposition, was every day becoming more and more violent in his hatred to the Ministry, and took such a determined part in favour of the independent electors of Westminster, that his Royal Highness actually hallooed the voters on to Brentford from his sedan chair, in which he sat under the Park wall, dressed in a green frock-coat!*

The Jacobites were so transported at this circumstance, that they began to collect subscriptions for all boroughs that should be open, and unquestionably the complicated aspect of public affairs, at which we have merely glanced, had no small share in actuating the more headlong and least sagacious section of that party, to encourage secretly the present wild and dangerous visit of Charles Edward Stuart to the metropolis of England.

When we consider the condition to which the Jacobites were reduced at the time their impracticable scheme was adopted, it seems to have mainly originated in a sort of insane impatience and indignation manifested by the expatriated Prince at the defection of many

* See Horace Walpole's Letters.

of the leaders of his party in England, who, influenced mainly by self-interested motives, had changed their principles, and abandoned a cause to which they had steadfastly adhered for so many years. It was fondly imagined by the minor but more faithful portion of the Stuart's adherents, that the re-appearance of Charles Edward at this juncture in Great Britain might lead those deserters from a political creed to rejoin and rally round their legitimate Prince.

This hope was augmented by the supposition that the disputes which subsisted not only with foreign powers, but internally within the British dominions, must eventually shake the stability of the crown of George II.—an erroneous conclusion, which doubtless had considerable influence on the adoption of an ill-advised and most presumptuous step. Night had closed in when Lord Ogilvie, fatigued in mind and body, entered London: but an instant was not lost in repairing to the secret residence of his Royal Master. Our hero gently gave the preconcerted knock and signal at the door of the mansion. It was instantaneously, though cautiously answered, and in a few moments

his Lordship found himself once more in the presence of Charles Edward Stuart! Subsequent details will perhaps find their best exposition in the private letter with which we shall commence the following chapter.

CHAPTER X.

From the Right Hon. Lord Ogilvie

To the Hon. Eva O'Sullivan.

“London, September 10, 1753.

“**I AM at length alone, indulging in the deep and silent feelings of an overladen heart.**

“At this midnight hour, oppressed by anxious forebodings, I have but one consolation, that of opening my whole soul to you, my life, my Eva!—*you*, whom I love with an excessive tenderness, a truth and fervency of passion, which no words that human lips have ever uttered could adequately tell, nor the outpourings of any pen, however eloquent, describe. What an utter contrast to the one bright vision which so lately absorbed all my fondest feelings is the present now before me! If human nature is a mystery, life is scarcely less so. Its disk is perpetually changing, and events are as constantly occurring which alter in an instant

the whole tenor of our existence, and colour it for ever. I cannot ascribe those incidents to what the world calls chance ; I love rather to refer them to the One Great Cause, who directs and ordains the destinies of his creatures. Viewed in that light, perhaps I ought to restrain the feverish anxieties, the distracting fears, that fill my mind for the fate of our beloved Prince, fears which, since I have seen him, are augmented a thousandfold !

“ I arrived in London late in the evening, and instantly adjourned to this mansion.

“ Having passed the countersign, I was admitted in cautious silence. The flashing of a strong light suspended from the ceiling of a large and ancient chamber fell direct upon the figure of Prince Charles, when, my heart heaving with emotion, I entered the presence at the moment that my Title was announced in a low and suppressed tone. He was walking rapidly up and down the saloon, which, being wainscoted with black oak, and illumined only by one antique bronze lamp, was half in darkness. The whole mind of the Prince seemed engrossed in reading fragments from a large packet of

letters which he held ; and so absorbed was he in their perusal that he never heard my whispered name, nor perceived my entrance until I bowed my knee before him in proof of honour, homage, and devotion.

“The intense expression of Charles Edward’s eye, which in his more impassioned moments it is scarcely an exaggeration to say shoots fire, flashed in sudden delight on recognising me, and, with the glow of rich and **rapid feeling on his countenance, he raised** me up and clasped me to his breast, as if I had been an equal and a brother. His eloquence was perhaps never more magical than during the long conversation which ensued. Superb and solemn dreams of success expanded into majesty and beauty while he spoke, and the spell was so brilliant, the power of his creations so omnipotent, that it was only when he ceased to dwell upon them that I felt they were but self-deceptions, visions of his fancy, ‘a baseless fabric’ melting into air ! Though at the risk of awakening the displeasure of my Prince, I ventured cautiously, but firmly, to controvert his unfeasible projects, and to point out as the climax to my arguments the absolute mad-

ness of making any attempt to recover the Throne of his ancestors at the *present* juncture.

“His Highness heard me with profound attention, and in reply to my last suggestion assured me (I believe with truth) that no such intention was the focus of his plot, declaring that his visit to London was made solely with the design of personally ascertaining in secret the actual state of political feeling in England, and in the hope that those who had deserted him would return to their duty, and accept the pardon which his gallant spirit yearned to bestow. It was no common consolation, dearest Eva, to receive this assurance; and, after some further desultory conversation, the spirits of his Royal Highness, despite my evil prognostics, rose to their most brilliant flow. With a point and raciness of humour no words could represent, he then recounted many amusing anecdotes, giving, in particular, a playful sketch of the astonishment and consternation of my Lady Primrose on the following occasion. The Prince, tired of walking through St. James’s and the Mall, which in broad daylight he was so incautious as to

parade openly in his own dress (having taken no precaution against recognition, except laying aside his blue ribbon and star), suddenly resolved to go to her Ladyship's house without having given the slightest preparatory information.

“It so happened,” said his Highness, with the gleeful chuckle of a schoolboy who plays a trick on his preceptor, “that my Lady Primrose had a large company that evening. All were assembled, and she herself was playing at cards. I had given a fictitious name to the servant in waiting. On hearing it announced, my Lady Primrose raised her eyes, when on beholding me she started, changed colour, and thought the cards would have dropped from her hands.* Giving me a look in which affection and alarm were beautifully blended, she involuntarily glanced, as she rose from her seat, at my own portrait, which actually hung over the chimney-piece, and which she afterwards told me the very servants remarked was “so wonderfully like the strange gentleman!” †

“Nothing daunted I advanced, and, making my best Parisian bow, seized her

* Historical.

† Idem.

hand, pressed it to my lips, and poured forth a torrent of compliments on her Ladyship's good looks. This was skilfully done, for it gave time to rally, and, devoted to me as my Lady Primrose is—almost as much so as my own glorious Flora Macdonald—she smiled a smile that nobody understood but myself, and, returning all my congratulations, addressed me by my assumed name, asked when I came to England, and how long I intended to remain.

“ ‘If my tell-tale eye had been carefully scrutinized, I fear it would have betrayed my lurking, playful triumph at the success of my *ruse*, when I answered,—I hope for life, as I have no longer a desire to *promener mes ennuis ailleurs*.

“ ‘Ha, ha, ha! laughed her clever Ladyship; I rejoice to hear you say so; though *je m'en doute*, for you are so *volage*! And having, with all the graceful fluency and ready *tact* of a woman of the world, made a few more trifling observations, she resumed her cards, having furtively given me a beseeching glance to leave the room.’

“ ‘Which of course your Royal Highness disobeyed?’ I ventured to remark.

“ ‘ *Cela va sans dire !* ’ laughingly replied the Prince; ‘ and to make my poor lady-friend feel even more fidgety, I walked deliberately to the mantel-piece, and stood erect beneath the striking likeness of my Royal self !’

“ ‘ My dear Prince ! how could you be so very, very indiscreet ! ’ involuntarily passed my lips.

“ ‘ Oh ! remember the motto on our standard in the sequestered vale of Glenfinnan, when it was unfurled there by dear old gallant Tullibardine—*Tandem triumphans !* I felt the spirit of those glorious words burn within me, and that I bore “ a charmed life,” against which nothing human could prevail ! Therefore, enjoying my *incoxnito* exceedingly, I chatted *à l’outrance* on all the topics of the day, and with such apparent *gusto* for the Hanoverian Elector, that I could perceive many of my auditors exchange glances which bespoke their doubts of their fair hostess’s loyalty to the Stuarts, since she had given a cordial welcome to such an anti-Jacobite as myself !’

“ The merry laugh and joyous excitement with which His Royal Highness concluded this anecdote I should vainly attempt to

depict; but the gaiety of his countenance relaxed to an expression of deep feeling as he proceeded to describe the condition of poor Lady Primrose, when, having at length seen her last guest depart, she locked the drawing-room door, and, clasping her hands and raising her tearful eyes, beaming with all that is best in the heart of woman, knelt at his feet.

“ ‘Ogilvie,’ continued His Royal Highness with his own peculiar smile, ‘the unvacillating firmness and exquisite goodness of the sweet creature almost overcame me, when, insisting on her rising, I placed her on a seat at my side, and, having attempted to portray my thanks, communicated every particular of my present position.

“ ‘She heard me with intense interest, and, when I ceased to speak, implored permission to send *instantly* for our famous Jacobite friend, the Dr. King, on whose opinion she seemed to rely with almost superstitious reverence. In this I by no means concurred, but, reluctant to refuse any request from my fair suppliant, I consented to allow her to summon him immediately, only making it an indispensable proviso that

not a word of preparation for the truth should be communicated.

“ ‘ To this she was obliged to submit, and a short note, simply desiring to see him, was instantly written by my Lady Primrose to the sapient Doctor. The servants failed to observe that I had not departed with the other guests ; taking advantage of which, her Ladyship led me by a back staircase to her own dressing-room. There leaving and imploring me to be as silent as the grave, she descended to her Salon, where, having given the note for Dr. King to one of her lackeys to deliver, she awaited his return.

“ ‘ A short time brought the Dr. King *in propria personâ*, when, without a word of preparation, Lady Primrose led him to her dressing-room, and there presented him to “ The Regent, Charles Edward Stuart ! ” *

“ ‘ Ogilvie ! ’ exclaimed the Prince, with a laugh as joyous as that of his ancestor, ‘ the Merry Monarch, ’ ‘ how I wish you had seen the “ Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxon, ” as he pompously loves to be designated ! No *jeu d’esprit* in his “ *Somnium Academicum* ” is half so amusing as the then appear-

* Historical.

ance of its celebrated author. He looked as astonished, though not as delighted, as if popped upon the woolsack! *Du reste*, his three-cornered cocked hat quivered under his arm, doubtless in homage to my royal presence. The black ribbon that carefully tied up his *queue* sympathized in the same tremulous emotion, and Marechale powder sprinkled his legal shoulders, while his learned pate, shaking like a mandarin's, bowed in silent homage as he knelt before me! He actually writhed as one stretched upon the rack, in the effort he made while performing all the usual courtesies; nor were his embarrassments lessened when, on his rising up, I acquainted him with the motives which had induced me to hazard a journey to England.

“‘Vainly he tried to disguise his vexation, and as soon as I permitted him to speak, he assumed an air of profound respect and launched forth into a series of platitudes against the possibility of my success, which, unlike the seductions of the original serpent, only confirmed me to act in opposition to the dictates of the modern viper!’

“‘And if such is your Highness’s opinion,

why rest within his coils? I ventured to observe.

“ ‘For this simple reason, that at present they are too much entangled round me and mine to permit emancipation,’ rejoined the Prince, adding however, with great good humour, and as if half-repentant of his bitter sarcasm, ‘after all, perhaps I may be wrong in my suspicions of the learned pundit, for it is often difficult to form an accurate estimate of men of his *calibre*. At all events, I must at this juncture *seem* to trust him, since he is the only conspicuous Jacobite at the University of Oxford. In proof then of unbounded confidence, I extended my Royal condescension so far as to sculk to his house to take tea with him the other evening. I promise you I enjoyed the scene amazingly, and played the incipient Monarch in the most effective style, especially when—though his affectation of courage was excellently ridiculous—even a sound in the street would cause my pedagogue to start in alarm, and offer to hide me in his China closet!’

“ ‘The few sarcasms in which I indulged on such occasions by no means pleased the Dr. King, who, to prove the sincerity of his

devotion to our cause, punished my implied suspicions by quoting his celebrated speech at the opening of the Radcliffe Library, in his capacity of public orator of the University of Oxford, which he asserts was the main cause of the grand meeting and union between Frederick of Hanover's party and the Jacobites, at the St. Alban's tavern last year.'

"Here again I ventured to interpose an opinion, that, however questionable the sincerity of Dr. King might be, his talents were indubitable, and that, as heretofore they had been publicly wielded in the right cause, it was somewhat dangerous to betray suspicions that might enlist them to the benefit of the opposite party.

" 'Most true, my dear Prime Minister!' playfully rejoined the Prince, laying his hand with affectionate earnestness upon my shoulder. 'The natural instinct of the tiger is to turn on his master at any movement it dislikes, and to devour him *instantly*! therefore, if King chooses to forsake my banner and join a knot of perjured recreants, he shall have no deed of mine to plead in extenuation of apostacy. On reflection I felt the necessity of this so strongly, that no later

that last night I volunteered another descent upon the Doctor's tea-table,—when, lo! I found him more pusillanimous than ever respecting the safety of my Royal person! And on what evidence think you, my Lord?—No less than on that of his own *valet de chambre*, who, after I had left the other evening, said to his master that he thought his new visitor very like Prince Charles! The Doctor, in ill-suppressed alarm, exclaimed: Why, have you ever seen Prince Charles?—No, Sir, replied the fellow; but this gentleman, whoever he may be, exactly resembles the busts which are sold in Red Lion Street, and which are said to be the busts of Prince Charles Edward Stuart!*

“Thus, Ogilvie, you see, I am at least an object of *idol*-worship! How pure the incense which fumes before my altar, whether it be taken from the sacred shrine of loyalty, or from the unhallowed repositories of political apostasy, time only can decide!”

“There was something exquisitely affecting in the tone in which the last words were uttered, for it involuntarily betrayed how deeply the generous and sensitive nature of

* See note at the end of the volume.

the Prince had been wounded by the desertion of many of his pseudo-friends. His Royal Highness turned pale, his countenance changed, and the faintness of his voice presented a remarkable contrast to his previously bold, humorous, and sarcastic enunciation. He thrust his right hand into his bosom, and pressed his heart, as if the gesture was excited by the indignation of a powerful recollection.

“Seeing this, I availed myself of the feelings of the moment, by gently, yet firmly urging that the last anecdote was undoubtedly calculated to create the strongest apprehensions in regard to the personal safety of his Royal Highness, for that every moment his identity was subject to being publicly recognised and acted upon by his enemies. Even this self-evident truth failed to quell the gallant and determined spirit of the Prince. It was not to be repelled, and as, bursting into a new chain of arguments, he warmed with his theme, and poured out a catalogue of dangers he had passed scathless on flood and field, he ridiculed the idea that at the present crisis fortune should prove less favourable.

“Solicitude on my side, however, was equally indomitable, and at length, by dint of pressing him from point to point, with respectful energy and some *finesse*, I succeeded in extracting this promise—that if eventually my sense of the ruin our cherished Prince was preparing for himself proved unfortunately correct, he would at once consent to fly with me to Erlinghame Court, and secrete himself within its walls until he could privately effect an escape to the Continent.

“The countenance of his Royal Highness visibly exhibited the reluctance and perturbation of his mind, as after many demurs he granted my last fervent prayer.

“A feverish restlessness—I had almost said a peevishness—was perceptible in a marked and sudden change of manner, as, having given the promise, he coldly requested a truce to politics. But scarcely had the words passed his lips, than, as if angry with himself for momentary impatience, he took my hand, and with unaffected kindness said, ‘Ogilvie, I feel I have been over hasty to you, my best, my dearest friend! Prove that my testiness has not rankled in your

breast, by telling me everything connected with your own affairs, in return for my *historiettes*.

“ ‘ How is the lovely Eva, whom I long to salute as your bride elect, and as the granddaughter of our justly revered and admirable Lady Tullibardine? Many, many a weary hour *en route* has been relieved—nay, totally deprived of tedium—while the Marchioness recounted, at my request, the romantic story of your love, and of her felicity at finding in the fair being she so long had cherished the child of her own lost daughter! Truly, I thought my adventurous wanderings in the Highlands with the queen of heroines, my devoted Flora MacDonald, could never be surpassed in aught of the wild and wonderful; but they are almost eclipsed by the extraordinary incidents I have heard from Lady Tullibardine. Ogilvie! my heart, though used to misery, bled for Edith O’Moore! and if The O’Sullivans had not met their proper fate, I do believe my own right trusty sword would have leaped from the scabbard to inflict it! But come, tell me, and quickly, for it waxes late, all that remains for me to know, as I fancy Lady Tullibardine’s nar-

native was only an abridgment of her veritable romance."

"I immediately complied with the Royal command, and, as far as possible, with perfect unreserve.

"Aware, however, of the fine delicacy of the Prince's feelings, I glossed over as much as I could the severe trial to which I was recently subjected in leaving you, my heart's best treasure! almost at the very moment when before the altar of our God you were to become my own, my peerless, precious Bride. Our generous Prince turned red and pale alternately while I related some portions of the sad dark history of our lamented Ellen which the Marchioness had not commingled; and as I detailed them and our agonies at her sudden death, together with the postponement of our marriage in consequence thereof Charles Edward wrung my hand in strong emotion, while a tear stole down beneath the long eyelash, and quietly fell down his manly cheek.

"After the pause of a moment, the Prince, in broken accents, expressed his heartfelt sympathy, and, pouring forth a flood of thanks, avowed that, if increased danger eventually

forced his retreat to Erlinghame, he should there have the privilege of bestowing upon me that treasure which even to think of wakens ecstasy—your hand in marriage! Oh, how my blood boiled with rapture at that bright vision, which wound up my senses to such a pitch of excitement, that without waiting your consent, sweet love, I gave the required promise in our united names! I feel—at least I trust—that you will not condemn this pledge; for, knowing how superior you are to all conventional coyness, and how immeasurably you soar above the affectations of your sex, I rest assured that, if circumstances render it essential to the safety of the Prince to escape to the Continent, even on the day he reaches Erlinghame you will consent to go with me in His presence, and that of all the friends around you, to the altar of the church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, which, fortunately for the secrecy we must observe, belongs to the Yates family, and lies within the precincts of the manor. This, my beloved one, I implore you not to refuse, even if you and Lady Tullibardine cannot make up your minds that ‘we three’ should accom-

pany the Royal Exile in his renewed expatriation. Tell all these particulars, dearest, with my reverential love, to the Marchioness, and with warmest remembrances to your hospitable host and hostess, whose affectionate kindness to the treasure of my heart I never can forget.

“And now, my love, to show you that the flash of happiness at the prospect of soon possessing you for ever (bewildering as it was from intensity of brilliance) did not quite distract my judgment, know that I disappointed the gallant Prince by declining to accompany him abroad with my *wife* (blessed word!) and our dear Marchioness, *unless* I obtained your mutual consent to that important step.

“Reward this, my forbearance, by your most radiant smile, and, with the beautiful sincerity of your transparent character, say in your reply—which, remember, I expect to be a long one—whether you and our revered Lady Tullibardine can fulfil one of the dearest wishes of my heart by magnanimously pledging yourselves to unite with me in joining all our fates and fortunes with the destiny of Charles Edward Stuart. If, as

my heart foretels, you return an affirmative to this important question, bear in mind, my dearest, that we must be willing and ready, at a moment's notice, to escape with our illustrious Prince to the Continent, if circumstances essential to his safety should compel that measure. Surely the spell of human hearts is love, and under all its varied modifications sacrifices are light and easy of endurance—or rather are not felt *at all*—when offered at the shrine of those most dear. But as I wish to leave you uninfluenced in your decision as to accompanying the Prince abroad, I will not say another word upon that subject. ‘*Tant de gens parlent d’amour, et si peu savent aimer* :’ I am far from disputing that axiom, but I assert that when the deep, deep passion which forms the dream of boyhood is realized, with all its fervent truth, in later years, *then* separation from its object, so far from erasing, only fixes the imperishable impression of the noblest of the passions.

“Yes, I know, I **FEEL** that absence is the nourisher of true affection.

“It may extinguish the phantasies of a slight attachment, but increases the power

of a *real* one; and I am thoroughly convinced that when pure and genuine love is felt *by* and *for* a virtuous object, it is capable of elevating our fallen nature to its highest point of comparative perfection. Many admit this, but at the same time maintain that the converse of the proposition may be equally true, for that overwhelming love often leads to crime.

“There I differ: because when, as we too often see, humanity becomes degraded to the slavery of vice, dignifying it with the *name*, not the *sentiment*, of Love, we ever find that beings misguided under such a fatal influence become incapable of feeling the latter in its real sense, and during their guilty career are actuated by passion, not affection, by impulse, not principle, by the sins and not by the virtues of the heart.

“On the other hand, when an attachment *such as ours*, my Eva, dwells in the upright spirit, what grace, dignity, and solace it throws over all the most important relations of social life! The excellences of feeling, sense, temper, genius, taste, which are the glories of the female nature, shine forth in their truest lustre over the domestic home,

ministering to the happiness of man, soothing his sorrows and correcting his errors. Over the whole compact of civilized life, through all its serious cares, Love, in the intensity of the devotion with which it is felt by us, diffuses a power almost divine. Look also at its influences on literature and the arts. Dante, Corneille, Petrarch, and a host of others, loved, and found themselves poets. Music is the outbreathings of the inward harmonies of Love, eloquence is its muse ;— painting and sculpture flow from the same inspiration. Orators, dramatists, warriors, nay, even *philosophers*, have obeyed the lesson legibly written in the great book of creation, and, open to the impulses of virtuous Love, have become better and more illustrious beneath its sway.

“I know *you* will not despise doctrines such as these, but, lest you should accuse my imagination of running riot, bereft of the ballast of your judgment, which, like a skilful pilot, has so often directed its course, I will turn from the master-passion of my soul to that which, next to it, engrosses my fondest feelings—Charles Edward Stuart.

“When I had ended our eventful do-

mestic histories, and that the Prince was sure he understood them all, his mercurial spirit, subject as it ever is to sudden mutations, revived to its former brilliancy, and flowed forth in a sparkling stream of anecdote, chiefly relating to the adventures of his foreign travels.

“So piquant and attractive did his conversation then become, that it was not until the waning light of the lamp, and the striking of twelve from the *Pendule*, warned us of the lateness of the hour, that either became conscious of it.

“The Prince started, and, hastily concluding a brilliant sketch of mighty Rome with which I had been favoured, said, with that grace which is so peculiarly his own—

“‘Ogilvie, with you I always forget the flight of time, which, considering the important business awaiting us to-morrow, I ought not to have done. You must be tired of my adventures, strange as they have been, but perhaps at leisure you would like to read a few, which, *currente calamo*, I put down on paper.’ The Prince then drew from his breast a small book of memoranda, and presented it to me, after which, filling

two glasses of Burgundy from a decanter that stood on a side-table, he pledged me in the well-known Jacobitical toast, 'Success to the White Rose and confusion to the White Horse!' and having appointed the hour of our next meeting, dismissed me with a kind *felice notte*.

"My first thought on finding myself alone was, as I have said, to write to my Beloved One; and so seduced have I been by the dear delight, that not until this moment have I seen that day gleams upon my windows.

"I must hie to my couch to rest, and dream of my own Eva. My first waking act shall be to despatch my special courier with this long and rambling letter, which, from its bulk, ought rather to be called a folio. By the bye, remember, dearest, that I will always send my epistolary communications by my own most faithful and well-tried servant, who will remain a day or two at Erlinghame to rest himself, and will bring back your anxiously desired answer. In these times it would not be safe for any of our party to trust the post; besides, by the proposed arrangement, we can ever write such long, long letters to each other as will,

in some degree, assuage the pangs of absence.

“In my next I will transcribe a portion of the Prince’s memoranda for your perusal, knowing how much you like to receive any portraiture of his life and character.

“And now, may all good angels guard my only love! Again, I say, write pages upon pages by my Courier, and ever rest assured of the undying affection of your devoted

“OGILVIE.”

CHAPTER XI.

*From the Honourable Eva O'Sullivan
To the Right Honourable Lord Ogilvie.*

“ Erlinghame Court, Gloucestershire,
Sept. 18, 1753.

“THE memories of the sweet though transient past, my dearest Ogilvie, must compensate for the bitter contrast of the present, unembellished as it is by your beloved presence. Truly might the great Italian poet say—

‘ Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria!’

I acknowledge this; to a certain degree I *feel* it;—and yet, supported by a fervent trust in the Almighty Being who brought us safely through a series of long-enduring sorrows, my soul springs from its temporary desolation to the buoyant hope that we shall soon—*very* soon—meet again, and under circumstances which may prove that a favourable

presentiment should be confided in as much as its reverse.

“ My mind, I think, is naturally constituted for happiness. I know that I am ardent and enthusiastic, but those very attributes, under fortunate auspices, would secure the felicity my heart tells me I could enjoy, and which your dear voice so often has assured me that I could confer.

“ The disposition, then, to look at the gloomy side of life's pictures with which you have sometimes reproached me, is an acquired, not an original, characteristic of my mind. And how acquired? By the trials, Beloved One, through which we have mutually passed—trials that brought their blight and mildew to the spirit, and bent its elastic spring beneath the pressure of real misfortune. I use the word *real*, from remembering a certain little implied censure which you gently bestowed at our last parting. Now, though I confess I can no more still the aspirations of the imagination than I can depress those of the mind and soul, of which I consider it the offspring, yet, I trust—nay *believe*—that mine is under the control and regulation of my judgment, and hence that, when the colours of my ideal

world fall over the actual one, they are but the Iris tints which beautify the horizon of existence, without misleading in the path of life.

“ Be this as it may, you will not quarrel with me *now* for allowing imagination full sway, since that fantastic power is determined to use a *Claude Lorraine* glass, wishing to invest the future *en couleur de rose* ! Neither will you condemn me for fancying myself somewhat like the shell which, long tossed on the tempestuous ocean, is eventually cast upon the sunny sands, where, though it may be found dimmed of some of its former brightness by encountered storms, it can still, when the voice of love is breathed within it, ‘ discourse sweet notes of excellent music.’— I ramble on in this wild strain, because I wish, if possible, to cheer the depression under which, it is evident, you labour as regards the future of our equally cherished and revered Prince Charles Edward. Oh ! need I say how deeply I sympathize in all your generous and warm spirit suffers upon his account, or how intensely interested I felt in perusing the details concerning him which your sweet letter gave ? I see, with you, that danger hovers round his Royal head, but

let us trust, my Ogilvie, that the shield of Omnipotence will avert it, and that the dark cloud which for so long has lowered over the fortunes of the ill-fated house of Stuart will not last *for ever*! What a volume of meaning lies in those two little words! How often they express hopes of happiness which transform this world from a howling wilderness into an earthly paradise—how often they carry to our hearts those stinging realities which probe it to the quick! Would that I possessed that penetrating vision which from its power of looking into the future is called prophetic! but as prescience is denied me, I can only hope that your anticipations of evil will prove unfounded, and that a happy instead of a tragic destiny awaits our magnanimous Prince.

- But should the almost preternatural trials of human fortitude to which he has hitherto been subjected be indeed renewed, Oh! my Ogilvie! can you for a moment doubt that with pride as well as sympathy of heart I will unite my fate to yours and his for ever! Feeling alike, reposing unbounded confidence in each other as we do, one impulse shall prescribe our thoughts and guide

our actions: wherever our beloved Prince Charles Edward wanders there we will go. Affection and loyalty of soul will make every spot *he* treads a hallowed ground; our time shall be dedicated to the consolation of his high and wounded spirit; and blessed in each other by the sacred, undying affection of wedded love, I question, dearest, whether, had we all the world with its riches and honours at command, we should be happier than then!

“In those sentiments the glorious mind of Lady Tullibardine perfectly concurs, and her pale and thoughtful brow assumed an expression almost more exalted than belongs to a creature of this earth when, in reply to my interrogation on the subject, she announced her fixed resolve to share the sequel consequences, whatever they might be, resulting from a steady adherence to the fortunes of her Prince, and her determination to accompany him and us to exile if the inscrutable decrees of Providence shall ordain that destiny. Thus, rest assured that—to use the spirited words of the Jacobite song—

‘Come weal, come woe, we’ll gather and go,
And live and die with Charlie!’

—a determination in which even our humble friends, dear darling Nurse and kind Jessie Campbell, cordially unite. As to good and generous Mrs. Sarsdale, she, of course, will return to Ireland.

“ This matter being settled, I hasten to respond to your other question. The answer is simple—Yes! beloved of my soul;—no affected coyness—no paltering with the integrity of the affections shall be mine. My knowledge of your noble heart and the reality of your attachment enables me to fix on a steady, uniform line of judging and acting, producing neither reluctance nor irresolution. Be assured then, dearest, that as my heart responsively vibrates to each emotion of yours, and reposes implicitly on the rectitude of your judgment, no sickly sentimentality nor—what is even worse—conventional affectation shall make me hesitate one moment in going with you to the Altar *whenever* you intimate that wish, and *whatever* be the circumstances under which you may express it.

“ My mind is cheered as well as composed by announcing this unequivocal compliance with your request, and I give myself up to the fond idea that reliance on our God, inde-

pendence of soul, peace of conscience, and self-approving reflections, will not fail—whatever happens—to render us supremely happy.

“ True affection is precisely the reverse to the shadow on the dial, which appears in the brightness of sunshine, but vanishes at the approach of a cloud!—for the duties and virtues of the heart especially beam forth in pure, unmingled tenderness when the dark evils of life—from which none are exempt—come to be encountered and sustained. How true is your definition of *real*—not *romantic* Love, which leads us to soar above ourselves, and aspire after that perfection which shall hereafter join the spirits of the blessed in holy communion !

“ Equally do I agree in your beautiful tribute to the efficient and lovely influences of an intellectual, sensible, and amiable woman. The virtues are contagious as well as the vices, and I believe that *her* winning softness and the potency of *her* example often lure man from the ways of sin, while, soothing his sorrows and enhancing his joys, she acts equally as the handmaid of religion and philosophy, in leading him to *real good*, whether this ascendancy is exhibited in the

touching relations of mother, wife, sister, or friend.

“ But why do you pass in silence the powerful influence which constant association with the character of a noble and enlightened man must beneficially exercise over the wedded partner of his heart? Is it that you subscribe to the impertinent definition that Man is only a biped without feathers, *malgré* his contriving sometimes to be quite as *volage* as if blest with those appendages?—But the subject is too important to be treated with flippancy. Let me then seriously request you to tell me in your next whether you agree with me in considering that the conduct of a wise and good man can be as morally and spiritually potential over the gentler sex as you have described the converse power of woman to be. In discussing *her* characteristics the other day, Mr. Yates was eloquent in defending what he called the rights of the female sex, and asserted that, on the broad principles of justice and common sense, woman ought to enjoy many social privileges from which she is at present debarred by a code of conventional and arbitrary laws, formed by man, who consequently

took especial care to frame them entirely in his own favour. He even maintained her claim to a perfect equality of intellect with your lordly sex, and argued that, as an immortal, rational, and accountable being, woman—if endowed with superior mental powers—was bound to exert them not only in promoting the happiness and welfare of her husband and children, but in benefiting society at large by bringing them to bear upon the advancement of public, moral, and intellectual good.

“The conversation was principally carried on between Mr. Yates and Lady Tullibardine. In fact, I had listened throughout with much interest, but in perfect silence, to their animated discussion; but at that particular point of it I asked Mr. Yates if his last remark applied exclusively to the oft-disputed question whether a highly-gifted woman ought or ought not to find a public channel for the outlet of her talents through the medium of her writings.

“‘Not exclusively,’ was his reply; and he was proceeding to dilate more extensively upon the subject, when the entrance of a stupid visitor compelled him to relinquish it.

Give me, therefore, your opinion on this question also; for oh! what a happy privilege to be guided by your counsel, and to refer my own judgment of right or wrong to the decision of yours! In the companionship of your mind, beloved Ogilvie, mine must ever seek its best director, relying as I do upon your admirable understanding with a confidence as implicit as that which I repose in the faithfulness of your heart. Endearred as you are to me by the most sacred sympathies of which our nature is capable, thus would I pursue, beneath your guidance, its highest aspirations and its noblest aims.

— My thoughts and pen have involuntarily wandered on to such an extent that I have scarcely left myself room to express the great pleasure I anticipate from the perusal of the *Journal* of our beloved Prince. Pray do not delay one moment in affording me that gratification, and the still dearer one of receiving a letter from you, my own—my precious love.

— How truly do you say that absence increases genuine affection! Until you left me I did not think the intensity of the devotion that throbs at my heart—the rich measure of my love—could admit of aug-

mentation ; but now I feel you are dearer to me than ever !

“ We may be sometimes mistaken in the strength, or rather in the *reality*, and consequent durability, of our sentiments, particularly when they dwell more in the imagination than in the heart : but absence soon quenches the *ignis fatuus* gleam of momentary fancy, as surely as it must add steadiness and brilliancy to the enduring light of profound attachment.

“ And yet, though convinced of this truth as thoroughly as I am of the freshness, ardour, and beautiful sincerity of your love for me, still blame not when I confess that every moment seems an age of anxiety until we meet again !

“ Neither can I, dearest Ogilvie, divest my mind of many uncontrollable fears concerning the dangers which surround you individually in your present political position. Oh ! may the invincible shield of Providence avert each peril, and protect my love from all the trials that may be gathering round him ! My thoughts are one long, unceasing prayer to God in his behalf. May it be granted ! and I feel it *will* ; for the rainbow of the

future, though still seen through mist, gives forth promise that a time will come when happiness shall visit us and all we love in the light of better days.

“ The deep, fervent sympathy of my sweet home-circle attends His Royal Highness and yourself in warm and genuine sincerity. Our dearest Lady Tullibardine especially gathers you to her heart in boundless confidence and **affection, while she invokes the blessing of** God on you, and that noble Prince whose image, with your own, is fondly woven into all her thoughts and hopes.

“ And now farewell, my own affianced one! Slowly and heavily will hours drag on their tedious course as long as you are absent: but how my heart will leap for joy when you return to bless with your presence the deep, unchangeable love—whether in life or death—of

“ EVA O’SULLIVAN.”

CHAPTER XII.

From the Right Honourable Lord Ogilvie

To the Honourable Eva O'Sullivan.

"London, Sept. 25, 1753.

"YOUR letter came home to my heart, my best beloved, with an intense power, a soothing balm, as refreshing as the dew to the opening flower, or green pastures to the weary wanderer.

"Oh! Eva, on my knees I thank the Author of all good for having blessed me with the rich treasure of your deep affection. Next to that Almighty Being, my acknowledgments are due to you, my true, kind, gentle, nay, *angelic* love, for the beautiful candour, the exquisite delicacy, the noble disinterestedness, with which you have acceded to my heart's request, and crowned my highest hopes by consenting to be my wife as soon as possibility allows you to confer that bliss.

"Your untiring devotion to the noble Prince, so mutually dear to us, magnanimously proved by your consenting to share with me his uncertain fate, and to pour into his cup of life the sympathy so soothing and congenial to his taste, also claims and receives my warmest thanks and admiration.

"I likewise feel profoundly grateful to our revered and precious Lady Tullibardine, for the beautiful unison of feeling she has equally displayed upon the same important subject; nor can I omit to record my just sense of the disinterestedness of the humbler portion of our dear home-circle in having come to a similar determination.

"May Heaven grant, my blessed Eva, that the laying of our united loyalty and affection in the shrine towards which they have so long been directed may bring at least one earthly consolation to the heart of Charles Edward Stuart: and that, even if the aspect of his future destiny be as dark as heretofore, the light of our unchanged and true devotion may mitigate its gloom!

"And now let me endeavour to answer the questions you propose. I was first going to treat them playfully, by asking whether

it was by the wand of some invisible enchanter that the salons of Erlinghame Court had suddenly been transformed into a cock-and-hen Parliament! but as I see that you wish for my serious opinions on the subjects of your recent debates, I will give them to the best of my judgment. I think, then, that you are right in your estimate of the power, the ennobling influence, which the mind and conduct of a good and enlightened man can and ought to exercise over the dear companion of his wedded life, thus perfecting and giving, as it were, a spiritual nature to that earthly union, the essential principle of which is, or at least ought to be, *Love*. The peculiar mode of man's education leads to such an expansive range for intellectual cultivation; his opportunities for practical experience in studying the details of human character and the constitution of society are so large and varied, that, even where the natural *calibre* of his mind may be inferior to that of his wedded partner, still the advantages I have named present a strong counterbalance in his favour; because, his reason having been trained to generalize, reflect, and comprehend on a scale so much more exten-

are than is allowed to woman, or than she can possibly command, his views on most subjects, especially worldly ones, are more likely to be correct than hers. A really sensible and amiable woman will unhesitatingly admit this truth, and will entertain an honest pride, a supreme delight, in being guided by the counsels, swayed by the example, and recruited into the heart of her husband, united in those holy bonds of reciprocal affection which permit no vain ambition, no unwieldy rivalry, no mean jealousy, no meddling to interfere with the maintenance of their interests, feelings, and happiness.

Under the dignity of man's authority, if modestly exerted, woman should find at once her surest protection, advantage, and felicity, giving her as it ought to do, an earthly home, a resting-place for the boundless capacities of her affections, in which, beneath the guardianship of a stronger power than her own, she may modestly repose, as on a verdant seat amid the peopled desert of human life. For where, my beloved Eva, can, nay, ought the deep convincing tenderness of woman to find and fix its happiness save in the

sacred sphere, the hallowed precincts, of *home*? In the subtle orbit of the world, believe me, that in nine cases out of ten morality is expediency, religion hypocrisy, and friendship but a name! Believe me, too, that human nature, though modified by circumstance, is essentially the same all over the earth; that its boasted wisdom is frequently folly, its pleasures unsubstantial, and that disappointment and vanity are stamped even upon its most successful enterprises.

“A refined and feeling woman, however great may be her intellectual attainments, however powerful the natural forces of her mind, will, in her progress through a state of society so cold, artificial, and eminently conventional as ours, feel herself each hour more and more unequal to its complex intrigues; and then the truth must press with increased conviction on her understanding, that domestic is the only *real*, tangible felicity on earth. Where else, indeed, can a true, warm-hearted, and right-minded woman find it? Surely not among the frigid, the selfish, and the dissimulating, of which the great masses of society are composed; where, though the eye may be dazzled and the ear flattered, the

heart remains untouched by the best feelings of her nature, if, by some fortunate concurrence of circumstances, it *does* con-
unpolluted amidst the corrupt and homogeneous alloy of such a factitious state of things.

“Neither can *happiness* dwell in the vicinity of literary fame, however well deserved, because its possession will inevitably expose a woman to the dread and dislike of the rest of her own sex, and to the hatred and utter ridicule of the *shallow* of mine, who consider her public entrance into the world of letters as an illegitimate encroachment on the exclusive sphere of the Lords of the Creation. I desire to enact the Salique law of inheritance, however poorly entitled to claim its protection.

“Remember, dearest, that I here allude to those whom I have called the *shallow* of mankind, not to the wise and gifted portion of my sex, who I believe are, with very few exceptions, not only ready to acknowledge real talent in the case of a sensible superior woman, but attach a high importance to the social benefits which the free exercise of her intellectual powers may confer.

“But which of the two classes I

named preponderate in numbers? Alas! I fear the solution of the question is self-evident as belonging to the first!

“Thus, my precious Eva, it is my serious conviction that in elevating the tone of thought, feeling, and conversation at her own household hearth—in enlivening, while enjoying its domestic companionship, by raising the standard of every faculty connected with the exercise of the affections, through the ennobling operation of mind on mind—woman finds her best medium for the influence of her mental qualifications, and fulfils her highest destiny.

“Happy, and wise as well as happy, will that woman be who perceives and acts upon this truth, since she may rest assured good feeling, good sense, and good temper are perennials which, properly cultivated, bloom through the whole routine of private life, and gild its close, while the brightest laurels with which the public hand ever wreathed a female brow are liable to fade, and conceal the grub of Envy within their leaves!

“You will perceive, my dearest, that in treating this subject I have considered it more in reference to the *happiness* of woman

than in allusion to the powerful effect which her genius can beneficially exercise over the world at large. But pray do me not the injustice to imagine that I am insensible to the vast good which accrues to literature and society from the writings of a judicious and high-principled woman, nor think that I am so meanly prejudiced as to condemn her for exerting her talents through their medium. No; believe me, I revere her intellect when ably and fearlessly displayed in such a noble cause, and only regret that, while thus employing it for the public good, she is liable to be misunderstood by the mass of inferior minds, and often doomed to find that even her holiest sphere of action, domestic life, cannot always remain secure from the results her literary labours bring. In one word, Genius, the divine gift of Nature, is loved only by the good, the great, *the few*; and as long as the world lasts, so long will the high-road to learned celebrity be strewn with bitter fruits, which, especially to the sensitive mind of woman, will, with rare exceptions, poison the intellectual career, and prove the fallacies of human ambition.

“ Thus great are the sacrifices which Ge-

nus necessitates ; and, therefore, do I deeply sympathize with a noble and enlightened Woman, when I see her cast into the whirlwind of Fame, unable to arrest her course, and buffeted by the contending influence of things.—Woman ! whose image reigns within the heart of Man—the pole-star of his hopes—the fine ideal of his mind—the being who seems fresh descended from the horizon of a distant Heaven to soften and embellish the outer universe of Earth.

“ But why dwell longer on the treasury of thought and feeling, the purity of heart and mind, the exquisite delicacy of the female character—when properly developed and exercised—since all its most blessed attributes are so peculiarly the portion of my peerless Eva ? Oh yes !—they beam in beautiful simplicity throughout the letter I have just received, and find their best interpretation in the tenor of her life. What is propriety ?—a conformity of actions with right principles. What is modesty ?—purity of heart and mind. What is delicacy ?—Petrarch calls it a *fourth* Grace ; but perhaps a more correct definition would be, the silent, secret efforts of sentiment, regulated by sense,

feeling, and taste—
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my Era's character
of my heart.

* But here, meet
meet my ear, reproa
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irradiation of the mutable and clouded scene of life as the light of the sun to the progress and the blossom of the flower which it nourishes into brightness and beauty. And now let me turn to another subject.

“ The Prince continues firm and immovable in his purpose, uninfluenced by anticipation of any of the dangers and troubles which too surely surround, and may at any instant fall upon, his Royal head. His fearlessness amounts to reckless daring, and, blind to my remonstrances, and to the promptings of common prudence, he now walks abroad in the glare of open day through the most public parts of London without attempting a disguise. Nay, as if in defiance and contempt of aught that may assail him, he sometimes wears about his person a medal, bearing date 23rd September, 1752, with the head of Charles on one side, and on the reverse the words ‘*Lætamini Cives.*’* Would that our noble Charles Edward were more mindful of the parting words of his afflicted father, when, in strong emotion, he exclaimed, while tenderly embracing him—‘ Be careful of your-

* See note at the end of the volume.

self, my dear Prince, for *my* sake, and, I hope, for the sake of millions !' But so far from this, he seems to court danger much oftener than he avoids it. The direct embarrassments incidental to this line of conduct are sufficiently obvious, but it seems to me that the Prince's mind has now changed many of its former views, which at the time were perfectly sincere, and is at present in an exalted state of irritability, which makes him almost curse the spells which chain him down from attempting the rashest actions. Nevertheless he ceases not to concoct them in his fertile brain, in proof of which I need only mention that no later than yesterday his Royal Highness proposed to his little knot of adherents a plot for the seizure of the Elector while returning from the theatre, with an intent to carry him off *vi et armis* to the Continent ! To accomplish this it was suggested that a number of Irish chairmen should be engaged, who were to attack the Hanoverian servants, to extinguish the lights, and to excite such general confusion as would enable the Jacobites to perform their undertaking.* After much violent discussion, I

* Historical.

rejoice to say that the advice of the Prince's best friends prevailed, by which a plan, at once impracticable and hazardous to the last degree, has been wisely abandoned. My impression, however, is even more fixed than when I wrote last in this conviction, that our political hopes and fears must soon arrive at a crisis. Be prepared for it, my love, and summon to your aid all the noble firmness of your nature, instead of yielding to nervous apprehensions, which tend to depress the intellect, and give an unhealthy action to the mind.

“ Let us rather trust steadily in God, and leave the issue of events in calmness and in hope to his unerring wisdom. What solemn chords of feeling strike upon my heart as I make this fervent appeal to *her* who reigns in it supreme! Beloved of my soul, reject it not. I enclose the foreign Journal of our Prince for your perusal, and send it with this hurried letter by my safe and special messenger, who would willingly die rather than betray me or his Royal Master.

“ Say all and everything affectionate for me to those around you, and, reciprocating from the depths of my spirit your fond hope

that we may soon meet again, fearing no further separation but in death, and praying the Father of mercies to take you into his especial care and holy keeping, believe me, with all my heart devoted and full, for ever yours,

“OGILVIE.”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE JOURNAL

OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

(Enclosed in the preceding letter.)

“ Rome, July 1, 1752.

“ * * * * * A painful void is in my heart. I am reckless, gloomy, sad, and yet at times an anxiety and eagerness accompanies my resolves, and exercises over my soul a complete re-action. I then feel the confidence of one inured to danger, and as if possessed of more power now than before my train of sufferings began.

“ When this state of mind ensues, my first impulse is to hurl myself into action, and, rising superior to misfortune, to drink deeply of the grandeur of nature by mingling my thoughts and emotions with the tranquil majesty of the universe, undisturbed amid its solitudes by the dreams of worldly ambition, or the presence of man. And where can

glory in the heavens or beauty on the earth be found in such perfection as in Italy?—the land of the sun—the classic region of poetry—the birthplace of genius—the arena of deeds of mighty heroism, which stir the soul unto its innermost depths, and render palpable the remote and shadowy region of the past?

“ Beautiful Italy ! though cypress-shaded by desolation, what magnitude of design and ærial colouring pervade thy glowing landscapes, enabling the imagination to soar into a spiritualized life through the great and sublime conceptions of Divinity thus revealed to Man ! Let me enjoy those pure and rapturous delights—yes, I will go alone and *incognito*, a pilgrim through the wondrous scenes of this poetic land, and, leaving for a time the matchless monuments of the Eternal City, will hie me to luxuriate among the living harmonies of Nature.

* * * * *

“ Albano, July 3.

“ Visions of romance seemed to crowd round me as I passed through gorgeous trees that flung their quivering shadows upon

verdant glades enamelled with field-flowers, fresh, and laden with perfume; and as the sunlight fell on the pale olive, or tinted the cypress, myrtle, and citron groves, which, like patrician guardians of the loveliness of Nature, rise around the silver lake of classic Albano, my mind felt imbued with the mystic beauty of the olden past. Then for the first time I fully recognised the power of those spells which fell from the glorious archetypes before me upon the master-spirits of Poetry and Painting, and originated creations of genius worthy of such inspirations.

“Where, indeed, can we imagine ourselves as if in the visible presence of Heaven so completely as at Albano? Can it be possible, I ask, that the world contains more noble scenery than that which is presented from different points of her hallowed Mount? I think not; and in taking this ultra-estimate of its beauties, I even leave out of the account its moral interest; for if we allow our judgment to be swayed by the host of historical associations which on every side arise like mighty spirits of the past, where indeed would our admiration and our interest end?

* * * * *

"July 1884.—My attention has been chiefly directed to tracing out the spots described by Virgil in his *Æneid*, especially Lavinium and Alba Longa. The visit to the former cost me a mile in the open Campagna of 34 miles under a scorching sun in the month of July, but I was amply repaid for the danger thus incurred of a *coup-de-soleil*.

"Although not one stone remains upon another of the ancient city, yet I found lying in the pavement of the modern town (Pratica di Mare) which stands on its site, a marble pedestal with the name of *Salmus Æneus* upon it. How remarkable that the last lingering monument of a town which lives back nearly thirty centuries should display to the inquisitive traveller the name of its time-hallowed founder.

* * * * *

"August 18.—My next solitary trip was to a town about seven miles to the east of Lavinium and like it near the sea. This was already an ancient town when Masters Romulus and Remus were being put out to their disowning four-legged wet-nurse! It is, they say, the most ancient place in all Italy, and once was amongst the most prosperous.

Its population is now about 170 souls (four times that of Lavinium); its name, however, has remained constant to it from the beginning. It was this place that the Roman army was besieging when the dispute arose between Collatinus and the sons of Tarquin as to the virtue of their wives, and hence the death of Lucretia, the expulsion of the Tarquins, and the re-establishment at Rome of the Consular Government. The sublime loneliness of these ancient places is not the least striking part of the picture.

“The surrounding country is a desert. I have travelled for miles without meeting a human being, or hearing anything but the *Cicala*, even when at the very gates of ruined cities. How often has my inquisitive spirit flown to the Past to inquire the histories of the former habitants of those old, deserted towns, and returned back to the Present, not laden like the bee, but, alas! just as it started—vacant and dispirited! These are the ethereal journeys that longing and discontented souls project from their own little cold house of clay into space vain as boundless, where they find not the desired spot on which to rest! Mysterious worship! who

can describe—who can number thy all-permeating sympathies? Do they not radiate from these heavy venerable crines, not more pregnant with the history of the Great Past than teeming with subtle power to make it live again? Do they not spontaneously arise from these thy own auras, causing the heart to melt and the knee to bend without priestly aid or stroke of incense? The whereabouts of Albert Spiris? how intense the thought, how mighty the jurisdiction it assumes over the sense, thought unifying soul! Never can intellectual philosophy be understood in its latest hearings until after we have mouldered in the grave!

* * * * *

* Although I began my pilgrimage a solitary wanderer, I have seldom been alone since I started, and my *incognito* has been marvelously well preserved. No doubt my experience, while maintaining the character of *Jacky Furze*,* when passing through hairbreadth perils with my pure, my noble Flora Warrimall, and the various other disguises ~~were~~ ~~are~~ ~~conducted~~ ~~me~~ ~~to~~ ~~assure~~ ~~among~~ ~~the~~ ~~best~~ ~~the~~ ~~mountains~~ ~~of~~ ~~my~~ ~~own~~ ~~beloved~~

* See *Jack* at the end of the volume.

Scotland, gave ample opportunities for learning how to avoid suspicion and escape detection. I am glad I have succeeded in doing so on the present occasion, because, not trammelled by *prestige* of any sort, I avoid the ceremonials of respect which otherwise would attend my rank, and thus see human nature in much of its primitive simplicity in the remote quarters of this glorious land.

“Every excursion I take is full of agreeable and varied incident. As I visit many places where there are no such things as Inns, I am dependent on the hospitality of the natives ; in fact, I am *forwarded* from one house to another, or else (which I like better) I am most hospitably entertained in Convents. Indeed I have almost fallen in love with a monastic life, but certainly not on account of its austerities ! I have, in truth, found nothing but sleek, jolly monks, and good living, except at a Trappist monastery where I halted for a short time ; its inmates are such enthusiasts as to deny themselves the use even of speech ! Yet I mean to go and stay awhile with them *anon*.

* * * * *

" *August 30th, 1752.*—After I left the Trappists I quitted entirely the paths of civilized life, and passed some days in ranging through the Banditti country, as yet not reduced within the pale of the laws. No traveller (unless he were a captive) has ever been where I went, for I penetrated into the heart of almost inaccessible mountain-forests. Some of the Banditti towns, perched on the **peaks of rocks, had rather startling frontispieces** above their little gates; over one of them I counted fourteen iron cages, each containing a malefactor's head!—in short, it is a thousand pities that this wild excursion of mine should be lost to the world, as it must necessarily be in my hands. Three comely volumes might, I am sure, be spun out of it, and that without any *stretching*. I could furnish several chapters on Cyclopean walls, in which the learned might be mixed up with the picturesque in a most edifying manner! But Charles has other 'occupation:' for in his heart of hearts he cherishes a hope, a scheme, soon, very soon to be accomplished, which—in Heaven is the trust—will place the Crown of England on the head of the last scion of the Royal line of

Stuart. But no more of this at present. *Attendons—Espérons!* and God defend the right!

* * * * *

“*September 20th.*—I have just returned from my wanderings through the Upper Apennines, where I found a young Frenchman intent on imitating the austerities of St. Benedict, who passed his life in the same mountains some seven hundred years ago. His dwelling is a hole in the rock, into which I had much difficulty in effecting an entrance on my hands and knees, for admission is as hazardous to this strange domicile as it was to that of my own well-remembered ‘*Cage!*’

“At length I achieved it in the way that I have mentioned. This singular man is in the very prime of life, and seems an incarnation of the spirit of happiness and peace! The boughs of trees compose his bed, and his pillow is a projecting portion of the bare rock! How near the clouds his habitation is may be conjectured from this fact,—that the snows of winter rest there always until May, and sometimes until June, and they begin to fall early in October! St. Benedict (*selon l'Eglise*) was fed by the ravens; but his

disciple Heaven knows how! The brook at the bottom of the ravine supplies him in summer with drink; in winter he melts the snow for his beverage. He cultivates a few gourds and cabbages on a stony patch of ground before his little den, and those he quotes gratefully as signs of the wonderful bounties of his great Creator. A neighbouring monastery supplies him with a pound (*i.e.* twelve ounces) of bread per day, *et voilà tout!* The wild wolf often comes to his door, and the wily beast well knows what he is about, for, certes, one of these days he will gobble up the inmate, with all his sanctity!*

* * * * *

“*September 26th, 1752.*—Nature seems to decree to each man a single path. As we are organized, so we feel and act. That poor, humble, half-besotted monk pursues *his*, and finds it lead to peace! I follow *mine*, and, in whatever shape she comes, glory must be my mistress, and love of fatherland my passion. Oh! how I loathe my exiled lot! How fervently my heart turns to the blue hills of Scotland and her brave sons, who, when I was involved in danger upon every

* See note at the end of the volume.

side, rushed to my support and bided with me to the last, content to share my ruin and despair. Yet why *despair*? My heart rejects that word, and a thought long deeply buried, but still mighty, strikes on its reverberating chords, and utters the music of anticipated triumph!

“Yes! it seems as though the Eternal reigns within me, and approves the high conception of my soul. Be it so. I will leave this beauteous but effeminating clime, and return once more to England! Justice and time may yet bring an illuminated page from heaven to receive the record of my deeds, and, even if again found wanting in success (which ever with the vulgar makes the hero, ay, though chance alone may happen to confer it!), still, still my heart’s fondest wish may be granted by my God—I may yet die in the embraces of eternal fame!

* * * * *

“London, Sept. 8, 1753.

“ * * * That last thought, which rushed in grand emotion through my frame, like a thunderbolt, awakening all the spirit of the Sobieskis, has led me to fulfil my destiny.

I have left the sweet south, with all its luxurious delights, and after unexpected delays, which detained me a twelvemonth *incognito* in France, I am again in mighty London.

“Condemned to ignominious privacy, I tread, in what I term secrecy, its tortuous paths; but only for a brief point of time shall thus my Kingly will and right be fettered by necessity. I have reached the brink of the precipice, and with my little knot of warm, true-hearted friends—Ogilvie the chiefest of them and the best beloved—I will soon plunge headlong into Victory or Death!

“CHARLES P.”

"*Hip.* O ecstasy of bliss!
Am I possess'd at last of my Ismena?
Of that celestial maid? O pitying gods!
How shall I thank your bounties for my sufferings,
For all my pains, and all the pangs I've borne?
Since 'twas to them I owe divine Ismena—
To them I owe the dear consent of Theseus!
Yet there's a pain lies heavy on my heart,
For the disastrous fate of hapless Phædra!"—SMITH.

THE splendour of a crescent moon fell in unclouded lustre over the singular richness of the deep greensward of a bank of the Severn which formed a little peninsula at the particular spot where the quaint and curious edifice of Erlinghame Court stood. The beautiful river we have named was suffused with the radiance of the glorious orb of night, which spread its mellowed light not only over its silvered waters, but also upon the heavy and somewhat fantastic battlements and projecting windows of

the mansion of the Yates family, the grey and lofty walls of which were erected at the epoch of the Norman conquest. A massive flight of marble steps led to a colossal terrace of the same material, extending in front, and adorned with several curious pieces of sculpture of great antiquity, now gleaming in the moonlight. A forest of trees, twisted by age into many strange forms, lent their own peculiar portion of interest to the beautiful and smiling picture, as they mapped their contortions in shadow on the velvet grass. At one or two points in the short stretch which the peninsula afforded, the purple hills of Gloucestershire seemed to recede from one another, forming vistas, which, though all were connected by one common range of mountains, severally revealed broken glimpses of distant and luxuriant landscape.

A small barge lay moored and almost entirely concealed under the shadow of a projecting rock, which fell with a picturesque outline over the margin of the silver Severn. At a short distance from this spot a very ancient chapel, dedicated to "the Blessed Virgin," peeped forth, embosomed amid

mighty trees, and thickly covered with ivy, on which sombre canopy the moon looked down in solemn calmness.

But however lovely the landscape we have thus lightly sketched, its scenic effect received perhaps the most interesting adjunct from the graceful figures of two persons of opposite sexes, who, walking slowly on the noble terrace that extended before the *façade* of the fine old mansion, were engaged in conversation, apparently of the most deep and soul-engrossing nature.

Suddenly they stopped and entered the massive porch, which, covered with the passion-flower, the jasmine, the sweet-scented clematis, and other odorous and climbing plants, was surmounted by a large Gothic Cross, finely sculptured in white marble, and contained within its semicircular sweep an oaken bench elaborately carved in bass-relief.

Confronting this entrance to the ancient hall a beautiful *parterre*, quaintly laid out in *arabesques* and sundry strange devices, extended to a considerable length, and was thickly studded with Italian statues, which told with much effect as they rose amid a perfect wilderness of flowers.

Superb fountains of *giallo antico* threw up jets of water, with sweet and soothing sounds, to a considerable height, where, cascading downwards, they threw a mist of delicious freshness over the ancient garden, the flowers of which filled the air with fragrance, while the moon shone fair and far upon the tranquil beauty of the scene.

When the lady entered this porch, she raised the long white veil which had hitherto concealed her face, and, as she sank upon the oaken bench, the glorious eyes of Eva O'Sullivan were lifted up, and rested in unutterable love on those of her devoted Ogilvie.

He spoke no word—for the moment he could not; but as he stood before the woman he adored, and bent to kiss her noble forehead, Eva felt an eloquent tear of happiness drop upon her cheek.

“Beloved of my heart!” exclaimed the enraptured lover in strong emotion, as the next moment he threw himself beside her and twined his arm round her waist, “I am mastered—overcome by my tumultuous sensations. Do not think me weak, or that I shame my manhood, but at this moment life and earth seem to me so bright and beau-

tiful, so full of bliss, *now*, when on the verge of making you my own for evermore, that I tremble from excess of rapture, and find my best interpreter—a tear!”

“ And, dear one, deem you not that I accept the silent pledge and participate in the feeling which has caused its flow? Oh, yes! to share such aspirations, to mingle in your joys, and, above all, to soothe your sorrows during our united lives—have not such high impassioned thoughts a power which seems to me so great that it could almost conquer death? And yet,” she added, with an earnest and deep solemnity that was peculiarly affecting, “ ought not, *must* not, less blissful emotions dwell within our hearts, and cast a tender shadow over them? Does not the treasured memory of our Edith appeal with agitating mastery to the world within us—now, at this sacred moment, which fixes alike the past, the present, and the future on our thoughts and feelings, as if with an imperishable spell? And is that spell less powerful when also enforcing a remembrance of the dangers that surround our beloved Prince even to-night, when, in disappointment, secrecy, and sorrow, he will, with us

and ours, leave, and perchance for ever, this the fair realm of his inheritance, his own, his native land, where he was born to reign?" There was a fervour in the tone with which those words were spoken that sent a thrill through the heart of Ogilvie, and mingled with the rapture of his feelings, as, pressing his affianced bride still closer to his side, he murmured in a subdued and almost faltering voice—

"In what soft sublimity you clothe the thoughts that rest within your bosom, and waken from the depths of mine my strongest emotions, even as the touch of the Minstrel calls forth what tone he wills from the strings of his harp! A nature finer than mortal man could ever know has taught you thus to feel and argue. Yes, fascinating being! I am the selfish one, for in the rapturous certainty that this very night you will be my own, my peerless bride, I confess my soul was so filled with that blessed consciousness, that no other could find entrance there:—I was wrong. Thus let me seal my pardon."

Eva, with the glow of maiden youth, softly extricated herself from the fervent embrace that accompanied those words, and a

smile of ineffable sweetness lightened the melting tenderness of her countenance, as, taking the hand of Ogilvie, she besought the full detail of those circumstances which, an hour before, had caused the sudden appearance, almost in breathless haste, of Prince Charles Edward Stuart and her affianced husband at Erlinghame Court.

"Few words will give it, loveliest and dearest," answered Ogilvie, returning, with a look of rapturous affection, the tender pressure of his Eva's hand. He paused a moment and then said, in a tone of deep and thrilling seriousness, "Moneyless, almost friendless, betrayed by those in whom he trusted, and surrounded by numerous and powerful enemies, our noble Prince grew so desperate, so perfectly reckless, that he actually gambled with his fate, and seemed to find his only consolation in daring and confronting danger with reprehensible rashness. When I ventured to remonstrate, I was met with this remarkable reply,—'Providence has conducted me in safety through so many dangers, that I am certain I am under the peculiar care of Heaven, and that I am destined for some great end.'"

* See note at the end of the volume.

“So strong was this impression on the Royal mind that nothing could erase nor daunt it. The same spirit which, at the early age of fifteen, led him at the siege of Gaeta to perform deeds of valour which made both his friends and enemies tremble, though from different motives, has lately animated him to still greater rashness;* and, as I told you in my last, the Prince, throwing off all disguise, was wont to walk openly abroad through St. James’s and the Mall in his own dress, only laying aside his ribbon and star.”

“Oh, how imprudent, yet at the same time how courageous!” exclaimed Eva, involuntarily interrupting the recital of her lover; “but can it be possible that he escaped recognition?”

“Certainly not; but many, even of his enemies, were so struck by his heroic contempt of peril, that they forbore to give information of his presence to the Government. Nay, from high, though strictly confidential authority, I have heard that the Elector himself was aware of the fact, and mentioned it to the Secretary of State, Lord Holder-nesse, subjoining the embarrassing question, ‘And what do you think, my Lord, I should

* See note at the end of the volume.

do with him?' Perplexed in the extreme, the wily diplomatist was puzzled how to reply, fearing that, if he declared his real sentiments, they might be deemed too indifferent towards the reigning family. Perceiving which, George of Hanover extricated his Secretary from the horns of the dilemma by adding, with much good humour, 'My Lord, take no trouble to reply, for I shall just do nothing at all, and when he is tired of England he will go abroad again.' " *

"But from what source could the Usurper have been informed of the presence of our Prince in England?" demanded Eva, with a gesture of extreme surprise.

"Doubtless the intelligence came from some individual who was at my Lady Primrose's when his Royal Highness made his injudicious visit there," returned Ogilvie, in an irritated tone. He paused a moment; then, as if recollecting himself, and with an emotion that powerfully agitated him, he said, "I scarcely know how to interpret this conduct on the part of the Elector; but mean what it might, there existed an infinity of other reasons to prove the absurdity of

* See note at the end of the volume.

cherishing the remotest hope of success to our party at this juncture. Still, I question whether even His critical and dangerous position could have led his Royal Highness to consent to leave this country, were it not for the late decided act on the part of the Government—the execution of Dr. Archibald Cameron, which was followed by the almost general defalcation of his former adherents. Oh, Eva! had you but seen the dignity of fallen greatness with which the Hero (for such, whatever be his fate, is Charles Edward Stuart) stood in the centre of the fifty partisans who alone continued faithful to him, and who, in suspense, rendered nearly intolerable by the interest they felt, awaited his answer to their supplications to resign his desperate enterprise! Never, never can I forget that moment. The Prince's form seemed actually to dilate, while, his heroic spirit burning in his eye, he seized the proper moment to speak, and, lifting his arm on high, as if to enforce his meaning by the action, he said, in a voice so impressively grand that it descended to the depths of every heart around him,—

“ ‘ Could I but command four thousand

men out of the legion of those who ought to be my own, my loyal subjects, how joyfully I would head, and lead them on to Victory!* But, as it is—' The arm of the Prince fell as he uttered those words, and his hand, descending to the hilt of his sword, rested on it; he stood in silence for one instant—then, suffering his lip to curl to a proud smile, that ill disguised his inward agony, he firmly said—

“‘Be it so, my friends. Do with me what you will. This, my true sword, for the present sleeps within its scabbard!’

“We crowded round him, and a low murmur of applause, mingled with stifled sobs, testified our feelings. Unable to command himself any longer, our heroic Prince hurriedly dismissed the meeting, and, with his usual recklessness, rushed out of the house, in the direction of Hyde Park. I was the only one who ventured to follow the Royal steps.”

“And did you overtake them?” demanded Eva, with hurried emotion.

“Yes; and so quickly as to accompany His Royal Highness at the moment he entered

* Historical.

the Park. Scarcely had he done so when the Prince was met by a gentleman who instantly recognised him, and attempted to kneel to him publicly as King of England.”*

“How rash! And the consequences?” demanded Eva, with strong anxiety.

“Alarmed at the insane act, which almost insured immediate discovery, I sharply rebuked the enthusiast who had committed it; and, freeing the Prince from his detaining grasp, succeeded in persuading him to return to his incognito residence immediately. There fresh disasters awaited us, for the lady with whom our Royal Master lodged met us in breathless agitation, declaring that, from information just received, she dared not harbour the Prince one moment longer in her house! Seeing that every ray of hope was now extinguished, the Royal Stuart no longer opposed the wishes of his few remaining friends, and consented that the barge which brought us here so unexpectedly, *en route* to Italy, should be instantly hired. Heaven grant that the voyage thither may be propitious on this night—the blessed one which will make my Eva my beloved bride!”

* See note at the end of the volume.

CHAPTER XV.

"Go, heavenly pair, and with your dazzling virtues,
Your courage, truth, your innocence and love,
Amaze and charm mankind."

PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

"O Love!

Thou art the essence of the universe!
Soul of the visible world! and can create
Hope, joy, passion, madness, or despair,
As suiteth thy high will."

WATTS.

"Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!"

ADDISON.

"Farewell!

Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul."

IDEM.

EVA, who had been exceedingly excited and overcome by the preceding conversation, reposed her cheek upon the shoulder of her lover. After many moments had thus passed in the delicious repose of silence, and mutual, though tacit, communion of feeling,

the maiden raised her eyes, which, as the moonlight fell upon them, seemed invested with almost unearthly beauty, and softly said—

“Ogilvie, when I look upon you I acquire a strength, a moral courage, that I believe springs not from my own powers, but emanates from your sustaining presence. All gloom seems to pass behind into the shadows which the broad light of the moon throws back, while at the same time she makes us visible to each other, as thus we converse in harmony as perfect as the hour.” She paused a moment, then, in a still more solemn voice, she said,—“Ogilvie, we love and trust in God. In that bright certainty let Hope, our presiding star, give forth assurance of a happy future unto us and all our hearts hold dear !” A hallowed light seemed to issue from the depths of those azure eyes, that, pure and cloudless as the sky above her, and brilliant as the stars to which they were upraised, spoke the swelling aspirations of her soul—for Eva looked and felt as if in the visible presence of her Creator.

At this moment a strain of music, sweet and touching as if it were a Spirit’s song,

floated through the air, and, from the excessive stillness of the night, so clearly, that even the following words which it accompanied were heard by the lovers, while they listened in breathless silence to the divine melody which filled their hearts with thrilling delight.

1.

“ Oh ! let our Vesper Hymn arise
In gratitude to Heav’n ;
And through the Saviour’s sacrifice
Be all our sins forgiv’n !

2.

Throughout the day, O God ! thine arm
Hath shielded us from ill :
Extend it yet—preserve from harm—
And be our Guardian still !

3.

In peaceful sleep our eyelids close ;
And, as we sink to rest,
Oh ! may our Souls on thee repose,
Redeemer of the blest !

4.

And e’en when death’s long starless night
Shall shroud us in the tomb,
Oh ! may our Spirits spring to light,
And fearless pass the gloom !

5.

Then joyfully let ev’ry heart
Exult—rejoice—aspire !
Oh God, to each of us impart
Thy Spirit’s sacred fire !

6.

As Morning chases Night away,
May Sin and Sorrow flee
Before the soul-sustaining ray
We supplicate from Thee!

7.

When the Last Trumpet's solemn breath
Shall summon from the tomb,
And waken from the sleep of death
All men to meet their doom—

8.

Then, when the Lord shall come in might
To judge the earth, may we,
Clad in the robes of life and light,
Ascend to Deity!"

The gush of music, entrancing as that we hear in dreams, now ceased. A deep radiant blush lighted up the countenance of Eva almost to the beauty of an angel, when, as the last notes died away, Ogilvie clasped her to his heart and murmured, with impassioned fervour—" 'Tis the Nun's Vesper Hymn!—the pre-concerted signal to announce that all is safe and ready for our nuptials within yonder Chapel. Thank God—thank God!"

Eva could not speak, but, gently returning the pressure of her affianced husband, she released herself from his embrace, and, bend-

ing her head to her bosom, clasped her hands and pressed them over it.

The lock at this instant turned inside the great entrance door of Erlinghame Court, which opening widely, a blaze of light revealed the splendid form of Charles Edward Stuart, who, advancing from one of the intricate avenues peculiar to old houses, took his station in the centre of that ancient hall, surrounded by his friends. The Prince held up his finger to command silence, and, eagerly pressing forward, met our agitated heroine at the moment when, rushing from the porch, she sank upon her knees at the feet of her Royal Master. He stretched his arms over her in blessing; then, gently raising her from the ground, the Prince turned to Lord Ogilvie, and, with deep emotion, grasped his hand, while placing that of Eva in its fervent clasp.

The action spoke for itself, and required not the few expressive words of strong affection which fell from the lips of Charles, as he united the hands of the devoted lovers. They felt themselves blessed—happy almost beyond their strength to bear; and, looking the thanks they could not speak, obeyed the

silent gesture of the Prince, as he gently took the arm of Eva and, resting it within his own, passed with her through the porch; then, while a benignant smile played over his expressive features, he softly drew down the long bridal veil over the face of the agitated maiden, and, having motioned to the remainder of the group to follow, passed with her to the terrace. And now they all walked forth in the fair moonlight over the velvet grass towards the glorious old chapel of Our Lady, with its tombs, white, calm, and gleaming out from the raven boughs of the spreading cedars that surrounded it—that little band of friends, the majority of whom were pledged, for the eventful future, to be all-in-all the world to each other.

Night never moved on a more brilliant pathway of Stars, which, to a poetical imagination, might seem to look down with eyes of love upon the nuptial group, so softly radiant were the rays with which they lit it onwards to the ancient Sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin.

It had been the hereditary custom of the Master of Erlinghame to leave this Chapel open for the benefit of the pious poor of his

neighbourhood ; and a curtained-gallery was appropriated to such nuns of an adjacent convent as chose to attend what were termed the public prayers of "the Court." This gallery was often frequented by those *religieuses* who had not yet taken the black veil, and, as it struck the friends of the Prince that an additional security against his discovery might be afforded by making their Vesper Hymn the signal for the commencement of the nuptials, instead of more publicly announcing them, it had, as we have seen, been effectively adopted through an arrangement secretly made with the Lady Abbess of the Convent.

The wide and massive doors facing the Altar of the time-hallowed edifice flew apart as the marriage-group reached them. At the upper end was a magnificent oriel window paned with the beautiful stained glass of the thirteenth century, and beneath it lay the great altar, surmounted by a splendid *Salvatore* bearing the cross, and illuminated by a profusion of waxlights in high candlesticks of solid gold ; for, on the present occasion—despite the imprudence of the measure—the Master of Erlinghame had been

unable to resist displaying the treasures of his Sacristy, in token of respect to his princely guest. A profusion of living flowers, of the richest hues, breathed fragrance from numerous vases of the rarest porcelain, while a gorgeous service of church plate glittered amid their hues and perfumes on the solemn shrine. Before it stood the Minister of God in his priestly vestments of white and gold, and wearing the magnificent white lace stole peculiar to the marriage ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church. He held an open missal in his hand, ready to begin the solemn rite of Marriage; the organ pealed forth a glorious anthem, and numerous acolytes, in white surplices, swung fragrant incense too and fro from golden censers.

The main aisle was of some extent, and ere the nuptial group had gained its centre they were met by the venerable Abbess of "The Convent of Our Lady," who, having first reverentially and right loyally done homage to the Prince, greeted gracefully the remainder of the party. Then turning to the bride-elect, she gently raised the nuptial veil, and kissed her with much solemnity on either cheek. "The blessing of

our Lady be upon you and yours!" were her next words, as, receiving the hand of Eva from the Prince, she led the blushing maiden to the Altar, accompanied by her affianced husband. They knelt in solemn silence before the sacred shrine. His Royal Highness then drew the arm of the agitated Lady Tullibardine within his own, and both took their station immediately behind the bride and bridegroom. Mrs. Sarsdale and the remainder of their friends closed round, and, beyond the outermost boundary of the circle thus formed, the physiognomies of a small group of peasants who, devoted to the faith and person of the Prince, would have sooner died than have betrayed him, and who now gazed in unsophisticated emotion on the scene before them, gave an interesting effect to the striking picture. A more prominent point, however, was presented in the figure of Nurse Norah, as, completely overpowered by the strength of her emotions, and her frame shaking from head to foot, she yielded to the passionate impulsiveness of her character, and threw herself upon her knees beside the equally faithful Jessie Campbell. The next instant, clasping her hands, and raising her

aged eyes to heaven, Norah ejaculated, in utter forgetfulness of aught, save her beloved Mistress,—“Virgin of Heaven,—bless, Oh! bless 'em both!” A mild, but expressive gesture from the Abbess commanded silence, and recalled poor Nurse to a proper sense of the scene around her, and the decorum it enjoined; when, burying her agitated features in her trembling hands, the honest creature lifted up her soul in the silence of mental prayer.

The sacred ceremony then began, and, at the appointed moment, the Royal Stuart, “looking every inch a king,” advanced, and gave away the bride to the true love of her heart.

The Priest then (as is customary in the Roman Catholic Church) put on the ring, half-way down her fourth finger; after which the enraptured Ogilvie passed it over the lowest joint. The memorable words which made them one for ever were then solemnly and devoutly spoken.

The holy ceremonial soon afterwards reached its termination, and as the wedded pair rose from their knees, amid a cloud of ascending incense, Ogilvie clasped his Eva

in ecstasy to his heart, and gave way to an incoherent effusion of delight and passion. It was responded to through tears; but with a smile so expressive of perfect happiness, chastened by modesty, that at this interesting moment of her fate *The Lady Ogilvie* looked the beauty and purity of an habitant of Heaven now clothed in the bliss of Earth!

The Prince, forgetting for the instant all his private sorrows, immediately claimed his Royal prerogative, by greeting the bride with a salutation almost paternal in its heart-felt sincerity, and then resigned her to the extended arms of the Lady Tullibardine.

Upon that faithful and maternal bosom Eva reposed for one delicious instant, which was an age of deep and grand emotion.

Her spirit, absorbed in the holiest sentiments, and true to the immortality of her hopes, ascended from that sacred shrine—a mother's breast—in unutterable aspirations, to the throne of the Eternal.

From this short but fervent trance of feeling Eva was recalled by a few thrilling words of blessing from the Lady Tullibardine, as, having pressed her closer and closer to her heart, she resigned her to the congratu-

tulations of Mrs. Sarsdale and her other friends.

And then, "a thousand blushing apparitions" mantling her lovely countenance, Lady Ogilvie received those tributes of unfeigned affection, with a grace and feeling peculiarly her own. The moment the last was given, she instinctively held out both her arms to her devoted Nurse, who, regardless of all ceremony, flew to her embrace, and, flinging her hands round the neck of the affectionate bride, found relief for the intensity of her transport in a flood of tears, mingled with thanksgivings.

All were affected by this spontaneous outburst of feeling ; but one common impulse prescribed the termination of the touching scene. Under this impression Lord Ogilvie, after a few words of warmest sympathy to the faithful Norah, disengaged his bride from her encircling clasp ; and, with looks of proud and happy love, drawing his wife's arm within his own, his Lordship, with the remainder of his friends, followed the Prince and Lady Tullibardine, who had already passed the portals of the Chapel, and were proceeding rapidly towards that part of the

Severn, where, as we have already mentioned, a small vessel lay at anchor. Its buoyant form was distinctly revealed by the clear beams of the moon, which, though now partially shaded, threw irregular masses of light and shadow in finest combinations over the surrounding landscape.

There was a seat near the river where luggage and muffings of various descriptions were deposited. A plank was thrown across from the bank to the barge, and, as an old domestic stowed away some baggage, it was clear that Mr. Yates's secret orders were obeyed, and that all was ready for immediate departure to the mouth of the Severn, where a vessel of fitting size lay privately ready to bear the Royal Exile and his friends to Italy. The dignity and presence of mind of Prince Charles did not forsake him even at this trying hour. True, he looked deadly pale, and it was evident that deep-seated thoughts of blighted prospects, disappointed ambition, and blasted birthright weighed upon his noble spirit, as, having gained the margin of the Severn, he handed Lady Tullibardine into the barge; but almost immediately recovering himself, he stepped back to land, and,

turning full round, prepared to take a long farewell of the little group of friends who, compelled by stern necessity to remain behind, now crowded from the Chapel to the point of embarkation.

There was a noble sadness on the brow of the unfortunate Prince, as he raised his full eyes, and fixed them, radiant with intellect and affection, on the faithful beings who to the last attached themselves to his unhappy fate. Charles Edward Stuart looked almost supernaturally heroic, as thus for a moment he stood with folded arms in the midst of them; for the devotion of his heart corresponded with the harmony of his features, while his fine form seemed to dilate into grandeur from the force of his internal emotions.

The planet of the night at this moment walked forth in lustrous beauty, from beneath a wandering cloudlet, and the stars that gemmed the space of heaven threw their various rays, like a manifestation of glory, over the Royal and the fallen one! Tears of sympathy rushed into the eyes of his faithful adherents as they gazed with unutterable sorrow for the last time upon their Prince; and as this conviction pressed upon them,

stified sobs burst forth from many a manly heart.

For a moment the Prince seemed quite unable to articulate ; but in the next, making a grand effort to command his feelings, he doffed his hat, and, walking straight into the centre of his friends, said, in a voice inexpressibly dignified and affecting,—

“ Gentlemen, farewell! It may, or may not, be *for ever*, yet, still, farewell!—and with that sad—that wretched word, accept my heart’s best thanks, and believe the only solace it receives, on leaving this my native Land and Kingdom, is the certainty of your true and well-proved loyalty to the doomed race of Stuart. My friends, again, farewell. God bless you all!”

As the last words passed the royal lips, the voice that breathed them faltered, and was almost inarticulate from strong emotion. Unable to add another syllable, the Prince stepped on to the ladies of the party, and, having with agitated affection taken leave of them, he passed on from one to another of his weeping friends; and amid their bursting sobs, shook hands severally with each, manifesting a depth of feeling unmis-

takeably sincere. Nor did such emotion detract one iota from the habitual dignity of the unfortunate Prince; for, though fallen, indeed, and overclouded, still Majesty was *there*—grand, impressive, and perhaps even more imposing from the attending circumstances.

As the last of the little knot who were to remain received the regal adieu, Lord Ogilvie hurried up to the Prince, and said, in an emphatic whisper, "**I pray your Royal Highness to forgive me, but time wanes, and we must instantly depart, if safety is to be ensured.**"

The unhappy Charles bowed a silent assent, but instinctively yielding to an emotion that could not be repressed, he turned round to the Master of Eillinghame and his amiable cousin, and held forth both his hands. They rushed forward and fell at his feet.

"No more—no more!" ejaculated the Prince in a broken voice of indescribable tenderness. Then raising his agitated friends from the ground, he clasped them for one short moment to his breast, and rushed over the plank into the barge. Lady Ogilvie threw herself in the strong emotion of a last embrace, on Mrs. Sarsdale's bosom, and then on

that of Mrs. Yates. It was necessarily the act of a moment. In the next she wrung the hand of her late host with unfeigned affection, and then, drowned in tears, was led with gentle firmness by her husband to the barge. The Prince, on re-entering it, had almost instantaneously recovered his now habitual air of melancholy calmness, for as Lord and Lady Ogilvie, followed by Norah and Jessie, came on deck, he joined them, with a firm step, at the spot where Lady Tullibardine stood, and, requesting the ladies to take their seats, his royal hand assisted Ogilvie in adjusting the large dark-hooded mantles which his Lordship assiduously wrapped around the objects of his solicitude. The plank was now removed, and, returning to the extremity of the vessel, Prince Charles stood there with folded arms, and one foot firmly advanced—a position which he maintained as long as the friends he left on land were visible. The little bark unfurled her solitary sail to catch the light breeze which had sprung up, and the next moment, at a signal from the Prince, she glided onwards over the silvered bosom of the Severn.

As if actuated by one instinctive impulse,

every individual of the group upon the moon-lit bank dropped upon his knees, and each man, with the strength of a devotion far beyond the power of language to describe, bent his head upon his breast in silent prayer. A moment passed thus, and then the faithful Jacobites upraised their pale faces, but still retained their prostrate position, while, in mute emotion, their eyes followed the departing vessel as it approached a point of land which, jutting like the horn of a crescent into the river, they knew must shut it out for ever from their view. The Prince, his whole spirit subdued by the feelings which rushed through it, dashed away the unwonted tears through which he gazed, and, as the vessel was turning round the cape, he upraised his hat and waved it to the kneeling group, with the sad yet passionate emotion of a final Adieu. The action was responded to with indescribable enthusiasm by the devoted friends of Charles Edward, who, actuated by one feeling of sympathy, arose and rushed to the margin of the bank. There, straining a last long lingering look, they all held forth their arms, as in fervent silence they mentally invoked a thousand blessings on the little bark which

bore away the ill-fated scion of the House of Stuart, and the equally heroic companions of his destiny.

At this instant the sky, which at the beginning of the eventful night had been calm and bright as the Spirit of Happiness, now suddenly became obscured. A slight electric flash passed through clouds that had been gradually gathering at a particular point of the horizon, and which, now condensed and massed together, floated like a funeral pall above the bark. Sad but true omen of a darkened future !

CHAPTER XVI.

"On rolls the mighty drama to its close,
Fate's hand upon the curtain still unraised!
Before the coming of a mighty thing
Sits panting Expectation!"—JOHN EDMUND READE.

"Time and the everlasting hour had brought
The day of change, by their own spirits wrought,
Fill'd with the process of recorded thought."—IDEM.

"*Cas.* O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? Ay, more; fret till your proud heart
break!" SHAKESPEARE.

THE affairs of the world never stand still. The fall, whether of the Statesman or the King, retards them not; and national changes, however violent or subtle, republican or monarchical, still fail to arrest the moral government of the globe. Ever in transition, the social mechanism of the body politic moves on, pursuing the grand career of destiny; and the Spirit of History, while ministering to the sagacity of man, teaches the grand fact that the Divine Intelligence which regulates and upholds myriads of worlds in the vastness of

space, directs each of them in the way it should go, and evidences, in our own comparatively little sphere, an ordination of circumstances which, however inscrutable to human perceptions, proves to demonstration the superintendence of the Deity. To the reflective mind it is equally obvious that the same Great Power, at various epochs, raises up, controls, and shapes the course of those bold and remarkable spirits which, whether their achievements be victorious or defeated, are still the instruments of Omnipotence in fulfilling the decrees of eternal wisdom.

In the class of eventually unsuccessful heroes stood Charles Edward Stuart—the Prince, the Wanderer, the Exile! Eight years had elapsed since his departure for the foreign clime of Italy, which he reached in safety, surrounded by the little band of friends who were still the faithful companions of his fate. During that period Lord and Lady Ogilvie, with the Marchioness of Tullibardine, had rigidly adhered to the fortunes of their beloved Prince. The charm of their society had mitigated the sorrows of banishment from his native land; and as, by fits and starts, the resolution or the agony of the

hour prevailed over the heart of the Royal Exile, his devoted friends poured the balm of sympathy upon it, actuated by that sublime power which mixes itself alike with the taste and the affections, the imagination and the intellect.

The kind and generous, though apparently frigid, Mrs. Sarsdale had not long survived the marriage of the Lady Ogilvie. She appointed **Admiral Colebrook** her executor; and in compliance with the instructions of her Will that excellent man, who continued as well and happy as when first introduced to the reader, fulfilled them to the letter by effecting an advantageous sale of all her property, and transmitting the large sum which accrued from it to Lady Ogilvie, at whose request he also disposed of the Ardea estates, and forwarded to the fair vender the amount which they produced.

However satisfactory those arrangements may have been to the hero and heroine of our drama, yet had they never been effected no serious diminution of their happiness would have been the result; for the kindly flame of their conjugal affection was so genial to virtue and to social happiness, the nerve of

sympathy by which their united hearts communed with each other was so indissoluble, that no merely mundane considerations could have materially disturbed it.

Thus Lord and Lady Ogilvie continued to enjoy felicity as calm and pure as the bright skies which shone above their heads in Italy, the land of the sun—the mother of nations, of genius, and of the arts—whose delicious clime presented such a contrast to the sombre atmosphere of England. No envious cloud cast a shadow over *their* happy lot, except that especial one which still lowered over the Royal and ill-fated Stuart.

Yet, though viewing with intense interest the dark and wondrous workings of his nature, which manifestly were still employed, with subdued but almost sacred enthusiasm, on chimerical hopes of restoration to the Kingdom of his birthright; yet so blessed to Lord and Lady Ogilvie was the certainty that nothing earthly could now separate their destinies—so exquisite was the perfect affection of their united hearts, that, were it not for the one deep shadow cast upon them from the doom of the expatriated Prince, they might have been in danger of forgetting that

our sublunary state is ordained, by the wisdom of Providence, for one of discipline and probation, preparatory to the *only* sphere where unmixed and permanent felicity can be enjoyed—not Earth, but Heaven !

The excellent Lady Tullibardine, rejoicing in the chastened happiness of the children of her heart, felt almost repaid for all the bitter trials of her previous life ; while those faithful but humble individuals of our history—**Nurse Norah and Jessie Campbell**—ferently participated in similar emotions, and would not have exchanged their present lot for the splendours of a palace.

BUT the whole cast of Charles Edward's character—the absorption of his mind in ever pondering over the darkness of his destiny—precluded his sympathizing, beyond a certain point, in the happiness of the domestic circle that surrounded him. His own more immediate one had lately caused him no ordinary share of disquietude. The unfortunate loss of Prince Charles Edward Stuart with Clementine Walkinshaw, daughter of the Baron of Baronsfield (to which the interests of this narrative have not hitherto obliged us to allude), had proved in every way in-

imical to His Royal Highness's prospects, both in public and private life. The daughter by that connexion, whom, after his own name, he called Charlotte—and whom, afterwards, he created Duchess of Albany, had ever been the object of his tenderest affections. The most lavish care and expense had been bestowed upon her, and, the whole force of the Prince's sensibilities being fixed upon this child, he had ever refused to yield to the importunate entreaties of her mother, who was most desirous to have her educated in a convent at Paris, as being a more permanent and suitable residence than the peculiar circumstances of the Prince allowed him to command. Finding, however, that Charles Edward, with the usual determination of his character, obstinately refused to comply with her request, Clementine Walkinshaw secretly obtained the sanction of the exiled James the Second to the measure, and, on the 22nd of July, 1760, escaped with her daughter, at midnight, from Bouillon to Paris, where the latter was placed under the protection of the French government, through the influence of her paternal grandfather, who then exerted himself to the

uttermost to moderate the anger and the indignation of his son.

Thus thwarted in the tenderest point of his affection, and continually receiving news from England which seemed hourly to confirm the stability of the Throne of George the Second, it is not surprising that Prince Charles became a prey to morbid misery, which nothing but the stimulus of action promised to remove.

The victories of Wolfe, Clive, and Hawkes were such as to command the astonishment and admiration of Europe; and had never been surpassed in history. Such a series of successes incontestably established the maritime power of England, and constituted the reign of George the Second a remarkable and brilliant epoch in her annals. The conquests of Great Britain in the East were still more splendid than in the Western world; and thus, victory shining upon her, in America, Asia, and upon the Ocean, the Star of her fortunes seemed to gain a luminous ascendancy in the political horizon, to antagonise which, with any prospect of success, appeared impossible.

But like the influence of gravitation in the

earth's momentum, the remembrance of all he had lost, and still madly hoped to regain, forced on and irresistibly impelled the unfortunate Prince through the remnant of his now sad but once powerful and proud career. To see, what *he* naturally deemed, the arm of usurpation, seize and retain successfully his hereditary Crown, seemed almost a preternatural trial to human fortitude; and when he received from his Jacobite friends in England an intelligence of the sudden death of George the Second, at the moment when the British nation presented such a glorious figure to all the kingdoms of the world, it is not surprising that that unexpected event aroused the mind and spirit of the Royal Stuart into a ferment of unhealthy activity.

The account of the demise of the late Monarch was accompanied by the further information that his grandson—now George the Third—was to be married to the Princess Charlotte Sophia of Mecklenburg Strelitz, and that the Coronation of their Majesties was to be celebrated with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.

The Prince's equanimity was not proof against this trial; and his martial spirit,

enterprising as ever in war and politics, brooded secretly over the event, not only with the feelings of a man who had gallantly maintained an unequal contest, but with that spirit of unconquerable ambition and devotion to his birthright, which, through his chequered life, had so often led him into measures as injurious to himself as to the country he loved so well.

The vessel of his hopes was now floating on a boundless sea, without the guidance of a judicious chart or compass, and wholly driven out of the true course, was whirled about—the sport of every gust of passion, and subject to be hurried into any port which the impulse of the moment might happen to recommend. In this state of mind Charles Fergusson did not shroud his thoughts in veiled hypocrisy, at least endeavoured to conceal their workings, even from his dearest friends. The garb of mystery, however, in which he thus tried to clothe his moody meditations, failed to impose on the sagacious penetration of Lord Ogilvie, to whom it was readily clear that the mind of the unhappy Prince was absorbed in the construction of some secret, new, and important design.

Looking with the eye of experience on the fluctuations of kingdoms, governments, and men, his Lordship's searching glance at once recognised the extreme danger attendant on chimerical schemes, which, though wholly ignorant of their nature, he more than suspected were labouring within the bosom of his Royal Master. This apprehension, however, so far from deterring Ogilvie from sharing any dangers incidental to them, only confirmed his loyal spirit in his resolution to adhere to and abide by the perilous fortunes of the Prince; and whether the advice he might eventually be called upon to proffer was followed or rejected, he determined the resolve he had formed should be unchanged and unchangeable. Delicacy restrained Lord Ogilvie from intruding on the confidence which—foreseeing the objections that would be raised—was obviously maintained, for the present, by the Royal Stuart.

Without seeking, then, to penetrate the mysteries which were agitating that world within—the mind of Charles Edward—his faithful friend, convinced that eventually all its intentions would be laid open to his inspection, contented himself in awaiting

that moment of unbounded confidence, when, whatever might be its nature or its issue, he resolved to identify himself with the ultimate results. This beautiful devotion of feeling and design was applauded and reciprocated, with all the generosity of woman, by his lovely and heroic wife, to whom Lord Ogilvie hesitated not to reveal his suspicions of, and intentions regarding, the future movements of their Royal Master.

CHAPTER XVII.

"And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat,
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat."—WARTON.

"High-thron'd, amid thy trophied shrine,
George shone the leader of the Garter'd line!"—IDEM.

WE have said that since the necessitated departure of Prince Charles Edward Stuart from his native country in 1753, our history has taken a leap of eight years down the stream of Time.

The remembrance of the calamities and apprehensions felt by the people of England, prior to that period, from the imposing array of patriotic determination which had been shown by the devoted partisans of the exiled Stuarts to effect their restoration to the Throne of their ancestors, had gradually receded from the public mind. The victories attendant on those remarkable efforts had sunk into comparative oblivion, and the spirit of enthusiasm, as well as that of turbulence, being thus lulled into a calm, the sober pru-

dence of England took its turn in the administration of affairs, and ruled the internal policy at its pleasure.

No symptom of revolt was now exhibited, nor would have been even if a fitting opportunity presented itself, for, as the extinction of a hopeless cause became manifest even to those who had taken the most active part in formerly supporting it, the general resolution to maintain inviolate the Hanoverian succession became still more fixed, and was, indeed, almost unanimous. The bravery of patriotic virtue displayed by the Jacobite party during their short but brilliant career—their mysterious trials and revolutionary struggles—even the moderation they had evinced in the first moments of extraordinary success, were alike forgotten by the mass of the population of the British empire: but the abortive issue of the madly courageous attempts of the adherents of the Stuarts was well remembered by the majority of the nation, and, despair no longer daring to struggle for ascendancy, Great Britain had assumed an aspect of determined and dignified tranquillity.

Sensible of the necessity of maintaining such a state of things, and sick of the dis-

sensions and dangers of the past, the people of England, therefore, anxious to promote the general welfare, and backed by the whole strength of public opinion, continued to support the House of Hanover, and hailed the accession of George III., the grandson of their late King, to the throne of Great Britain as the augury of a serene and prosperous reign. By the laws and constitution of England, His Majesty could not espouse a Roman Catholic, consequently, was precluded from intermarrying into any of the most illustrious of the Royal families of Europe. Charlotte, Princess of Mecklenburg Strelitz—a small but sovereign state—was therefore selected as his consort ; and on the 8th of September, 1761, the Royal nuptials were celebrated with much pomp by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the private Chapel of St. James's. The 22nd of the same month was chosen for the Coronation of their Majesties.

The morning destined for that august ceremonial dawned amid rain and clouds, but at the hour appointed for the commencement of the festival the sun shone forth auspiciously, as it were in compliment to the great national event.

The Royal bride and bridegroom went in their sedan chairs to Westminster at nine o'clock, and, on arriving there, the former retired to a chamber called the Court of Wards, and the latter into an apartment belonging to the gentleman-usher of the Black Rod.

The nobility and others who were to walk in procession had been previously mustered and marshalled by the officers of arms in the Court of Requests, the Painted Chamber, and the House of Lords, whence the grand cavalcade was conducted into Westminster Hall. The walls of that magnificent structure were covered with newly-constructed galleries, that rose to the roof on every side, and were filled by the most distinguished personages of the realm, superbly attired, and adorned with a profusion of magnificent jewels. At the upper end of the Hall on an elevated platform two gorgeous chairs of state under equally splendid canopies were placed.

All eyes were directed to that spot, when their Majesties, in the full robes of royalty, appeared and took their seats, attended by the Great Chamberlain, the Lord High Con-

stable, the Earl Marshal, and other principal officers of the realm. Four splendid swords of curious workmanship, and two pair of spurs, were then presented in form, and placed upon a table before the King, after which the gate of the Hall was thrown open to admit the procession from the Abbey.

With solemn and dignified steps the Bishop of Rochester and the Dean of Westminster, accompanied by an imposing retinue, walked up the centre of the Hall, bearing the Holy Bible and the Regalia of their Majesties, resting on gorgeous cushions covered with cloth of gold.

Those splendid objects, having been severally laid before the Monarch and his consort, were subsequently delivered to the respective officers destined to bear them in the grand procession which began to form in due order.

There is always something inexpressibly imposing in a multitude of people simultaneously bent upon the same object, and assembled for the same purpose; for it presents a personified enthusiasm which nothing but a monstrous mass of human beings can exhibit to the same extent. It seems a visible

incarnation of that mighty minister of earthly destinies—the *Spirit of Power*, and can scarcely fail to create a train of reflections on the extremes of good or evil that may flow to mankind from its omnipotent influence, which, as it is well or ill employed, must elevate or debase a nation, it may be for centuries. Never, perhaps, were the associations of thought and expectancy thrown into one general body with greater **unanimity than at the Coronation of George the Third.**

The fronts of all the houses that could command the slightest point of view were covered with scaffolding to the very roofs, and were hung with carpets and cloths of varied and brilliant colours.

This almost interminable line of temporary erections was divided into innumerable galleries, rising tier above tier like the boxes of a theatre, and completely filled by an immense concourse of spectators, many of whom, being richly attired, presented a magnificent contrast with the populace beneath, who crowded the streets almost to suffocation.

Ranks of foot-soldiers lined the inside of the lowest platforms, and on the exterior

large parties of the horse-guards were stationed in their full and brilliant uniforms.

Much uproar and resistance had prevailed among the mob in consequence of the belabouring of their heads with the broadswords and muskets of the military while endeavouring to force back its pressure; but when the door of the House of Lords flew open, every personal annoyance seemed forgotten in the universal cheer which greeted the Princess Dowager as she issued forth and proceeded on a platform, erected for the purpose across Old Palace Yard, to the south cross of Westminster Abbey, conducted by the hand of His Royal Highness Prince William Henry, whose handsome person was elegantly-attired in a suit of white and silver. The demeanour of both those Royal personages was graceful and affable in the extreme, as, bowing repeatedly, they moved on with their attendant suites.

The magnificent hair of the Princess, confined only by a circlet of diamonds, was allowed to flow down her shoulders in a flood of hanging curls of surpassing richness, and she looked the *beau ideal* of a royal matron as thus she walked slowly forward, led by

the Prince, and followed by her other children, in order to await the arrival of their Majesties at the Abbey.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the great doors of Westminster Hall unclosed, and the commencement of the august procession was intimated by a prolonged shout, which seemed to rend the skies.

The King's herbwoman, with her six handmaidens, **first advanced along the large** platform, covered with blue cloth, and protected by railings on each side, which had been erected for the occasion, and strewed the way with the sweetest herbs.

The sunlight fell in full lustre on the dazzling accoutrements of the military, and told with equally pictorial effect as it shone over the scarlet mantles, ermined robes, and official insignia worn by a long array of City authorities and judicial personages, walking two and two, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer and the Judges of both Benches bearing their caps in their hands. Those again contrasted well with the snowy surplices of the children of the choir of Westminster, as well as with the copes and more sombre robings of the dignitaries of the Church. The Master

of the Jewel House, with his attendant officer—both dressed in scarlet—the Bath King of Arms, in the habit of his order, and coronet in his hand—the Knights of the Bath under the degree of peers, walking in pairs, attired in their full costumes, and carrying their plumed caps—were followed by the various Pursuivants at Arms, the Privy Councillors, and the high officials of His Majesty's household, all in their appropriate and splendid habits.

The Barons and Baronesses of estate, bearing their coronets—the Bishops in their rochets, their square caps in their hands—the Heralds in the full paraphernalia of chivalry, wearing their respective coats, collars, gold chains, and badges—followed. The nobility of England, from the rank of Viscounts and Viscountesses to that of Dukes and Duchesses, and all attired in their full robes of estate, then walked two and two, bearing their coronets. Those resplendent personages were followed by a long and picturesque train, composed of Kings of Arms and the great Officers of State, which terminated with the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, bearing his cap. Two gentle-

men of the privy chamber followed, in crimson velvet mantles, lined with white sarcenet, and faced with minever powdered with ermine, who, their plumed hats in their hands, represented the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy. Yet, brilliant almost beyond conception as were those accessories of the national pageant, they ceased to attract the spectators the moment their Majesties came distinctly into view.

The Sovereign and his Consort were then spontaneously hailed by a prolonged cheer, which pealed from thousands of human throats in reiterated echoes, like a national anthem.

The mien and countenances of the Royal Bride and Bridegroom were impressed with a dignity befitting their exalted station, tempered by an air of amiable complacency that was singularly attractive, and which seemed to justify the acclamations of the people.

Her Majesty's Vice-Chamberlain walked in his robes immediately before his Royal Mistress, with his coronet and staff in hand. Beside him the Earl of Northampton bore the ivory rod with the dove, preceding the Duke of Rutland, who carried the sceptre

with the cross, both noblemen in their full robes of estate ; the Duke of Bolton, attended by four sergeants-at-arms, followed, bearing Her Majesty's Crown.

The Queen, in regal costume, and her head diademed by a circlet embossed with jewels, walked under a canopy of cloth of gold borne by sixteen Barons of the Cinque Ports, her train supported by her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta in robes of estate, assisted by six Earls' daughters, who were followed by the Marquis of Carnarvon, bearing the Princess's coronet, and the Mistress of the Robes, with the ladies of Her Majesty's bedchamber. The King's regalia succeeded ; St. Edward's staff, the golden spurs, the curtana, the sceptre with the cross, and the second and third swords of estate, borne by a train of nobles all attired in the robes of their respective orders. The Ushers of the Green, Red, and White Rods then headed a procession formed by the Lord Mayor of London, in his full costume, bearing the City mace ; the Lyon King of Scotland, carrying his crown ; the Garter Principal King of Arms, his diadem in his hand, and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

The Lord Great Chamberlain of England, his coronet and white staff in hand; the Royal Dukes of Cumberland and York, in full robes, carrying their diadems, and their trains upborne, were followed by the Earl Marshal, the bearer of the Sword of State, and the Lords High Constables of England and Scotland, each of those nobles carrying the insignia of his rank.

In the rear of those brilliant personages **the Duke of Richmond appeared, holding the Sceptre with the Dove.** The Earl Talbot, Lord High Steward, bore St. Edward's crown, and the Duke of Somerset carried the orb. Those noblemen were followed by three Bishops, namely, the Bishop of Rochester holding the paten, the Bishop of Carlisle the Holy Bible, and the Bishop of Chester the chalice.

This part of the procession was flanked on both sides by sergeants-at-arms, one of whom carried the staff of the Lord High Steward, and the other his coronet.

A loud shout of "*God save the King!*" proclaimed the actual presence of George the Third, as at length he appeared in the centre of his people in his kingly robes, a cap of estate studded with magnificent jewels upon

his head, and walking under a canopy of cloth of gold upheld by sixteen Barons of the Cinque Ports, his train supported by six lords, the eldest sons of peers.

The stateliness of the young King's person, and the affability of his countenance, which, at this period of his life, was decidedly handsome, never appeared to greater advantage than at this moment; and as he benignantly looked upon his people, and bowed in return to their unanimous plaudits, even the blasts of the trumpeters were drowned in the spirit and ardour of general acclamation.

As the procession reached the corner which commands a prospect of Westminster Bridge, their Majesties suddenly stopped, and looked back at the countless multitude that, with uncovered heads and upturned faces, resembled one vast human mosaic.

That moment must have been a proud one to the Royal pair, for the concentration of the assembled masses of the lower orders, and the enthusiasm they evinced, gave a national pledge for the stability of the throne more secure than even that presented by the presence of the highest personages of the empire in all their display of pomp and

power, because the first was a public demonstration of the feelings of the central classes of the country, that strong social balance which mainly tends to preserve a just political equilibrium between the Crown and the People.

In a few moments the procession moved onwards, but the long train of distinguished individuals who followed in the wake of it were now comparatively disregarded, every eye being fixed upon the progress of their Majesties.

Silence fell upon all as the King and Queen of Great Britain entered the grand and venerable pile of Westminster Abbey. The peal of the glorious anthem which a full choir of music struck upon the ear was most impressive. As George III. and his Royal Consort walked erectly up the main aisle of that grand cathedral, where the potentates of England and their Queens have been crowned at the commencement of almost every reign since the foundation of Monarchy: and when the Sovereign and his bride, attended by their gorgeous retinue, took their seats, the *coup d'œil* was transcendently magnificent.

The presence of George III. and his Queen seemed, in fact, the visible incarnation of the Monarchy. The general assemblage in the Abbey—composed as it was of the highest representatives of the Peerage, the Church, the Army, and the Navy, with the Ministers of State, the heads of the Legislature, and all that was most distinguished of the gentry of England—might be with equal justice termed the presence of the Nation, while the glittering costumes of the foreign ambassadors and their suites made, as it were, historical groupings in the living picture by the associations they awoke, and the illustrations which they gave of the progress of political society.

Add to this, the gorgeous aspect of the aisles and galleries crowded with all the beauty and the rank of England, glittering with coronets and jewels, amid which a forest of white feathers waved to and fro in admirable relief—and, even then, but a faint image is conveyed of the splendours of the Coronation.

The usual recognition and oblation having been made, the Litanies chanted, the responses sung by the whole choir, and the

Communion read, a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Salisbury.

At its conclusion the Sovereign and his Queen arose from their chairs, and, attended by their supporters—the Lord Chamberlain bearing the sword of state before the King—they walked majestically to the square platform erected by the altar, with an ascent of three steps, and knelt on the cushions placed there, after which the Monarch subscribed the declaration, and, with the usual solemnities, took the Coronation Oath.

Their Majesties then returned to their chairs, and, at the conclusion of another soul-stirring anthem, the King arose, and, with slow and solemn step, proceeded to, and sat down upon, St. Edward's chair, which, covered with cloth of gold, was placed in front of the altar. A superb pall, of the same rich material, was then upheld above the Monarch's head by four Knights of the Garter, when his Grace of Canterbury took the consecrated oil from the ampulla, and anointed his Majesty on the crown of his head, his breast, and the palms of his hands. After this the Sovereign was presented with the spurs, girt with the sword, and invested

with the Coronation robes, the armilla, and the imperial mantle, or Dalmatic robe of cloth of gold. The orb was then delivered, and the ring put on the fourth finger of his Majesty's right hand, by the Lord Archbishop, who also presented the Sceptre with the Cross, and the other with the Dove.

One solemn moment followed those proceedings; and then his Grace of Canterbury, standing before the high altar, uplifted St. Edward's Crown, consecrated and blessed it with a prayer, and, assisted by several Bishops, amid silence that might almost be felt, placed it reverentially upon the head of George the Third.

At a pre-concerted signal, and instantaneously, the Park and Tower guns fired, and the old walls of the abbey were rent within and without by deafening shouts of "*God save the King!*"

At the same moment all the Peers and Peeresses simultaneously arose *vis-à-vis*, and, wreathing their magnificent coronets around their brows, stood proudly opposed each to the other!

With equal celerity the Bishops donned their caps, the Kings of arms their crowns,

the representatives of the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy their hats, and the Knights of the Bath their splendid caps surmounted with enormous snow-white plumes.

The effect of this sudden *soulèvement* was perfectly magical; and when the organs pealed forth the grand national anthem, with a volume of sound that made the ancient towers of Westminster ring with a thousand echoes, we envy not the soul that could have remained unmoved.

Silence being perfectly restored, the Archbishop proceeded with the rest of the divine service, after which he solemnly presented the Holy Bible to the King, and read the benedictions, when his Majesty kissed the Archbishop and Bishops, one after another, as they knelt before him.

The *Te Deum* was then grandly performed, and at its termination George III. was elevated to a superb Throne, before which the Princes of the blood, the Peers of England, and the great officers of state, having approached in their order, knelt and paid homage to the Monarch—an example followed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the rest of the Lords Spiritual.

The Coronation of the Queen was performed with much the same ceremonials as that of the King ; and after her Majesty had received her Sceptre she was conducted by her suite to a magnificent Throne on the left hand of her Royal Spouse.

Their Majesties, apparently in profound devotion, went through the remaining solemnities, and, having made their second oblations, the service ended with a glorious Hallelujah.

At its conclusion the Sovereign and his Consort retired into St. Edward's chapel, where, each having received a Crown of State, they walked out of the choir to the western door of the cathedral. There the Royal procession formed nearly in the same manner as that which had been adopted for its progress to the Abbey, and then returned to Westminster Hall.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear." POPE.

"*The Prince stepp'd forth before the King.*"
SHAKESPEARE.

"In his eye

The **inextinguishable spark which fires**
The souls of patriots: while his brow supports
Unconquered honour and contempt of death.
Stern, be true." GLOVER.

"A soldier's sword he drew, with joints of steel,
Most glorious this trial!" SHAKESPEARE.

"I am his enemy—I make my challenge." IDEM.

"If the brave lack may triumph yet,
We'll see what his sword's above:
For this far less is sure is set.

That prince of firm and faithful Love,
To stand or fall as they be.
How we will **ACHIEVE** their mission high!"

JOHN KENYON.

THE ceremonials attendant on the reception of "the golden yoke of sovereignty" had been so much prolonged, that the individuals who for six hours sat in Westminster Hall awaiting the return of the procession, as well

as the crowds who remained for the same purpose in the streets, nearly lost their patience—which, it must be confessed, was ill repaid to the latter class by the dim view of the Royal progress which the gloomy light of evening permitted. Yet it seemed as if this partial eclipse were to enhance, by contrast, the splendours of the mighty pageant of the Coronation Banquet. We have mentioned that numerous temporary galleries had been erected for the occasion ; one was peculiarly effective, from the circumstance of its being fixed, as it were, within the roof, supported by those massive beams which are decorated at either end with cherubim elaborately-carved. Along the galleries, and pendent from the noble ceiling, fifty-two chandeliers were suspended, each ornamented at the top with a large gilt imperial crown. From three thousand wax-lights, ensconced within those girandoles, a torrent of radiance gushed over the vast and gorgeous assemblage with almost overpowering lustre. Velvets and ermines, stars, plumes, and coronets that seemed almost regal—emblazoned banners—the national costumes of the representatives of most of the Powers of Europe—the picturesque paraphernalia

of the heralds—the mass of quaint and antique dresses—the vast Hall itself, filled in all its architectural grandeur with the female loveliness of England, and the prime of her nobility and gentry, sparkling with resplendent jewels—the varied colouring of the magnificent picture massed into harmony by the effective power of contrast, amid a concentration of accessories brilliant as those

of a fairy tale—let the reader endeavour to realize all this with the utmost power of imagination, and even *then* he will have but a faint idea of the splendour of the *mise en scène* of the Coronation Banquet.

Upon this grand national ceremonial Westminster Hall had been laid open from end to end, all that it previously contained having been removed except the floor and steps of the King's Bench Court. A platform, covered with matting, led up to the latter along the centre of the Hall. Immediately above this elevation their Majesties' table, glittering with gold and silver plate, was laid out with royal pomp. Two chairs of state, under a massive embroidered canopy, remained vacant for the occupation of the Sovereign and his Queen. Between the

lowest gallery and the floor large closets were contrived on either side with double doors, for containing relays of plates, wines, and all the necessary *et cetera* of the banquet. On the space left between these compartments and the platform which ran up the middle of the Hall long tables were laid out for that portion of the company to dine at who had not the honour of being admitted to the King's table. Opposite to the latter, and over the north gate, an immense balcony was erected for the reception of trumpets, kettle-drums, and other instruments of martial music, and in the centre of this orchestra a superb organ was fixed.

As their Majesties, with the Princes of the blood, and attended by the great officers of state, with the heads of the nobility, entered to take their seats, the whole assembly rose with heads uncovered, and the organ, with a volume of sound, pealed forth that grandest of harmonies—the National Anthem of England. The Monarch and his bride then seated themselves, when numerous pages, attired in antique dresses of scarlet and gold, white hose, and blue sashes, took their position immediately behind the

royal chairs. The end of the table on the right hand of His Majesty was occupied by their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Cambridge, and at the opposite end, on the Queen's left hand, sat her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta. The moment the Royal Family were seated, a flourish of trumpets sounded, and the Earl Talbot, in the full robes of his order, and as Steward of his Majesty's Household, rode up on a caparisoned charger from the Hall gate to the steps that led to the Royal table, and, having done homage to the King and Queen, backed his steed in order to keep his face still towards their Majesties—an equestrian exploit which was loudly applauded by the spectators. The banquet then commenced. After the first course, and before the second, a flourish of clarions burst from the orchestra, and, under an inspiring clangour of martial music, Mr. Dymock, the King's champion, attended by the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marshal, both nobles in their robes, and wearing the coronets and collars of their orders, and all on horseback, made their grand entry into Westminster Hall. The Champion was mounted on the magnificent

white charger which his late Majesty rode at the battle of Dettingen.

This noble war-horse was richly-caparisoned in housings of crimson and gold, embroidered with the armorial-bearings of the Crown, and embossed with silver stars. The head and back of the steed were covered with armour, the former adorned with an enormous white plume, and the tail tied up with knots of red silk.

The chivalric appearance of the rider was very magnificent. He sat proudly erect on a blue velvet saddle embroidered with silk and pearls. His gold helmet was surmounted by an immense plume of white, blue, and red feathers. A short mulberry-velvet cloak, lined with white sarcenet, and richly interspersed with pearls, fell over a splendid suit of blue armour; an azure ribbon supported round his neck the large diamond cross and gemmed circlet of the order of St. George; and his right hand proudly upheld *the Gauntlet*.

Two trumpeters, with the arms of the Champion emblazoned on their banners, preceded him. His Esquires walked in close attendance; the one on the right hand carried the Champion's lance upright, the other,

on the left, bore a target with the armorial-bearings of the House of Dymock and the Champion's motto—" *Pro Rege Dimico* "—depicted thereon. The Herald-at-Arms, holding an illuminated parchment containing the words of the Challenge, and four Pages richly-apparelled, terminated the procession.

This chivalric cavalcade, amid deafening cheers, which for a moment overpowered even the clangour of the trumpeters, stopped at the lower end of Westminster Hall, when, a passage to their Majesties' table being cleared and silence restored, the Herald-at-Arms proclaimed the Champion's challenge in the following words:—

"If any person of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord King George the Third, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., (grandson) and next heir to our Sovereign Lord King (George II.), the last King deceased, to be the right heir to the Imperial Crown of the realm of Great Britain, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his Champion, who saith that he lieth and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him; and in

this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever shall be appointed."

The Champion then boldly threw down the Gauntlet, which, having lain a few moments, was taken up by the Herald and restored to him.

After this, the equestrian procession caracolled with wonderful precision to the middle of the Hall, where, after the blast of the second trumpet, the same Herald made proclamation as before. Thereupon the cavalcade rode proudly up to the foot of the steps that led to the King's table, when, the trumpet having sounded, the Herald and those who preceded him ascended to the top of the steps, and, the third challenge being made in a loud tone of defiance, the Champion, for the last time, haughtily threw down his iron gauntlet, and with such force that a sharp clang rang forth and resounded from the platform.

At this moment a tall female figure veiled in black from head to foot, glided from behind one of the temporary columns, and, solemnly lifting her hand on high, threw down a gage of battle with a written challenge and took up the Champion's gauntlet.

In this brief act the long veil of the lady got entangled in the trappings of the Champion's steed, and, falling from her head, the broad light which then like a golden halo shimmered over it revealed the flashing eyes and the pale, resolved, and statue-like features of *The Lady Ogilvie!*

In a second she caught up her veil, and, hastily muffling it round her head, leaned her face on her clasped hands, and thus, **shrouded and shrinking, as it were, into herself,** seemed on the point of falling to the ground. Two gentlemen simultaneously rushed forward from beneath the shade of a curtained arch; one of them flung his arm round her waist, and quick as lightning bore her down the narrow lane which an impulsive parting of the crowd had formed. The other advanced a few paces, paused, threw back his head, and looked fixedly upon the King. Their eyes met. The usually cold and passionless features of George the Third brightened into an expression of surprised and vivid interest, as instantaneously he recognised the form and face of *Charles Edward Stuart!* With that species of desperation which prompts the individual who

commits an act of frantic imprudence to sustain it with unblenching firmness, the Son of many Kings stood still as a statue, while steadily and sternly he returned the significant gaze of the Crowned Monarch of England. A moment that was a century of feeling passed thus. In the next, the dauntless Stuart with admirable presence of mind turned haughtily round, and with swift but unfaltering steps followed the receding figures of his devoted friends—the Lord and Lady Ogilvie.

The entire of this perilous scene had been so rapidly enacted that it seemed almost apparitional. Whatever might have been the feelings of the immediate by-standers, astonishment and incomprehensibility in the first instance were superseded in the next by strong excitement at the progress of the pageant, as amid the clattering of horses' hoofs, the ringing of armour, and the blasts of trumpets, it reached the climax of its grandeur.

The deafening cheers of the spectators—by the great majority of whom the striking incident we have recorded passed unseen—not only drowned the comments of the few

who witnessed it, but aided the escape of the retreating party by making an unconscious diversion in their favour.

Thus comparatively screened from observation, and his person being unknown to the mass of the crowd, Charles Edward Stuart threaded the dark and solitary passages which Ogilvie and his heroic wife had been the first to gain. The unfortunate

Prince quickly overtook them. Not a word was spoken, but all was understood by the interchange of one expressive look, as, rapidly emerging into the open street, they mingled with the thickest masses of the people, and thus eluding observation succeeded in reaching the banks of the Thames. There a boat, according to previous arrangements, was waiting to bear the illustrious exiles to the vessel destined to transport them once more from their native to a foreign land.

In profound silence the three devoted friends stepped unnoticed into the little bark, which instantly and swiftly glided down the river. The hooded mantles that lay within it were cautiously wrapped round each of the party, so as completely to conceal their persons and their faces. From the speed with

which the passage was pursued, the boat soon reached the broad part of the bosom of the Thames, where a vessel lay ready to sail for Italy with Prince Charles and his eminent partisans.

In equal haste and silence they mounted the ladder which was lowered, and, quickly traversing the deck, descended to the cabin allotted to their use, and closed the door.

Breathing then more freely, yet still well nigh convulsed by suppressed emotion, Eva threw herself upon her husband's breast and burst into a passion of tears. Almost equally affected, Ogilvie fondly strained her to his heart, while he whispered, in a voice choked with contending feelings,—

“Since you are safe, my own, my best beloved, I cannot bring myself to censure *now*. Yet tell me, tell me, dearest, what *could* have led you to perform—without my sanction, or even a previous shadow of suspicion on my part—a deed at once so daring and so perilous, one, too, so much at variance with your sweet, womanly, and gentle nature? Speak, speak, my Eva, speak!”

“I cannot, must not, *dare* not say more than *this*,” ejaculated Lady Ogilvie, sinking

on a chair. "A nobleman devoted heart and soul unto the Prince," she added, instinctively stretching out her hands towards him, "gave me the written challenge and the glove which I threw down when I took up this gauntlet," she added, drawing the Champion's gage of battle from the folds of her robe and presenting it to Charles Edward Stuart. She paused a moment, and then, in quicker accents, said, "I swore to do the deed which I have done, and never to reveal the name of the heroic man who prompted it, and who, in his written challenge, offered in person to defend his Sovereign's right on battle-field against the Champion of the new Usurper! My oath, I feel, will be respected by my Prince."

As those words fell faintly though fervently from Lady Ogilvie's lips, she flung herself at the feet of Charles Edward, who, in strong emotion, raised her from the ground as he emphatically said,—

"On my Royal word it shall! But, generous and glorious woman, how can I express the deep, undying gratitude which fills my heart almost to bursting, at the courageous act, so bravely done, and which, from an

imaginary hope to aid the doomed race of Stuart, perilled *your* precious life? Language fails me," added the Prince, in a tone of deep dejection: "I can only *feel*."

As those words were uttered in a faltering voice, he raised the hand of Lady Ogilvie to his quivering lips, and the next moment, placing it in that of her husband, his eyes fixed vacantly upon the ground, as if in a listless dream of hopeless sadness.

"For God's sake yield not thus to the pressure of your griefs, my Prince, my friend!" said Ogilvie, in a voice almost stifled by the strength of his feelings. "Proud as I am of my heroic wife, thankful as I am to God for having been her safeguard, still the sight of your distress mars my just gratitude to Heaven, and almost unmans me."

As Ogilvie uttered those words, he seized the hand of his Royal Master and wrung it with the vehemence of passionate emotion. The sudden rush which he had made displaced the Champion's Gauntlet, which the Stuart had thrown upon a chair. It fell to and clanged against the ground. In doing so it caught the gaze of the unhappy Prince.

The sight of that memorable gage seemed to effect a strange and sudden revulsion in his feelings; for, raising up the iron glove, he proudly started to his feet, flung a window open, and said, in a voice terribly emphatic from the coolness of its stern resolve,—

“From this hour I bid a long—a last farewell to England!—Thus perish all memorial of *her* falsehood to, and triumph over, Charles Stuart!—Ay—even *thus!*”—And steadily stretching his arm out of the open casement, he flung the Champion’s gauntlet into the silver Thames, and then, with eyes as cold and fixed as those of sculptured marble, watched the disappearance of his rival’s gage, as the parted waters closed over it for ever!

* * * * *

A solemn silence followed—and then, as Lord Ogilvie stood beside his Prince and gazed with him into the depths below, he whispered in a voice inexpressibly tender and affecting,—“Praised be God! no worse result has issued from the ceremonial of this memorable day—one which will live for ever registered within my heart!”

“I reiterate your thanksgiving, since you and yours might have been so fatally the

sufferers! Yes, Ogilvie! I now feel and confess the intenseness of my obstinacy, when, in opposition to your counsel and entreaties, I insisted upon witnessing the Coronation of the Usurper of my father's Crown! Yet, if the undying gratitude of your ill-fated Prince can be any recompense for his too frequent errors, *that* recompense is *yours*! Remember too," he added, in a deprecating tone of self-extenuation, "that when you discovered my wild design to come *incognito* to see this morning's gewgaw attempt to consecrate the crime of usurpation by anointing it on the Throne of *my* ancestors, I tried all my powers of reasoning to dissuade you and your incomparable wife from the danger of being my companions in the daring enterprise, not only knowing the perils attendant on it, but also feeling how severe would be your mutual trial in parting, even for a little, from your precious children, although they rested beneath the fostering care and love of our venerated Lady Tullibardine. But nothing could shake your loyal determination — all my efforts failed; yet had I known the heroic but fanatically-loyal scheme of your noble-minded wife, my Royal

command should have been laid upon you both, to prevent an act which entailed such peril upon you and her on my account. And now, dear friends," he added, in a paroxysm of feeling, wringing the hands of Lord and Lady Ogilvie, and then as suddenly resigning them—"leave your doomed Prince to the sad relief of solitude and silence!"

The Royal desire was instantly and reverentially obeyed.

Since writing the above, I find in one of the Historical Novels of Sir Walter Scott, that the same incident has been made to contribute to the scenic effect of his narrative, but under circumstances so entirely dissimilar from those of the present chapter as wholly to relieve the mind of the writer from a degree of reluctance which might otherwise have arisen in employing it. In point of fact, however, such reluctance would, under any contingency, seem misplaced, as either traditionary or historical incidents have ever been justly considered the common property of authors.

The title of the noble who it is said sent a written challenge through the agency of the lady who took up the gauntlet of Dymock at the Coronation of George III., and left her glove in lieu of it, has never transpired, though of course it must have been mentioned in the paper wherein he wagered his body to maintain in open combat the right of the Royal Stuart to the throne of England against the House of Hanover. Chambers, in

his interesting 'History of the Rebellion in Scotland in 1745,' states that in the year 1753 Charles Edward "ventured to visit London in order to transact the business of the proposed insurrection. The King knew of his arrival, but adopted the wise resolution not to molest him. The conspiracy, though said to have involved many of the most honourable names in England, did not arrive at any head." The same authority also alludes to the report of Charles Edward's presence at the Coronation of George III. in 1761, as well as to the circumstance of the challenge of the King's Knight on that occasion having been "answered by a female adherent, who threw her glove into the area after the Champion had deposited his gauntlet."

It may be also well to state, before I close this note, that the historian Hume, in a letter to Sir John Pringle, after having mentioned Charles Edward's visit to Lady Primrose's house in 1753, with the curiously-interesting circumstances which have been related in the preceding pages, proceeds to assert that their truth was fully corroborated to him by Lord Holderness, who was Secretary of State in that year. Mr. Hume then continues his epistle in the following words:—"But what will surprise you more, Lord Marshal (a few days after the coronation of the present King George III.) told me that he believed the young Pretender was at *that* time in London, or at least had been so lately, and had come over to see the show of the Coronation, and had actually seen it! I asked my Lord the reason for this strange fact. 'Why,' says he, 'a gentleman told me that he *saw him there*, and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words: "Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see

here." " 'Twas curiosity that led me," said the other ; " but I assure you," added he, " that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I envy the least." ' You see this is so nearly traced from the fountain-head as to wear a great face of probability. Query—What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet? I find that the Pretender's visit in England, in the year 1753, was known to all the Jacobites."

It must be obvious to those who have studied the remarkable character of Charles Edward Stuart, that his answer to the gentleman who accosted him thus was either a mere *ruse de guerre* to conceal his real motives for attending the coronation of George III., or else an involuntary exhibition of contempt for one whom *he* naturally considered in the light of an usurper. Be this as it may, the evidence of other writers, besides Hume, go to establish the fact that the son of James the Third,* then only assuming the title of " Prince of Wales," was actually present *incog.* at the Coronation of George III., —an act of such imprudent daring as to call for the attestations I have given, in order to avert the charge of a startling infraction of the probabilities of history, which otherwise might have been brought against the writer for the introduction of an incident so much at variance with its usual course.

* So styled by his adherents.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

LET many years roll rapidly away. Let their mingled memories of joy and sorrow pass into comparative oblivion, and, on returning to the personages of our narrative we shall find that Time, the assuager of human grief, whose potent hand can veil—almost efface the past—has had his usual influence over the fever of ambition, the mysterious trials, the delusive dreams, which for so long a period made Charles Edward Stuart the dupe of his own excited imagination, and brought out into conspicuous relief his faults and virtues.

The difficulties of getting at the truth of a question so clouded by misrepresentation as that of his peculiar character are by no means inconsiderable. The religious and political atmosphere of the times in which

he lived—the turn of personal thought and feeling which party prejudice necessarily created—the duty of choosing between conflicting authorities, or of obtaining that proper point of observation from which the picture of his life ought to be viewed, render it by no means an easy task to avoid extravagant assumption and mistaken claims to merit on the one hand, or exaggerated misrepresentations and dishonourable surmises on the other.

Accordingly, historians, whether as panegyrists or censurers, seem too often to use their pens as mere instruments of political warfare, thus violating the sanctity of truth and the claims of justice. Among the dangerous scenes in which a man of the impetuous temperament of Charles Edward found himself the elected leader of his own party, it was not to be expected that he could steer clear of many faults, whether we regard him in the cabinet or in the field; yet, from the testimony which may be drawn from authentic published and unpublished documents, it seems almost impossible to refuse him the award of being actuated by consummate personal courage, ardent love for

his country, unprecedented fortitude under unparalleled sufferings, and a power of thought full of activity and strength, which, so far from diminishing, when tried in the school of affliction, came pure from the ordeal like gold from the furnace. In a work like the present it would be out of place to enlarge upon the relative merits of Whiggism and Jacobitism—those two great questions which divided public opinion in the eighteenth century. Suffice it then to say, that, whatever were the faults of the adherents of the exiled Stuarts, nothing mean nor self-interested can be detected in their principles or conduct, which, with few exceptions, were guided by a chivalrous, pure, romantic, we had almost said *poetical* spirit, that presented a striking contrast to the one which animated their successful opponents, derived, as it mainly was, from the prospect of places and rewards, the certain results of their transferred allegiance to the Government of Great Britain.

Prince Charles, educated in a school that instilled into his mind maxims widely different from those which then prevailed in England, had been taught that the assertion of

his birthright was an incumbent duty and a laudable desire. Thus, Ambition undoubtedly was the supreme object of his devotion; but, considering his idol as enthroned above the Altar of Patriotism, it is not surprising that he should have deemed such worship his true and legitimate vocation.

The remembrance of the sacrifice of his family and his own hereditary rights may have also led to the conviction that he was justified in using the best means for their restoration, and may have prompted the belief that those who had contributed to the destruction of the Stuarts were actuated more by self-interest than justice, and were in fact enemies instead of being friends to their country.

In so tumultuous a mind as that of Charles Edward, prepossessed with a daring confidence in his own abilities, we can scarcely wonder, notwithstanding the warnings which surrounded him, that he was drawn on surely, but as it were insensibly, to his own ruin.

The heart of the man, in its frailties, its penances, and its agitations, lies clearly open to the unprejudiced investigator of his cha-

racter, and renders him as much the object of compassion as in some respects of admiration. That his zeal was often as imprudent as fervid is indisputable. That he was either too hasty or too dilatory in the execution of his projects is equally true; nor can it be denied that his temper was irascible, though he was seldom discreditable in its conduct.

The artifices of false friends, and the chicanery of the various Court intrigues to which he fell a victim, increased a tendency to dissimulation, and helped to darken his mind with clouded views on the general principles of human nature. His attachments to his friends were strong, as numerous of their dying testimonies prove; but his hatred was as powerful as his love; and though inheriting the obstinacy of his race, yet in paroxysms of impulse he was apt to yield too suddenly to the impressions of the moment, whether guided by a false counsellor, or led into error by his own impetuosity, which often frustrated the execution of projects originally clever in design and policy.

The scion of a line of ancient Kings, he had early imbibed a warm love of monarchy,

and yet it would be the highest injustice to charge him with a natural disposition for the establishment of despotism—an inclination that would have been incompatible with the many excellences of head and heart to which a crowd of his adherents have borne the strongest attestations, and inconsistent with the moderation and humanity he unquestionably displayed during the whole of his brilliant, though ill-fated, career in Scotland.

In one word, his mind was gifted, capable, and generous, and, though its miscellaneous qualities were marked and various for good and for evil, yet on the whole the finest specimens of heroic action are to be found in his singularly-striking but unequal character.

Before the accession of the House of Hanover, the chances were in favour of the dynasty of the Stuarts. Had their restoration to the crown of their ancestors been effected, their only surety for its retention would have existed in the adoption of those consolidated principles of government, the violation of which had caused their monarchical extinction. Whether the same blind and arbitrary opinions which the Stuarts had either inherited from their progenitors or imbibed

from their education would have been acted upon had they re-ascended the throne of England, it is now impossible to say; but it is a melancholy reflection that the romantic and chivalrous character of The Victor of Falkirk was ever placed amid a combination of circumstances which bore down the progressive efforts of his mind, and that, immured as it were in a labyrinth of embarrassments, its natural forces were not only deprived of fair play, but were eventually humiliated and weakened by the pressure of reiterated misfortunes.

Four years after the coronation of his successful rival, King James the Third, as he was always called by the Jacobites, though as uniformly styled "The Old Chevalier de St. George" by the opposite party, expired, full of years and grief, at Rome, on the 30th December, 1765. The immense fortune of his wife—the Princess Maria Clementina Sobieski, daughter of Prince James Sobieski, and grand-daughter to the famous John Sobieski, King of Poland—had been considerably wasted in the fruitless attempt of 1745; and though he had been recognised as King of England by several of the Courts of

Europe, had enjoyed the privilege granted by the Pope to Catholic Sovereigns of bestowing cardinalates, and had had the palace and guards of monarchy, still the emphatic words addressed to him by his father, James the Second, on his deathbed—"You are the child of vows and prayers"—seem to have been registered on High in a dark and troubled page, for many were the vicissitudes of that illustrious victim to the fatalism of his race.

On hearing of the dangerous illness of his Sire, Charles Edward Stuart—who, since his last visit to the metropolis of England, had resided with his devoted friends at Bouillon in France—hastened with them to soothe the dying moments of the father he loved so well. On arriving at Rome he at first assumed the title of The Chevalier Douglas—the *nom de guerre* which in his days of youthful glory and romance he had adopted at Gravelines on the eve of his eventful expedition to the Highlands. This assumption, however, was of short duration, as, within a brief period after his Sire's death, he boldly styled himself King of England, under which title he established himself and

suite at the residence of his late father in the classic region of Albano, where, adopting all the prerogatives of royalty, he kept up a constant correspondence with his Jacobite adherents in Great Britain.

The conviction that he should eventually succeed in ascending his ancestral throne seems to have been absolutely imperishable, as all his letters during 1767 and 1768 breathe fervent hope and infatuated confidence.

In 1770, those unfounded expectations acquired additional strength from the commercial embarrassments of England, the calamitous aspect of the affairs of the East India Company through the rapacity of their servants abroad, and the tumults and animosities fomented by Mr. Wilkes on his return home, where, even while his outlawry was still in force, he offered himself a candidate for the county of Middlesex, and was popularly deemed a martyr in the cause of liberty. The internal divisions thus excited tended to diminish the popularity of George the Third, and eventually caused, in a secondary, if not in a primary sense, the all-important event of the American war, as well as serious com-

mercial differences between Great Britain and Ireland.

The hopes of the Jacobites naturally revived under such circumstances; and as the flame of discord continued to blaze out between England and her American colonies, the political fire seemed so fierce and dangerous that, encouraged by the aspect of affairs, Charles Edward Stuart, backed by **many of the most bold, influential, and daring** of his adherents, seriously contemplated another invasion. Unforeseen events, however, acted eventually to depress the progress of efforts of the Jacobite party, and to end them or frustrate their chimerical designs. Smarting under this fresh disappointment, Charles Edward, conceiving, probably, that a brilliant alliance might yet assist his cause and open resources, married, in April 1744, the Princess Louise of Stollberg-Gedern, and accompanied with his bride to a splendid palace in the Via Bastiana at Florence, where he assumed all the state of royalty, the crown of Great Britain being embroidered in his appliques, with the cipher C. S. His suite of servants also wore the Royal livery of England; and his Princess,

though styling herself Countess of Albany, yet always exacted the homage of a queen, and appeared in public adorned with the splendid regal gems of the Stuarts and the Sobieskis, the former having been the munificent present of her husband's brother, the Cardinal of York, as a portion of the crown jewels, which his grandfather, James the Second, had carried off with him in his flight from England in 1688; the latter the gift of her own father, John, King of Poland.

By this union, Charles Edward had no issue, and probably owing to that circumstance his attachment to his illegitimate daughter, Charlotte, Duchess of Albany, at which we have already glanced, increased to a high degree of paternal love. There is, at all events, abundant testimony that he ever acted towards her as a kind and affectionate father, though of the eventual fate of her unfortunate mother, and his conduct towards her, nothing certain can be known. That his marriage was a wretched one there can be little doubt. The attachment to, and eventual elopement of his Consort with the great poet Alfieri,* must have been a source of deep misery to the high and haughty spirit

* See Lord's Mahon's History of "The Forty-five."

of the Prince, so deep that notwithstanding the ties that surrounded him, and the unswerving devotion of the friends who accompanied him into exile, he seems, towards the close of his romantic life, to have sunk into a state of morbid despondency, the natural consequence of domestic misfortunes and of repeated and ineffectual efforts to attain the grand object of his life—a restoration to the Throne of his ancestors.

In estimating the struggles of a brave and vigorous spirit to assert an hereditary right, it is indispensable to know the amount and complication of difficulties in which for years upon years it had been held, the strength of the chains it strove to burst, and the magnitude of the obstacles it tried to overcome. This must be calmly and philosophically done ere we can duly appreciate either the grandeur of the effort or the deteriorating influences which its failure may entail.

The censurers of Charles Edward Stuart, even in the heat of political antagonism, will scarcely deny his claims to valour, humanity, moderation, and courageous perseverance in a cause which he naturally believed to be that of honour and justice, or refuse the admiration due to his manly fortitude and

nobility of character, of which history affords so many proofs. There is nothing truer than that success and opportunity make the hero.

“Treason doth never prosper. What’s the reason?

Why, if it prosper, none dare *call* it treason !”

If Charles Edward had advanced from Derby* to London, and with the results which the ablest writers have since declared in that case as inevitable, it is obvious his character must have been portrayed in colours altogether different from those which have been employed in animadversion. The unanimous voice of mankind, it is more than probable, would then have pronounced him a hero, nor would posterity have refused to ratify the decree. But fortune did *not* favour him in the main, and here lies the secret cause not only of much of the vituperation which has assailed his memory, but also of the deterioration of his moral qualities towards the close of his life; for as there is an alchemy about success which in public opinion often turns inferior motives into noblest purposes when victory attends them, so, by the converse proposition, defeat in grand but unfortunate designs as frequently generates mis-

* See note at the end of the volume.

representation and calumny. Misfortune, moreover, has alternative effects, either chastening, sobering, elevating, and subduing the mind, or—and the alternative is perhaps decided more by mental constitution and education than any other causes—re-acting upon the moral character of the sufferer through the bitterness of wild and impotent disappointment, and producing petulant displays of the lower qualities and passions. A morbid sense of unsatisfied aims and aspirations after human greatness then reigns with fatal power, and, as in the case we are considering, too often plunges the possessor of an unchastened and impetuous temper into errors at variance with his natural disposition and the whole tenor of his previous life.

Felix, or *successful*, was considered by the Romans one of the indispensable characteristics of a good General; to be unsuccessful was to dispossess himself of public confidence; for, to use the words of a witty French writer, "*Rien ne réussit si bien que le succès!*"

Brutus was the jest of a Court, until the dagger of Lucretia gleamed and fell! At that instant his mighty soul indignantly

aroused, and, sweeping tyrants and tyranny successfully before him, the misdeemed idiot started forth upon the world a hero and a patriot.

But the results of synthesis provoke analysis; and if the original character of Charles Edward Stuart be fairly probed, it will be found to have possessed so much of what is noble in our nature, and to have been so far above the ordinary standard in gallantry of soul, hopes, and bearings, that the liberal thinker, tolerant of infirmities mainly produced by a miserable destiny, and only evinced after that destiny was irrevocably fixed, will feel a mournful pleasure in bestowing the homage of a generous sympathy on the vicissitudes of his varied life, and in adjudging to the memory of a gallant but ill-fated Prince an imperishable dwelling in the Records of the Brave.

* * * * *

It was midnight when, on the 3rd of February, 1788, the rays of the moon fell over a mournful train, poetically in unison with their character, as slowly, solemnly, and silently it wended on through the immutably grand scenery of Frascati towards the ancient

Cathedral of that classic town. The silver beams which played over the pale old olive-trees that rose perpendicularly from the hill-path the procession trod, covered as it were with a filmy veil of fluctuating light the unimaginable loveliness of those romantic steepes, while the black-robed figures, passing onwards at the base, were thrown out in fine relief against the evergreens that clothed the mountain back-ground to the summit, and which shone in radiance poured down from the starred azure of an Italian firmament.

Even the features of the individuals composing the *cortège* were given distinctly to the view, for the brightness that seemed to fill the air was increased by the blaze of numerous torches which, borne by a long retinue of men on horseback, and flashing broadly in every direction,

“Yielded light as from a sky.”

IT WAS THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF
CHARLES EDWARD STUART!

At length that gallant Prince was released from all the manifold griefs and disappointments of a long and singularly-chequered life, having expired at Rome in the 68th year

of his age on the 30th of January, 1788, the memorable anniversary of the execution of his great-grandfather, Charles the First! a coincidence which, among many others, seemed to mark the fatality attendant on his kingly race.

A choral hymn, harmonizing in its touching and beautiful character with the scene where it was breathed, broke forth upon the silence, from time to time issuing from that sad train, while the remains of the departed hero passed through the consecrated localities where Hadrian and Cato lived, and Cicero wrote!

Thus threading its circuitous route amid lands hallowed by the memories of the mighty dead—through groves of pines, acacias, and myrtles, where the Spirit of the Past still seemed to dwell, the mourners, comprehending all the household of the departed Prince, at length reached the grey walls of the Cathedral of Frascati.

Ivy of the most vivid green clustered and hung in garlands over the sculptured entrance of that ancient church, of whose see the Cardinal of York, brother to the illustrious deceased, was Bishop. The scene disclosed on

the opening of the high arched door of the sacred edifice, where the dignitaries of the cathedral of Frascati were assembled to receive the body, was impressively grand and remarkable. The venerable pile was entirely hung with black cloth, the seams of which were covered with gold lace. Those ample folds were drawn up between all the marble pillars of the church, in the form of festoons, intermixed with gold and silver tissue. The magnificent effect of such draperies was enhanced by the flood of radiance which fell from many hundred thick wax tapers that glowed brilliantly through every part of the holy fane. The great altar—the colossal crucifix, consecrated vessels, and tall candlesticks of which were of solid gold—was covered with a large crimson-velvet cloth, elaborately-embroidered and fringed with the same, its ample draperies falling round the white marble steps that led to the Communion Shrine, which was splendidly illuminated, being surrounded by gorgeous antique lamps holding lights of intense power.

Over the main door and the five principal side altars there were written upon the festoons, in large silver characters, the fol-

lowing texts of Scripture, which were chosen by the Cardinal of York as allusive to the situations and fortunes which had been the lot of the deceased :—

“ All his days also he cateth in darkness, and he hath much sorrow and wrath with his sickness.”—Eccles. v. 17.

“ My root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch.”—Job xxix. 5.

“ Let them be only thine own, and not strangers with thee.”—Prov. v. 17.

A lofty catafalque was erected on a platform raised three steps from the tessellated nave of the church, and a magnificent candelabrum filled with lights hung pendent from the middle of the frescoed ceiling.

The organ pealed a grand symphony to human woe, and the choir of Frascati, assisted by the finest voices from Rome, mingled in penetrating harmony with it, as the body of Prince Charles Edward Stuart was borne into the Cathedral and placed upon the catafalque, covered with a superb pall, on which, in several places, the Royal arms of England were richly-embroidered, the Crown of Great Britain resting in the centre.

All the principal nobility of the Roman States had been invited to attend the obsequies of the late King Charles the Third (as

the illustrious deceased was generally styled in Italy), and numbers of both sexes congregated to witness the High Mass which, celebrated with unusual pomp, preceded the funeral. Lord Ogilvie and five other gentlemen, devoted adherents of the departed, stood, three at either side of the coffin, shrouded in long mourning cloaks, each holding a splendid Royal Banner, while around the catafalque considerable numbers of unusually tall and large wax tapers were placed in the form of a square, guarded by the militia of Frascati. At the head of the bier knelt the Duchess of Albany,* completely shrouded in black, her veiled face bowed down upon the coffin of her father, who expired in the arms that were now flung round it with the passionate fondness of devoted sorrow. At the foot of the *cercueil*, facing the daughter of the Royal Stuart, and robed in deepest mourning, the Lady Ogilvie knelt, rapt in heavenly worship though wrenched with earthly grief, and looking as spiritually angelic as the forms that lived in the frescoes above. At a little distance the now very aged Marchioness of Tullibardine, sunk in

* See note at the end of the volume.

the attitude of supplication, lay prostrate before a splendid Salvatore. The massive folds of her black drapery swept the snowy steps of the side altar on which her head rested, while, pressing to her heart the miniature portrait of Charles Edward—always worn round her neck, and which had been his gift—she resigned herself to fervent orisons for the peace of his departed soul. The beautiful contrast of age and youth was exquisitely represented in the interesting impression of innocence and sympathy depicted on the lovely countenances of Lord Ogilvie's children, as, in deepest sables, they knelt around the venerable Lady Tullibardine, their little hands clasped in prayer, and their pure eyes raised to heaven with an expression so seraphical, that imagination could scarcely conceive anything more divine, even in the regions of celestial happiness.

Norah, Jessie, and the other numerous domestics of the Ogilvie household, filled the area of this lateral Chapel, clad entirely in black—all bowed to the marble pavement, which their faces touched, and piously absorbed in the same solemn and petitionary duties.

The body of the deceased Prince had only just been laid upon its gorgeous resting-place, when the Cardinal of York* entered the Cathedral, attired in his full ecclesiastical robes, and attended by a large suite of his officers and servants, clothed in deepest mourning. With a faltering step the venerable Prelate ascended to, and seated himself upon, his Throne, at the right-hand side of the Great Altar. The expression of his noble countenance was sad in the extreme, and unbidden tears traced their way from time to time along his pallid cheek. Making a powerful effort to regain his self-command, the Cardinal commenced the funeral ritual of his beloved brother, and began to chant the solemn office appointed by his Church for the Service of the Dead, assisted by the numerous choir of Frascati and some of the most glorious voices from Rome. The first verse was scarcely finished, when it was observed that the voice of the Prelate faltered—a flood of tears rushed down his cheeks—the chill of death seemed to have entered his frame—he trembled visibly, and looked as on the verge of fainting. Again, however, he wrestled

* See note at the end of the volume.

successfully with the agony depicted on every feature, and, sustained by moral energy which no *earthly* power could bestow, he went through the remaining functions of the service in the most affecting manner—one in which manly firmness, fraternal affection, and religious solemnity were so happily blended, that sympathy stronger than is often conveyed from man to man was felt by all around.

At length the melancholy scene was finished. The Organ no longer pealed its thrilling notes of woe—the clouds of incense which had curled upwards before the Altar ceased to ascend—every voice was hushed, and amidst “silence that might be felt,” interrupted only by convulsive sobs that filled the church, a slab of the marble pavement was upraised, and the mortal remains of Charles Edward Stuart were lowered to their last place of rest—a solitary tomb in the Cathedral of Frascati!

* * * * *

In comparatively recent years the remains of the Royal Stuart were removed to “the Eternal City,” where a cenotaph to the memories, and bearing the names, of “James

the Third, Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth, Kings of England," with the motto,

"Requiescant in Pace!"

has been sculptured by the immortal chisel of Canova, and placed within St. Peter's at Rome—that noblest of fanes ever erected by the genius of Religion to the worship of Deity. Long previously to that event a Monument, perhaps not less touching in its pure simplicity, marked the spot where the body of the descendant of a long line of Kings reposed in the Cathedral of Frascati. It bore only the name and titles of the brave Prince whose historical successes once commanded European interest—a Prince who, in a cause which personally he had a right to assert, maintained it unflinchingly amid the defection of false-hearted partisans and the hostility of hosts of powerful enemies. In spite of errors and of evil fortune, the enthusiastic admiration of his *real* friends never cooled, and it may be that even among his foes some might be found who, while condemning the acts attendant upon his lofty and long-cherished ambition, yielded to his generous valour and manifold calamities the tribute of a secret though unwilling sympa-

thy. The heart of the ill-fated Stuart was deposited in a white marble Urn, on which the following lines, composed by *L'Abbate Felice*, one of the Cardinal of York's chaplains, were inscribed :—

“ DI CARLO III. FREDDO CINERE
QUESTA BREV' URNA SERVA ;
FIGLIO DEL TERZO GIACOMO,
SIGNOR D'INGHILTERRA.

—
Fuor di suo regno patrio
A lui che Tomba diede ?—
Infideltà di Popolo,
Integrità di Fede.”

The epitaph may be thus rendered into English :—

THIS SMALL URN CONTAINS
THE COLD ASHES OF CHARLES THE THIRD,
SON OF THE THIRD JAMES,
SOVEREIGN OF ENGLAND.

—
Far from his native clime
What caused his Tomb to be ?—
A faithless *People's* crime,
His faith's fidelity !

* * * * *

On bended knees before that hallowed Shrine—so sacred to the friends of the departed Prince—might be often seen in after years the *Lady Ogilvie*.

Though blest with the tenderest ties that make existence dear, and happy beyond the ordinary fate of mortals, yet even the brightness of *her* destiny was shaded by the pensive recollections of the past. She did not *wish* to forget them. Adversity had been her instructor, had taught her weighty truths—the meaning of Life and the wisdom of Death—had led her to ponder on the great mysteries of Time and Eternity, and to reflect upon the relations which the seen and the unseen world bear unto each other; profound questions which gave clear-sighted views of the present, with powerful warnings of the future.

The sweet thoughtfulness engendered by such reveries, subdued—we had almost said *sublimed*—the ardent sensibilities of Lady Ogilvie, and increased their capacity for the domestic happiness which was her portion.

Not unfrequently withdrawing from home-scenes so pure and blissful that she almost feared they *could* not last, she loved to retire to meditation and to solemn silence at the Grave of Charles Edward!

There, with feelings which Time failed to rob of their early warmth and freshness, she

was wont to indulge "the joy of grief," her Spirit wrapt in contemplation on the dead.

With those holy thoughts the memories of Edith O'Moore and of her own chequered life would sometimes mingle;—a life which had been so singularly bound up with the fortunes of the House of Stuart, as well as with the humbler, though in this connection not less stirring and important, events which decided the fate of The O'Sullivans.

The drooping and now faded Banner placed by the devotion of surviving friends above the Tomb of Charles Edward Stuart, as at such moments it arrested the tearful gaze of Lady Ogilvie, brought vividly before her mental vision not only the departed glories of a Royal Race, but also, by a mysterious yet most natural association, recalled those painful incidents in her own destiny and that of the Sister of her heart which were so strangely linked with the wild and terrible history of The Irish Buccaneers, and their once far-famed and victorious

"DEATH-FLAG."

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT IN 1630 TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
JOHN B. HENNINGSEN
OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
J. B. HENNINGSEN, 10 N. STATE ST.
1858.

N O T E S.

NOTE I. See page 57.

One of the wild Improvisatori who are still employed to cry over deceased persons, and to chant forth their praises at Irish country funerals in an impromptu Dirge, which is often both feeling and poetical.

NOTE II. See page 58.

"*Rann*" signifies a Poem, or Tale. It is a curious coincidence that *Runnah* means, in Hebrew, a Poetical Story.

NOTE III. See page 66.

Bana is an allegorical name for Ireland.

NOTE IV. See page 68.

Weirasthrue! is a favourite Irish ejaculation of indignant feeling.

NOTE V. See page 75.

This splendid Dirge of The O'Sullivan-Beare was actually composed in the Ibero-Celtic by his devoted Nurse. The translation given in the Third Chapter is from the spirited pen of J. J. Callanen, Esq.

NOTE VI. See page 81.

The O'Sullivans boasted descent from two Brothers named *Colla Nais* and *Colla Meann*, who, according to Irish Antiquaries, were Chiefs, or Kings, in Ulster, about A.D. 350.

NOTE VII. See page 82.

I have taken a *very slight* chronological liberty as respects the dates of the tragical fate of the O'Sullivan-Beare and the executions of his Nephew and Daniel Connell, in order to heighten the interest, as well as to contribute to the scenic effect, of my narrative.

NOTE VIII. See page 127.

Many old persons are still alive who remember well having seen the Portrait of Prince Charles Edward at Erlinghame (or, as it is now called, Arlingham) Court, and who bear testimony to the respect and veneration which the Yates' family ever entertained for it.—Lady Mill, relict of Sir Richard Mill, Bart., and niece of Charles Yates, Esq., was the last of the family, on whose extinction the very ancient "Manor of Erlinghame" passed into new hands.

NOTE IX. See page 146.

The fact was, these busts were taken in plaster of Paris from Prince Charles's face. *Vide* Dr. King's Anecdotes of his Own Times.

NOTE X. See page 181.

"*Lætamini Cives*" (Citizens, rejoice!). This Medal was actually struck, and bore the head of Charles on one side, and on the other the above singular motto. For what purpose it was coined, Historians do not agree.

NOTE XI. See page 190.

Betty Burke was the *sobriquet* adopted by Prince Charles while personating the hand-maiden of Flora Macdonald.

NOTE XII. See page 193.

An allusion to "THE CAGE," in which the heroic Charles Edward Stuart found a safe refuge and concealment in such an extraordinary manner from his enemies during "The Forty-Five," naturally recalls to memory his disastrous defeat at Culloden, where his once splendid hopes—sustained by previous victories—were crushed and blighted in a single hour! Yet let it not be deemed that the Prince or his adherents failed in success from lack of bravery or resolution the most undaunted;—No—for (to use the words of the enlightened Historian, Lord Mahon) "Not by their forefathers at Bannockburn—not by themselves at Preston or at Falkirk—not in after years, when discipline had raised and refined the valour of their sons—not on the shores of the Nile—not on that other field of victory where their gallant Chief, with a prophetic shroud (it is their own superstition) high upon his breast,* addressed to them only these three words, 'HIGHLANDERS, REMEMBER EGYPT!'+—not in those hours of triumph and of glory was displayed a more firm and resolute bravery than now in the defeat at Culloden! The right and centre had done all that human strength and human spirit could do—they had yielded only to necessity and numbers—and, like the captive monarch at Pavia, might boast that everything was lost but their honour."

The following extraordinary narration seems to me so very remarkable, as foreshowing that memorable battle—with a species of *clairvoyance* almost miraculous—partaking, it would

* "When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of Death, and the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is seen above the middle, Death is not to be expected for the space of a year; but as it ascends higher towards the head, Death is concluded to be at hand, within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms."—MARTIN'S *Western Islands*, 1716, p. 300. Also SCOTT'S *Poetical Works*, vol. viii. p. 306.

† The words of Sir John Moore to the 42nd Regiment at the Battle of Corunna.—See SOUTHEY'S *Peninsular War*, vol. ii. p. 524.

seen, of the nature of the celebrated Lechiel's warning,—that I edify in it in the writer's own words, extracted from a rare and most curious manuscript, which seems to illustrate the "Coming events cast their shadows before":—

"Copy of a paragraph from a Letter addressed by a Gentleman in Aberdeen to his Correspondent in Edinburgh concerning the Visionary Battle near that place in 1746.

"You have no doubt heard before now of the Visionary Battle within a few miles of Aberdeen. The thing is real, attested by more than thirty witnesses at the same time. An army in bluish and dark-coloured clothing, with displayed ensigns of a white flag, crossed with a blue St. Andrew's Cross, beat twice on the same spot of ground a Red Army with the Union Flag which rallied twice; but at the third time the Red Army was so beat as to be quite routed and scattered. There is no momentary variation in the appearance and the different specimens gave of this visionary engagement. Most of them heard within little more than a mile-and-a-half of the actual scene, the colours, smoke, arms, and the beating of drums. It is now ascertained that four hours before the battle the same specimens observed about two in the afternoon in the sky nine small flukes of light, which were seen for some time in the north or north-east; and which gradually increased in the magnitude of the Sun; and that at the same time the appearance of the Army twelve miles off was seen, and fought arms appeared to traverse very rapidly and they most accurately the whole ground where it was supposed to be, and before the Armies appeared. This is not a circumstance which I would not have affirmed, but even if the thing were contested or doubted of."

NOTE XIII. See page 164.

The author answers for the perfect correctness of these notes, and she has taken the liberty to anticipate so many notes—an acknowledgment is hoped the curious nature of the fact is excused when she visited Italy, will excuse.

NOTE XIV. See page 203.

The actual words of Charles Edward Stuart. *Vide* Jesse's *Memoirs of the Pretender and his Adherents*.

NOTE XV. See page 219.

"The Lady Ogilvie." With the license ever allowed to writers of fiction, the Author has changed the individuality of the wedded partner of Lord Ogilvie, and for the interests of her narrative has also taken a liberty with the fate of the Marquis of Tullibardine, who died unmarried. It may be well to state further, that, having been unable to ascertain the precise period when a free pardon was accepted by Lord Ogilvie, the writer has allowed it to remain in abeyance until over the time when the dramatic course of her work required his Lordship's presence at Rome. According to Debrett's *Peerage*, Lord Ogilvie returned to Scotland after receiving his pardon, and died on the 3rd of March, 1803. He must therefore have lived to a great age—certainly to eighty or upwards.

—Mr. Burke states that the Bill passed in 1826, to relieve the family of Airlie from whatever disabilities were supposed to adhere to them in consequence of the forfeiture of Lord Ogilvie, was not termed an Act of *Restoration*, as the Earldom had never been forfeited by Act of Parliament.

NOTE XVI. See page 289.

I am happy to find that so high an opinion as that of Lord Mahon confirms my own judgment respecting the probable success of Prince Charles's march from Derby to London, had His Royal Highness's earnest wishes on that point been carried into effect, which was prevented by the mistaken opposition of the majority of his Council of War. Many eminent writers have concurred in the conclusion I subjoin as drawn by Lord Mahon in his popular History of "The Forty-Five:"—"I believe that, had Charles marched onward from Derby, he would have gained the British throne."

NOTE XVII. See page 296.

According to Lord Mahon, the amiable Duchess of Albany married her beloved and royal father only once year!

NOTE XVIII. See page 298.

THE CARDINAL OF YORK AND PRINCE CHARLES.

I append the following very interesting particulars respecting the character of the Pretender and his Brother, said to have been drawn up by a celebrated deceased Legal Peer at the special request of the Princess Dowager, whose curiosity on this subject had been highly excited by the dangers which threatened her name.

Prince Edward, the eldest son of the Chevalier de St. George, is tall and of a handsome stature: his limbs are not in the most robust mould: his complexion has in it something of an unmanly whiteness: his features are perfectly regular and well turned, and his eyes the finest I ever saw. He has a sweet smile upon him, and renders his mildness agreeable to the most suspicious and jealous persons of the age. His countenance and manner bespeak his every gesture. There is no affectation in his behaviour, diffused through his whole man and air: it is not impossible to have any idea of violence against him, and strikes those that do with such an awe as will not suffer them to lay upon him for any time, unless he has provoked them by his excessive affability.

This young Mahomet is so the person of the Prince. His mind, for all I can judge of, is no less worthy of admiration. He seems to me, and I doubt not all that know him, to manifest the good nature of the Stuart family, and the spirit of the Stuarts. He is, at least as far as I am capable of seeing any man, equally qualified to excite respect and love. As for his learning, it is extensive, and, as may be expected from such the number of his years. He speaks most of the European languages with the same ease and fluency as if each of them was the only

one he knew ; is a perfect master of all the different kinds of Latin ; understands Greek well ; and is not altogether ignorant of the Hebrew. History and philosophy are his darling entertainments, in both which he is well versed : the one, he says, will instruct him how to govern others, and the other how to govern himself, whether in prosperous or adverse fortune. Then, for his courage, that was sufficiently proved at the siege of Gaieta, when, though scarce arrived at the age of fifteen, he performed such things, as in attempting made his friends and enemies alike tremble, though from different motives. What he is ordained for we must leave to the Almighty, who disposes all ; but he appears to be born and endowed for something very extraordinary.

“ Henry Benedict, the second son, has also a very fine person, though of a stature somewhat lower than his brother, and his complexion not altogether so delicate. He is, however, extremely well made, has a certain agreeable robustness in his mien, and a more than common sparkle in his eyes.

“ Many of those perfections I have (though faintly) described as appertaining to the one, are equally the due of the other. It is hard indeed to say which of them has most applied himself to the branches of those kinds of learning which enable man to be useful to his fellow-creatures. The difference I make between their tempers is this : that the one has the agreeable mixture of the Stuart and Sobieski (as I have already said), and the other seems actuated more entirely by the spirit of the latter ; all the fire of his great ancestors on that side seems collected in him ; and I dare believe that, should his arm ever be employed in so warrantable a cause as that which warmed the breast of his glorious progenitor,* when 150,000 Turks owed their defeat† to the bravery of a handful of Christians led on by him to victory, this warlike young Prince would have the same success. His martial spirit discovered itself when, being no more than nine years old, at the time his brother accompanied the

* King John of Poland.

† Siege of Vienna.

young King of Naples to enforce possession of his dominions, he was so much discontented at being refused the partnership of that glory and that danger, that he would not put on his sword till his father threatened to take away his garter too, saying it did not become him to wear the one without the other.

"I am told the parting between these young gentlemen and their father was very affecting, and drew tears from the eyes of most that were present. The Regent (as he was called) said, amongst other remarkable things, 'I go, Sir, in search of three Crowns, which I doubt not but to have the honour and happiness of laying at your Majesty's feet: if I fail in the attempt, your next sight of me shall be in my coffin.' At these words the Chevalier became unable to preserve that moderation he had assumed on so trying an occasion; the grief his heart was big with, in spite of his endeavours, discovered itself in his countenance, and he burst forth with this exclamation, 'Heaven forbid that all the Crowns in the world should rob me of my son!' Then tenderly embracing him, 'Be careful of yourself, my dear Prince,' added he, 'for my sake, and I hope for the sake of millions!'"

THE END.

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